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A LADY'S TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD

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EVENING UNDER THE OLD PALACE, LEH

JOURNAL OF
A LADY'S TRAVELS ROUND
THE WORLD

By F. D. BRIDGES

'I HAVE RELATED WHAT I HAVE SEEN, WHAT I HAVE HEARD, AND WHAT I HAVE LEARNT BY INQUIRY'

Herodotus

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1883

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MY MOTHER

FOR WHOM THE JOURNAL FROM WHICH THESE

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A LADY'S TRAVELS

&c.

CHAPTER I.

ATHENS—MARATHON—MYKENÆ—RIDING IN THE MOREA—A BRIGAND 'SCARE'—WALKING OVER MOUNT TAYGETOS—CONVENT OF MEGASPELION—RHODES—EGYPTIAN SAILORS.

'LE MONDE est un livre dont celui qui n'a pas voyagé n'a lu que la première page'—so my husband thought, and we started on our journey round the world, to read with our own eyes some of the marvels written in that great world-book, hoping not only to glance over its pictures, but to try, though perhaps in simple fashion, to learn something of its deeper meaning, and see not alone the things new and old, but the men and women who make up the story of life told in its wonderful pages.

Our time was at our own disposal; but how to economise cool weather, and see all we wished to see, was a difficult matter. However, at length our plans were made, and we found ourselves, one hot night towards the end of August, lying under an awning on the deck of the 'Principe Amadeo' watching the white cliffs of the island of Kephalonia fade away in the distance, and wondering

whether, now that it is again governed by the Greeks, the shade of Ulysses ever haunts his old rock kingdom. It is impossible on first approaching Greece, even in a noisy, puffing little steamer (and with one's classical sympathies disturbed, as ours were, by a long and arduous conflict with custom-house officials, all through Europe, respecting my new side-saddle), not to feel that a dream is being accomplished, that one is about to look into the face of a friend of whom one has heard much, but never seen—for is not Greek art and Greek thought almost our earliest and best-beloved of instructors?

I woke up about midnight and shall never forget the beauty of the scene. A long line of mountain coast, above which the planet Venus shone like a silver lamp hung in the still night air, our ship moving almost noiselessly across the velvety-looking sea, leaving a silver ribbon of phosphorus track behind it;—and then later the sun-rise over the Peloponnesian mountains, first a few streaks of lemon-coloured light gilding the pale blue hills, and then Phœbus driving his golden chariot; the great sun-god driving us very effectually to take shelter from his burning rays, and lie panting on deck, while our German fellow-passenger drank deep draughts of the beer of his fatherland, and called the gods to witness that he was none the cooler for doing so. About noon we passed over the spot near the island of Cerigo where a shipload of the Elgin marbles went down. In these days of speculation why does not some enterprising American try to fish them up? But, afterwards, who do they legally belong to? And, alas! other 'treasures of the deep' lie

down below. Our captain lost his ship on this very spot, on this very day a few years ago. It came into collision with an English collier, and all on board, with the exception of himself and a few other men, went down within sight of land.

August 30, 1878.—Landing to-night at the Piræus was no easy matter. The sons of Greece swarmed over the ship and fell upon us, each man striving to secure us for his own boat; but H. addressed them in forcible English; I took up a defensive position in front of our baggage, and they fell back in confusion, letting us make our way through the thronging multitude—'the crews of ships crowding and clamouring, the porches choked with people, and wineskins, and firkins, leeks, and onions,' as Aristophanes describes this seaport in old days. There is a railway to Athens; however, we preferred to drive along the classic road—the promenade of the ancients—'made for conversation'; but I doubt that even that inveterate talker Socrates could have made himself heard as we rattled over the rough dusty road in a landau drawn by a pair of rather miserable horses. The night was fine, but unluckily there was no moon, and our driver, inheriting the sociable instincts of his ancestors, deemed it frequently necessary to refresh himself with conversation, a glass of water, and a piece of Turkish Delight on the way. We peered anxiously into the darkness to catch a first glimpse of the great city, the 'mother of arts and eloquence.' At length our guide exclaimed, 'Here is Athens!' adding with enthusiasm, 'Behold the new gasworks!' We felt disappointed, for we thought the tall chimney which loomed through the darkness was some monument of antiquity.

Athens, August 31.—I dreamed of sunrise on the Akropolis, but looking out of the window at 4 A.M. could only see a long dusty street, down which boys, some of whom might have been Greek statues in bronze, were leading donkeys laden with grapes and tomatoes. So we tried to sleep again, but the Greek statues made far too much noise extolling their wares to allow of our doing so. 'See, O Athenians! can there be more beautiful grapes than those I offer you?' 'Behold my figs, and say whether those of any other garden can compare with their beauty!' The Hymettos honey, tasting strongly of wild thyme, and the thick cream slightly beaten up and used as butter, were excellent at breakfast; and afterwards we found Angellos Mellisinos, a dragoman recommended by a friend to be our guide through Greece, waiting for us. A fine-looking fellow, speaking good English, who we trust will not cheat us more than the traditions of his profession compel him to. We sent another telegram concerning that unlucky side-saddle, and then started for the Akropolis. The heat was trying, but we forgot it on our way to the most glorious temple in the world. Like most ancient European cities, Athens is trying to embellish herself with imitation boulevards, and wide, ill-kept 'places.' Still some of the narrow streets we went by must have the same character (mean private houses and noble public buildings) as when the golden-haired boy Alkibiades played in them, or Plato and his pupils passed through on their way to the academic groves.

This is quite the wrong time of year for seeing Greece. Pentelicus and Hymettos are burnt up by the fierce heat, till

they look like gigantic cinder-heaps, and a white haze dims the distant outline of the picture. Still, as we mount the Akropolis, climbing the great white marble steps, almost rocky in their ruin, making our way over fallen capitals, and the Parthenon stands out like an ivory carving against the intensely blue sky, we feel awestruck by its wonderful beauty. Utterly ruined and ransacked as it and the surrounding temples are, we have seen no Gothic cathedral that produces the same effect of noble beauty and entire perfection on the mind. And yet by its very perfection a saddened feeling, that here art had reached its limit—that there is nothing left to long for; unlike the hopeful suggestiveness of Gothic architecture, which always seems to admit of further development of its beauty. But why attempt to describe the Parthenon; has not every detail of its sculpture served as a model to civilised humanity for the last twenty-three centuries? So we mused, reading 'Murray' under the porch of the Erechtheum at the feet of the stately marble women and their mean, muddy-coloured sister—the wretched plaster cast England presented to Greece in place of the original appropriated by Lord Elgin. Strangers are now no longer permitted to pocket bits of shattered divinities, or scribble their stupid names on the monuments; and, under the superintendence of Dr. Schliemann, more Turkish rubbish has lately been removed by the Greek Government.

This afternoon we sat under an old olive tree on the site of the classic groves of the Academia, where Plato once taught. A pleasant place enough to talk metaphysics in, with 'those immortal men who spoke the language of eloquence and

truth,' and many a select company of Athenian scholars and gentlemen must have met here. An old-established institution, too; for until Justinian closed the schools of Athens, thirteen centuries ago, it had been 'a holy place to those who aspired to look on the face of eternal truth' for 900 years. . .

Athens, September 7.—To-morrow we start for a ride round the Peloponnesus, having had a pleasant glimpse of Athens new and old; the latter, perhaps, not the least interesting of the two. Last night one of the leading statesmen here, the most patriotic of Greeks, and withal a cultivated English scholar, took us to see a play acted by torch-light, under the Corinthian pillars of the Temple of Jupiter. Political feeling runs high in Athens, and, rightly or wrongly, the Greeks feel that they must fight for the freedom of their race and to consolidate their little kingdom. Greeks complain, perhaps not without reason, that some of the Great Powers of Europe show them small sympathy. If Greece be, as a distinguished statesman has said, 'in the position of a young man of great expectations,' it might be well to encourage the heir-apparent to such a splendid property to prepare for his responsibilities; for Greece is, in a very true sense of the word, the youngest country in Europe. It is difficult to remember, when looking at the marble palaces and stately public buildings here, that half-a-century ago Greece did not exist—had not existed for ages. Athens was a collection of wooden huts, huddled round a Turkish fortress, and Hellas itself only an insignificant province of the Turkish Empire. Greek statesmen, though full of hope and ambition for their country, fully recognise its sore need

of organisation and internal development, and only wait for the scientific-frontier question to be satisfactorily settled to turn their attention to the making of roads and the encouragement of agriculture.

We walked about outside the large tent where 'Rabagas' was being performed in Greek for the first time. There was some prospect of the Athenian citizens not being able to control their political passions, in fact, every likelihood of a row—but we saw nothing of the kind—only a merry, good-natured, handsome crowd, apparently not under police supervision. We do not see much beauty amongst the women, they strike us as being singularly unclassical in form and feature—pleasant faces but clumsy figures—decidedly archaic in style. . . .

The wind fell as we sailed across the Saronic Gulf to the island of Ægina; the sun blazed down on us, and our crew did not do much with their oars, but chiefly talked; at length we drew up our 'hollow boat' upon the 'loud-resounding shore' (it is well to be Homeric here) and climbed over the rocks to the only pine tree within sight, which, like every other we had yet seen, was tapped for resin to mix with the wine of the country—as yet we do not care for diluted turpentine as a drink, but we may get to like it,—then up through the vineyards and what must be in spring a carpet of wild thyme, to the Temple of Jupiter, to cast ourselves down under the shadow of its mighty columns and admire the glorious view, and the twinkling green lizards running over the sacred stones on which traces of crimson stucco can still be seen. On our way back a shepherd boy, very like a living statue

'of the best period,' came running lightly through the trailing vines to offer us a terra-cotta lamp, of the usual classic shape, he had picked up; and while we rested at the well, a little Greek maiden drew us up draughts of delicious cold water. . . .

Another day we made a pleasant expedition to Marathon, notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of English official friends. But, indeed, this country, except near the Turkish frontier, is now quite safe for travellers—an English friend walked round the Morea three years ago by himself. There is a fair road all the way to Marathon. A few miles out of Athens the stony ground was like a parched-up desert, traversed by a few flocks of lean sheep, till we got among the low hills and stopped to change horses beside a stream, almost dried up but the banks still gay with oleanders, out of which stepped two soldiers, who remained till we were out of sight and were again there on our return. It was the spot where our poor countrymen were captured eleven years ago. After some time we descended on the plain of Marathon and were standing on the ground where the most glorious struggle the world ever saw was fought, and close to the mound under which the Athenian heroes were buried; a mere hillock amongst the vineyards by the sea-shore, and yet how far more splendid the associations and infinitely nooler and more human the ideas it calls up than all the Place Vendôme columns and triumphal arches of Roman or French conquerors! Greece is still struggling to beat back the wave of Oriental despotism; is still, with all its shortcomings and a population little larger than that of

Wales, the representative of progress and what we Westerns call civilisation in this part of the world. . . .

Sparta, September 13.—Riding through Greece on the poor horses of the country is rather tedious work. Some day, when the Greeks take to making roads instead of talking politics and indulging in 'Demosthenic artillery practice,' it will be a delightful country to travel in; but at present, sleeping in the peasants' huts, or endeavouring to do so after a long day's march, is trying. Still, when standing on the Akropolis of Mykenæ, looking down into the graves of men who, if not the actual Homeric heroes, must have been of the race that inspired the splendid conceptions of the Greek poets; one is inclined to forget the discomforts of travel, and rather thank the kind fate which has kept away tourists and monster hotels and what we are pleased to call the 'requirements' of modern life. We agreed, as we sat eating water-melon in the hut occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann during their excavations here, that no more interesting occupation than theirs could be imagined: that of reading back into the history of mankind and making the dead past live again. But, perhaps, even the Lion Gateway we stood under, 'the oldest example of Greek sculpture in existence,' is traceable to something in a still more distant past. A counterpart of it is said to exist on a rock tomb of Phrygia and to be Hittite in origin. 'The depths of antiquity are full of light; we are as infants born at midnight, when we see the sun rise we say that yesterday never was,' says an old Buddhist poet. Can we of to-day claim originality in anything that pertains to art?

Sometimes we rest in a wayside khan, while Angellos cuts up a quarter of lean lamb into 'kabobs,' which, fixed on the wooden spits of heroic days and roasted over a fire of dry thistles, do not seem tough after a long ride and only a cup of black coffee for breakfast. Mountain shepherds—wild-looking men, with still wilder-looking dogs—came in for their mid-day glass of resinata. Picturesque fellows they are, with long guns slung over their shoulders and graceful cloaks folded in classic fashion, and belts full of quaint weapons—perhaps somewhat too warlike in appearance for Arcadian shepherds (we were in Arcadia, not far from Megalopolis, the town built by the advice of Epaminondas); but the other day one of them, called 'Athanasius,' laid aside his weapons of war and assisted Adonis, my squire—quite the ugliest boy of twelve years old we ever saw—to load the baggage in a very handy and peaceful manner.

Baksheesh does not seem to be the main object with the Greek peasant, poor as he is; the frank, independent kindliness of manner we meet with is very striking. Often when passing through a village a peasant girl comes up, and, with a shy, graceful salutation, laying one hand on her heart, offers me a bunch of grapes or a few flowers; or young Greece, in the shape of a well-educated handsome youth, sits down beside us, and, offering a cigar, enters into conversation on things in general. To get a university education in Athens appears to be the ambition of our village friends; but conversation was difficult with the young Greek who joined us in the moonlight last night (a picturesque travelling companion in snow-white kilt, gaily

embroidered jacket, and long-tasselled cap, mounted on a prancing steed), his share of it being limited chiefly to a few sentences of scanty and somewhat ungrammatical French. 'Belle Greece,' and 'bon nuit,' he would say, pointing to the beautiful view over the hills of Arcadia, and the moonlit forest we were passing through.

Very little is left of ancient Sparta; the walls of the citadel and the so-called 'Tomb of Leonidas' are both in an entirely ruinous condition. High art was not greatly appreciated by the Spartans, who, apart from the noble example of high moral virtues, have not left much to posterity, beyond the receipt for their execrable black broth. Some curious bas-reliefs in the little museum interested us, and it was pleasant to see something like an air of prosperity—a silk-factory and actually a shop where Colman's mustard and Brooks' sewing cotton were sold—but the glorious mountain range and beautiful position of the ancient town of Lykurgus we thought more interesting than its antiquities.

Kutzava, September 14.—We crossed Mount Taygetos (8,000 feet above the sea) to-day, by a beautiful pass, rather too rough for riding; so, having packed our baggage on four mules, secured after much difficulty, we started with an escort of four soldiers, and walked all the way. It is a wild part of the country, the home of the Mainotes, an ancient nation of Highlanders and Vikings who, claiming descent from the old Spartans, did not embrace Christianity till 500 years after the rest of their countrymen, and still worship Leonidas and Lykurgus as orthodox saints. But,

indeed, except to bring us nice green figs and cool draughts of water, our soldiers were not needed.

Only once, while riding through a valley the other day, have we ever thought of brigands. I was a little in advance of the rest of the party when a soldier jumped out of the brush-wood, and seizing my horse's bridle, began gesticulating violently, and pointing with his gun to the rocks overhead. H. and Angellos soon came up, and then the soldier's tale, that seven brigands were in ambush a short way on, waiting to seize us, and had already fired on him, was told. It was unpleasant news. However, we saw that Angellos, who carries the money-bag, was not much alarmed; and just then the mayor of the village, a splendid Greek, who might have stood for a model of Hercules, came striding through the tall Indian corn, accompanied by some of the elders of the people to reassure us and declare that the soldier's tale was untrue. We were won by his honest appearance, and for once felt inclined not to practise 'the despicable virtue of prudence,' so finally, in spite of the soldier's protestations that we should be taken captive, and worse than all, he himself would certainly be hanged by the authorities in Athens for having allowed strangers to fall into the hands of brigands, we proceeded—the mayor walking at my horse's head. I confess to feeling a little frightened, as, for all we knew, the villagers might have been playing us false, and the narrow valley, with patches of high Indian corn, looked just the place for brigands to lurk in. But we reached the village safely, and there, under a spreading plane-tree, we and the villagers sat down and took counsel. while the

soldier fired his gun to bring the garrison together and explain his story, the truth of which most likely was that he had tried to bag a lamb on the hills and the shepherds had resisted by firing on him! It was really a striking scene—Hercules, the mayor, standing up amongst his people, indignantly and eloquently denied all knowledge of brigands, while we, having ordered a skin of wine to facilitate the deliberations, showed our letter from the Minister of the Interior, and explained through Angellos that we as strangers entirely trusted ourselves to the people of the country, and did not believe they would harm us. Finally, escorted by some of the villagers and the soldiers, we crossed the low Pass, a charming ride through thickets of arbutus and oak.

The scenery to-day, crossing Taygetos, was wild and magnificent, reminding us sometimes of the Caucasus; but clouds obscured the fine view we ought to have had from the summit of the Pass, and we reached this wretched little village very tired, and wet through. At length at the top of a rickety ladder we found two rooms, in a kind of barn, and the good woman of the house, after she had lighted the lamp which hung before a smoke-begrimed picture of the Virgin in the corner of the room, proceeded to dry our clothes, while Angellos and the servants drew up our iron bedsteads from below. . . .

Convent of Megaspelion, September 19.—We are living with 200 monks in a sort of swallow's-nest monastery, perched half-way up the face of a cliff. Father Ambrogio has given up to us his newly-decorated cell; the decorations consist of a boarded floor, and a window with glass in

it. The fraternity, who consider themselves one of the earliest established Christian institutions in this country, founded by one of the Greek Emperors, form a sort of little republic, elect their own Abbot, furnish their own food, except the daily allowance of bread and wine from the refectory, and arrange their own cells as they please. They cultivate diligently the large convent farms, and seem to lead peaceful, industrious lives. We rode here from Vostizza (twenty miles) yesterday, and for the first time passed through 'groves of cypress and myrtle' on the hill-side. A steep zigzag path up the valley brought us to the face of the cliff, 300 feet high, against which the convent is built. As we passed under the gateway, decorated with rough frescoes, into the little courtyard where the fathers, clad in long black cassocks and high round hats, were sitting taking the evening air, Angellos threw himself at the feet and kissed the hand of one of the monks, who in return gave him the kiss of peace on one cheek. We presented our letter, and in a few moments some of the monks, lighting long tapers (the interior of the building is in a cavern), led the way up rock staircases, short ladders and vaulted passages, where in the dim light black-robed monks flitted about, to a very cheerful cell, not encumbered with furniture—a table, a chair, a large bottle of leeches, and some Greek service-books was all that it contained; but of course we had our own travelling equipage with us. A young monk brought in a classically-shaped brass lamp and more church tapers, and then, tucking up his long garments, filled our india-rubber bath in an adjoining cell from a stream of water brought

down the face of the cliff. Angellos prepared dinner, at which Father Ambrogio joined us, and some convent wine was produced, but too highly flavoured with turpentine for us.

Afterwards we went to evening service in the cavern chapel, where, before a much esteemed picture of the Virgin painted by St. Luke—who really was not much of an artist—a monk was intoning prayers, while the brethren stood about and made their devotions in a cheerful and somewhat informal manner. As we passed out a young peasant and his wife were making their way up under the great gateway, bringing their child to be baptized. A pretty Byzantine picture, lit up by the slanting rays of the setting sun streaming down the valley; the young woman sitting on the gaily caparisoned mule with her baby in her arms, made a charming foreground, with quaint frescoes and black-robed monks behind; it was as if one of the wall paintings from San Clemente in Rome had suddenly come to life—even the baby was in the 'Early Christian Art' style.

At 4 A.M. this morning a semicircular piece of wood was rattled on with a wooden mallet which sounded rather like an unecclesiastical musical instrument called 'the bones,' to call the brethren to prayers, and at intervals during the day the clashing of an iron hoop with small bells attached to it was heard; but only twice were the bells in the belfry kiosk close to my window struck, in the same manner as we had observed in Russian monasteries. We asked for the library, but were not shown anything of interest in that 'Sanatorium of the Soul,' save the elaborately-decorated firman of the Sultan, for which a large sum was paid by the monks, forbidding

Turks to set foot inside the monastery. In the afternoon the Proeuonimus Porphorius Angellopolis, a grand-looking old man, paid us a visit, and let me make a sketch of him. He is a brave soldier, too. His benevolent face lighted up with quite military ardour as he described how, when a boy of twelve years old, he and a handful of monks defended the convent in 1826; and now an old abbot, he is justly proud of the certificate for bravery won on that occasion. We went to his cell, and saw his few books and silver relic-case containing some sacred bones, which he kissed reverently. Conversation through an interpreter is unsatisfactory, but we longed to ask him concerning his old companion in arms, 'the patriot bishop Germanos,' who went out from here in 1821, a sort of ecclesiastical Garibaldi, to raise the standard of freedom.

In truth, we scarcely give the modern Greeks sufficient credit for their 'War of Independence.' The half-starved Hollanders—the 'Beggars' of the Netherlands—fighting for their liberty against the most Catholic monarch and his well-trained bigots, did not maintain a more desperate struggle or win a harder-fought victory than did the handful of Greek mountaineers, led by heroic priests, over the Grand Turk and his pashas. Let us hope that some day they too may find a Motley to record their patriotic deeds. . . .

September 29.—We are anchored for a few hours off Rhodes on our voyage from Syra to Alexandria. H. has gone on shore, but the heat is too great to allow of my doing so, or exploring satisfactorily the ancient fortress of the Knights of St. John, rising grandly before us through the

hot haze. It is the Musalman Feast of Bairam; modern Rhodes is *en fête*; close under its mediæval walls, and not very far from where the great Colossus once stood, a merry-go-round has been erected, on which small Moslems, much to their own satisfaction, are whirled aloft. Truly, in Rhodes the wheel of time has elevated many and various races and creeds, each in their turn to be crushed by its relentless progress. Is the race to which these young Turks belong destined to hold permanent possession of this beautiful island, or will it ever again be ruled by those whose forefathers sailed from here to take part in the siege of Troy?

We are in a large English-built steamer belonging to the Khedivieh Company, commanded by two captains—one for ornamental purposes, an Egyptian—the other for useful, a Greek—three English engineers, and one hundred Arab sailors, who apparently do as much work as twenty-five English seamen, form the crew. The Arab boatswain has a singular method of getting his orders obeyed; when he wants anything done, or a rope twisted the right way, he performs for about five minutes on a curious musical instrument—a sort of tin trumpet. At last one of the crew comes, and having called Hassam and Achmet to his aid, proceeds to examine the rope; then five or six other true believers join the group, and having patted down the rope and consulted together, they agree that it is all right, and the boatswain in error, and return to eat water-melon and say their prayers.

An English clergyman and his sister are the only European passengers beside ourselves; the greater part of the ship is taken up by a Turkish pasha, whose harem occupies two

cabins below, while the slave girls, poultry, and other live stock are fenced round in a kind of pen on deck. Yesterday the door of the cabin was cautiously opened, and one of the Turkish ladies put out her sacred nose; not seeing anyone she ventured to advance, and wishing to recline on the sofa, nearly sat down on the English parson lying thereon. He moved, and she, gathering up her long skirts, fled in horror—nor has that cabin door been opened since! The weather is somewhat rough, but fortunately the Egyptian captain is not in command.

The admirals who commemorate their naval prowess on the ancient monuments of Egypt perhaps studied navigation only on the Nile. At all events their modern representatives have not an extended geographical knowledge. We are told that one of the Khedive's frigates, ordered to Malta the other day, returned to Alexandria after an unsuccessful cruise, her captain declaring that the island had been swallowed up by an earthquake. . . .

CHAPTER II.

THE PYRAMIDS — THE RED SEA — HYDERABAD—THE MOHARRAM—THE NAHL SAHIB—THE BRAHMIN—A MUSALMAN LADY—THE AMAZON GUARD.

Cairo, November 29.—Antiquity is decidedly a relative term; or, rather, Egypt entirely upsets one's ideas on the subject. Ever since leaving Greece we have been trying to 'think back' far enough to put the Pharaohs in their proper historical niches with respect to our late friends the Greek heroes. But it is difficult to do so. Egypt as a nation had grown old; its grandest works were already venerable; its mightiest kings laid away in their temple tombs, before the dawn of the historic period in Greece. To trace the possible connection between the two civilisations (that of Greece and Egypt) would be an interesting study—at least Herodotus appears to have found it so; but to us unscientific travellers there seems as little sympathy between the majestic, but somewhat monotonous, character of the gods and men of ancient Egypt and the graceful humanity of Greek art, as between the finely-featured modern Greek, and the depressed-looking baksheesh-imploring modern Egyptian, who, alas! has had too special facilities for learning that great art of life, 'How to enjoy little and suffer much.'

We made a rapid voyage to the first cataract; our Dahabieh flew along on the wings of the north wind against the muddy torrent of the Nile, which is especially high this year. An attack of fever in Cairo was not a good preparation for seeing the monuments, and the bats were very alarming, still I managed to accompany H. in most of the expeditions, and would like some day to make them all over again. Indeed, the study of ancient Egypt is so attractive that we have begun an elementary course of hieroglyphics, and know just enough to listen with envious admiration to a friend, an English author and traveller, able to decipher the history of this wonderful country written and engraven on its stones. Only those who can do so ought to write books on Egypt.

We climbed up and into the Great Pyramid, but before making the ascent, having heard much of the bad manners of those 'pestilential nuisances' the Pyramid Arabs, we called the sons of the desert round us and explained that, unless they agreed to our conditions, which were that two of their number only were to accompany us, and that they were not to give their assistance except when asked for, we would not go. The Sheik threw his arms up, and declared that 'el Sitt,' unless supported by three of his men, would certainly and speedily be killed, and then, 'by the Prophet! what would be done to him?' But I answered him, 'O Sheik! we have often climbed mountains six times as high as your Pyramid, and will not be pushed up like "the daughter of an ass"' (they accelerate the speed of the donkeys in this country by pushing them on behind), 'let me go my own way.' So after some

discussion, the old Sheik chose out two of his best men, and we started with them up what has been described as 'a succession of broken dinner-tables.' Most travellers are hurried up, and arrive panting and breathless at the top, where they are plagued by a crowd of Arabs for baksheesh; but we went at our own pace and enjoyed the glorious view —the waters were out and the day was clear—and then came down by ourselves, the Arab even complimenting us on our climbing powers, adding that without shoes and stockings he thought I could go 'like one Arab.' But he evidently considers boots and stockings ridiculous and cumbersome things at any time.

One begins to see some meaning in the massive grandeur of Egyptian sepulchres—and the Pyramids were only royal mausoleums—when one remembers how firmly these realistic people believed in the resurrection of the body. It was necessary to preserve the garment of flesh which the soul for a time had left, while it went on its long journey through Hades to the judgment-seat of Osiris; but so entirely was death to the ancient Egyptians only the passing from one state to another, that the coffin, in an old inscription, is called 'the chest of the living.' . . . 'Le secret de la grandeur des sépultures Égyptiennes est dans ses croyances. En ce sens les pyramides ne sont pas des monuments de la vaine ostentation des rois, elles sont les preuves gigantesques d'un dogme consolant.' We paid a farewell visit to the Sphinx, and tried to sketch the effect of the sun setting behind the great creature; but night fell too quickly, and a voyage on rafts had to be made to reach Cairo, the carriage-road being

cut by the high Nile. Indeed the sun-god Ra was playing strange tricks with the 'father of terrors,' for, as we turned back for a last look, the slanting shadows across the rugged face produced the effect of a solemn but decided wink. Conduct scarcely to be expected of a Sphinx! . . .

On the Red Sea, December 9.—After our rough travelling in Greece (the last days on the slopes of Parnassos were trying), and the mosquitoes of the Nile, the moonlight nights on the Red Sea on board this P. & O. steamer are very delightful; and for the study of human nature, particularly if one were desirous of writing a chapter on flirtation, this life offers enormous advantages. Not wishing to overhear the conversation of a lady who is enlarging on the 'unsympathetic' nature of her absent husband to one of the young veterinary surgeons who is going out to look after the 6,000 camels in the 'Khyber' (I would rather not be one of the camels), I moved my position, but unluckily have chosen a spot where a young gentleman aged sixteen is taking early lessons in the 'whole art of flirtation' from a lady of maturer years. Beethoven is delightfully played on deck by a German gentleman, and a pleasant American is talking over big-game shooting with H., and invites us to shoot on his cattle ranche in Wyoming. He has also a farm in Texas, but says the summer there is fearfully hot. The story goes that a gentleman from that part of the world sent back after death for his blankets, finding even the place he had gone to cooler than his native Texas. It was interesting to watch the various races of mankind as they paraded for the Sunday inspection this morning; the negroes

from Central Africa (who alone can bear the heat of the stoke-hole during hot weather on the Red Sea) representing the sons of Ham; the Arabs, of whom there are only a few, the sons of Shem; and the European officers, the descendants of Japheth. After the brown feet had filed off, the deck was cleared for prayers, well read by the Captain; we, who had not been at church for three months, fully appreciated hearing again our beautiful English service. The Scotch engineer meanwhile stood by, with one eye on his men below in the engine-room and the other 'keeping the Sabbath.'

We are opposite Jeddah, the port at which the Musalman pilgrims disembark for Mecca; poor things! they flock on board the steamers we saw at Suez, and suffer incredible discomforts and dangers on their pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet. Their prayer while crossing this sea is very beautiful. 'O Allah, O Exalted, O all powerful! Thou art my God, and sufficient to me is the knowledge of it. We pray Thee for safety in our goings forth, and in our comings in, our works and designs, our dangers and doubts. Subject unto us this sea as Thou didst subject the deep unto Moses, and subject to us all the seas in earth and heaven, the sea of Life and the sea of Futurity, O Thou who reignest over everything, and unto whom all things return.'

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Hyderabad (*Deccan*), *January* 2, 1879.—The Moharram festival is going on, and the kind friends with whom we are staying seemed determined that we should see it to the greatest advantage. This morning we were driven in one of the Nizam's

carriages through the streets crowded with native chiefs and their retainers, some in palanquins, some on splendid elephants, some on gaily-draped camels or prancing Arabs, to Sir Salar Jung's palace.

This town of Hyderabad, 'The City,' as it is called, consists of long streets of small mud and tile houses; a large neatly-built modern bazaar and the walled-in palaces and gardens of the 'noblemen,' the feudal chiefs, descendants of the conquering Arabs. A few mosques and gateways with the horseshoe arch are the only buildings of importance. The white ant is destructive of all woodwork, so that floors and joists do not last long, and timbers under the roof-tiles have to be constantly renewed. Almost everything is whitewashed, and there are no trees to relieve the glare, so there is a lack of picturesque effect; but the interesting variety of race and costume amongst the inhabitants makes up for it. We drove on in the yellow coach, two running footmen clearing the way holding fly-flaps made of horses' tails in their hands, under a gateway into the wide dusty courtyard, where Sir Salar was standing to receive his guests. He is Prime Minister and co-Regent for the young Nizam, a boy of twelve years old, and kept not only this State, but, indeed, the whole of Southern India, faithful to England during the mutiny; a man of great intelligence and activity, anxious to introduce progress and civilisation into what was a few years ago the most backward and bigoted Musalman State in India. Plainly dressed in a long dark cloth tunic and small white turban, his appearance struck us as particularly pleasing—a contrast to the stout Khedive and his family, with whom

we sat the other day in Cairo to inspect some holy carpets, which later on will be sent to Mecca.

But now we were looking down from the balcony on quite the strangest pageant we had ever seen. First came the native police, then the irregular troops led by their chiefs: a few years ago they constituted the only army under native control in this State. I fairly rubbed my eyes and wondered whether we had got back to the days of Saladin, as these bands of Arab horsemen on their prancing white horses with generally the tail and legs stained purple, covered with gaudy trappings, rode by. Their riders some in chain armour, some in English uniforms of the last century, some in Arab burnous, and some in Zouave dress; some with scimitars, some with guns, others with blunderbusses or long bamboo lances, every man in military costume 'à discrétion,' preceded by a band of musicians, resembling the Christy Minstrels in war-paint and feathers. Then came the infantry, chiefly in prodigious turbans, armed with very long guns, some in the old French uniform of the first Empire, and helmets of the middle ages. After them were led the stud of the Chieftain, Arab and Australian horses (great numbers of the latter are imported into this country), and, lastly, the Chief himself, generally mounted on a splendid elephant, covered with trappings and silver ornaments, whose solemn face and huge ears had been gaily gilded and decorated for the occasion. One of these grand animals had jewels on his head worth 20,000*l*., and his owner, sitting on the crimson velvet howdah, was a blaze of gold and precious stones. One has to visit the East to realise how unspeak-

ably significant decoration is to man; what real delight and happiness, what 'prestige' he acquires by clothing himself in Kashmir shawls and big emeralds. At least fifty noblemen went by, each accompanied by his retinue of picturesque ruffians singing, and dancing a sort of Highland fling, and each as he passed looked even more delighted with himself and his surroundings than his predecessor had done. One old chief, however, who, availing himself of the resources of Art to hide the ravages of Time, had painted his eyebrows and dyed his beard bright crimson, and much resembled a glorified turkey-cock, just as he rode past us making a graceful salaam, was sent flying over his horse's head into the dust, his turban rolling off at one side and he at the other. The reformed troops, who it is hoped will one day take the place of these irregulars, commanded by an Englishman and officered by East Indians, a fine-looking body of men, then went by;—but the grotesque magnificence of the whole pageant was indescribable.

It is very interesting seeing something of the higher-class native element, and hearing the interests of the country cleverly discussed by our host, who is a distinguished linguist. A high-caste Brahmin and his little daughter paid a visit this afternoon; a fat man with a red spot painted on his forehead, clad in white garments, and wearing a turban like a cart-wheel in size and shape. He spoke fair English and seemed quite at home in the drawing-room, having left his shoes at the door. A representative of, perhaps, the oldest aristocracy in the world, for the social and religious barrier which marks off the 'twice born' from the rest of humanity,

and which outlived even the triumph of Buddhism in India, has never been relaxed, and still seems, though education is spreading and the educated Brahmin is often a man of great intellectual capacity, to remain unmoved.

Sometimes the result of modern culture engrafted on the ancient stock—the Brahmin of the Calcutta University, a sort of Oriental Mrs. Malaprop—is extremely comical. The native teacher of history in a higher-grade English school has lately published a memoir of his friend, a Brahmin of the first class, whose elevation to the bench 'created a Catholic ravishment throughout the domain under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion.' 'He was an eloquent speaker, but made no raree-show of it. He never made his sentences periphrastic when he could do it in an easy way. In defeating or conducting a case his temper was never incalescent or hazy. He was never seen to illude or trespass upon the time of the Court with fiddle-faddle arguments to prove his wits going a wool-gathering, but what he said was much truth, based upon "jus civile lex non scripta lex scripta," and relative to his case and in homogeneity to the subject matter he discussed.' But, alas! this 'Hyperion of his house' died a few years ago—'and his body was consumed according to our Hindoo rites and ceremonies.' The house on the occasion presented 'a second Babel, or a pretty kettle of fish; his wife shrieked bitterly, weltering on the ground and tearing her hair in frenzy, and his children did "fondre en larmes."' After many quotations from Shakespeare and Shelley, the author of 'Effects of English Education on the Native Mind,' proceeds in his

second edition, from which the above is quoted, to demolish his European critics, and evidently looks forward with modest satisfaction to his work being recognised by discerning and unprejudiced minds as a model of elegant English.

But our Brahmin this afternoon did not quote Shakespeare. His little daughters were adorned with a vast amount of gold and silver ornaments and bangles on their small brown legs; the eldest, aged eight, is just going to be married. The father's face looked sad as he told us that he must part with his child. 'It is our custom; I cannot help it; my father is alive, and I have no control over my children,' he said, sadly, repeating, 'It is our custom; I cannot break it.' He has never tasted meat, or fish, or even eggs, or anything that has life in it. The little bride sat on my knee. Poor child! to be sent away to, perhaps, an unkind mother-in-law to-morrow!

But our most interesting visitor has been a Musalman lady—the one solitary example of an educated native woman in this country. Her husband, who holds high office under the Nizam, allows her to have a governess, learn English, and visit our hostess, who, being a person of high culture herself, is interested in the studies of her Musalman friend. At the time appointed for the visit all the men were ordered away from the house—even the sentries on duty fled round the corner out of sight as Noor-Jehan's brougham, with all the blinds drawn down, and an ayah on the box, drove up to the door. A nice-looking little woman, with pathetic eyes and such black lashes, clothed in black silk and flowing gold-spangled veil, came in, and sat

with us talking pretty child-like English very slowly. I enquired as to the progress of her studies. 'I do read the fifth Royal Reader, and I do make Berlin wool work, and I do make the 'Return Galop' on the piano for two hours every day,' she replied; but added, 'Our people are ignorant; we do know nothing; but I try to learn.' 'Your Minister,' I remarked, 'is a very clever man, and has read much.' 'He is one man in our nation, we have no other,' she answered, meaning that Sir Salar was the sole example of intelligence in Hyderabad. 'Your Koran does not say that women are never to leave their house except in a palanquin, and never to enter the mosques,' I said; to which she replied, 'No, no; but our people are so stupid; they follow Hindoo customs and make women prisoners.' She looks forward to the time when her husband shall have finished his term of service here and can take her to Europe, 'to see with my eyes, which I am not allowed to do here,' she said. I was quite captivated by the 'Light of the universe,' her gentle pretty manners and evident longing for something higher than putting on jewels and eating sweetmeats all day long, the usual occupation one finds Eastern ladies engaged in.

The Moharram still goes on, nominally a festival in honour of the martyrdom of two notable saints, Hossein and Hassan. It has become in the course of time a carnival, during which the Musalman population seem to go mad with religious excitement. For the crowning ceremony of the festival we again went to Sir Salar's palace, this time at night, to see the 'Tarboos'—much-decorated erections, twenty feet high, supposed to represent the tombs of the martyrs—carried by; a strange

wild sight. As far as one could see by the glare of thousands of torches, a crowd of upturned faces met one everywhere, while beyond a row of elephants loomed in the background. Now and then men dressed up as tigers or camels, or jugglers cutting off each other's heads in a ghastly manner, performed antics under the window, where each Tarboo stopped till the Minister waved it on. Sometimes bands of Arabs rushed by, screaming 'Allah, Allah!' Our two friends and ourselves were the only infidels present —but looking from the wild tumult below to Sir Salar's quiet face was reassuring. Formerly there were scenes of violence on this occasion, but he has put a stop to them. We were invited to go on to another palace to see what few Europeans wait for—the 'Nahl Sahib' carried by at midnight. It was rather alarming, being borne aloft in a palanquin through the surging, shouting crowd—on this night Musalman religious feeling is excited to its highest pitch—preceded by an armed escort, and surrounded by the guards of the harem with drawn swords. The late Resident, speaking of the animosity of the Mohammedan mob of Hyderabad, says he can give no adequate description 'of such a seething, fermenting mass of fanaticism.' However, we safely reached the palace, where every possible arrangement for our comfort had been made, and watched the strange scene, refreshed occasionally by cups of spiced milk, pistachio nuts, salted almonds and betel nut, till midnight—when the crowd, if possible, grew more excited. The holy standards were carried by, one of them decorated with ornaments of the value of 10,000*l.* by the late Nizam, and a little later the

Nahl Sahib (literally, 'Sir Horseshoe') appeared. A much-decorated standard, on the top of which was a small bolster, containing the horseshoe representing that worn by the martyr's horse. When this holy thing appeared the excitement was tremendous; the people flung themselves on it to touch the relic, and threw ornaments and embroidered clothes and clouds of incense before it, or waved fans on long bamboo poles over it; yet we saw no act of violence. We hear a rumour that three people have been killed or crushed to death in the wild excitement of to-night, but are not sure of the truth of the story.

The native Princes are indeed very hospitable (or rather, our host is very popular); one of them took us in state the other day through his part of the city. The cortége consisted of fourteen splendid elephants—the great man has forty for his personal use,—and the streets were lined by his retainers, of whom a thousand were under arms that day. He himself, gorgeous in purple velvet and strings of uncut diamonds, accompanied us, preceded by thirty of his Shikaris carrying his English rifles and guns. He was very affable, and anxious that we should realise that all we saw was his, evidently delighted when the people saluted him as 'Padishah,' and thronged round to receive the largesse distributed by some of his suite. Little birds were let loose from cages, and wild music clashed out as our procession, quite half-a-mile long, passed through the city. Hyderabad is the most cosmopolitan city in India, every race is represented; dark Pathans and warlike Sikhs from the north, Arabs from Central Arabia, and grinning negroes from

Africa, solemn Musalman gentlemen, and the small dark Dravidian races from Southern India, all perfectly distinct in feature and costume. Women, except of the lowest caste, or dancing girls, are seldom seen; now and then a kind of veiled hencoop or a bullock cart, through the curtains of which one catches a glimpse of nose-rings and dark eyes, creaked by, but, as a rule, the women of the higher class never leave their walled-in gardens.

The other day we breakfasted with the Ameer-i-Kabyr — an Oriental of the old school, conservative in his love of ancient abuses—a bundle of sky-blue moiré and diamonds, with a pink turban on the top. He led us into the verandah overlooking a garden full of beautiful birds, to see his ostriches trotted round, ridden by small boys, their legs tucked behind the great bird's wings; sometimes the strange steeds half flying, half walking, succeeded in dismounting their riders, but generally they stepped out well, and one could see how good their pace across the desert must be.

Our host's jewels were then brought in, we having expressed a wish to see them. A tray heaped with parures of uncut diamonds and rubies, not clear set, but of great size, strings of pearls, and emeralds as large as pigeon's eggs —one bunch I took up was valued at 8,000*l.*; the aggregate value of the jewels we saw being about a hundred thousand pounds. It is not etiquette to admire anything too much, you may give the evil eye by so doing. So the treasure was shovelled up into boxes and taken off to be interred again in vaults under the zenana department, and the Amazon guard, the only corps now existing in this country, paraded.

About forty of the women warriors, of whom there are over one hundred in the employ of our host, the Ameer, were called off duty (they were on zenana guard), and formed up with drums and fifes close to our carriages; sturdy looking little women they were, dressed as soldiers, some in brown holland turned up with scarlet, and others in native police uniform. At the shrill word of command from the fat girl officer the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' the neat-looking little drummer working away vigorously at her large drum, and the line presented arms and then marched round the ground in a very soldier-like manner.

We paid the 'Light of the universe' a visit this afternoon, and were received by her husband. In spite of Musalman custom she is the only wife, and he seemed quite proud of his accomplished spouse, who played the 'Return Galop' for us in school-girl fashion, conscientiously repeating the passage when she made a mistake or her Eastern costume got in the way. We were astonished at the advanced opinions held by her husband with regard to female education. He said (in Hindustanee), 'We Musalmans keep our wives in prison; they are prisoners who have committed no crime. Your English dogs are better treated than many of our women. See my wife's little world, which she cannot leave to see the real world.' And he led us into two other small rooms, and into her garden, which, as the gardeners had left off work for the day, she was able to enter. Her husband is looked upon as a 'dangerous innovator' by the orthodox Musalman party here, and gets called an Atheist, and other hard names for openly saying that he thinks the Musalman world can

make no real advance till the social and intellectual state of women is raised, and the baneful influence of the Zenana on the rising generation is counteracted.

We English are accused of keeping native society too much at arm's length in India, but as long as a very important element in social life—the women of a country—are in such a state of utter degradation as both the Mohammedan and Hindoo female population are here, it is difficult to imagine that anything like friendly social intercourse between the two races can exist. 'Dans les contrées Asiatiques la femme n'existe pas, au moins telle que nous la connaissons et telle que la civilisation chrétienne nous l'a faite,—prisonnière volontière du mariage, mais libre sur parole.'

The large tracts of uncultivated country we pass through during our pleasant evening drives, and the various villages whose poverty-stricken inhabitants form a painful contrast to the barbarous magnificence of our friends the nawabs of the city—are sad to see. The agricultural population are perhaps no worse or no better off than their neighbours under direct British rule, but one cannot help thinking that they have two masters to keep—the native ruler with his army and crowd of idle dependents, as well as the large garrison the imperial power thinks it necessary to maintain. One thing seems certain: that the interests of the patient cultivator of the soil—the real people of India—ought to be considered before those of any of the so-called native Princes —often descendants of foreign despots as alien in race to the people over whom they ruled as their more recent English conquerors. . . .

CHAPTER III.

KARLI—CAVES OF ELLORA—SLEEPING IN A TOMB—ROCK-CUT SANCTUARIES OF AJANTA — RUNAWAY BULLOCKS — THE BEGUM OF BHOPÂL—GREAT TOPE AT SANCHI.

January 23.—We left modern India, Hyderabad, and our kind friends there, some days ago, and are now seeing ancient India and its rock-cut temples. As compared with those 'houses built for eternity'—the tombs and temples of Egypt we have lately seen—no monuments in India are ancient. But the religious art of our Aryan kinsfolk is perhaps more interesting than the sepulchral ostentation of the Pharaohs. One could worship in the beautiful Buddhist basilica of Karli, carved out of the mountain side, where we stood the other day. Nave and pillared aisle, and apse —even the altar-shrine or relic-case—every feature of Christian architecture was there; nothing but the pulpit and pews wanting to make it fit for a London congregation: and yet the Buddhist architects who designed this cathedral cave 1,800 years ago could have been but very slightly influenced by foreign art, when carving graceful designs on the living rock in the far-off jungles of India.

It was rather a rough journey; a day and night in a tonga (two-wheeled dog-cart) drawn by stout ponies, to the caves of Ellora. Turning off the high road we drove down

dried-up watercourses, their banks covered with lovely foliage and festooned with creepers, past Hindoo temples, and small tanks shaded by ancient tamarind trees, till we reached the mountain amphitheatre, round which, for more than a mile, the temple caves extend. We were reminded of explorations amongst the rock-villages and churches at Inkermann and Tchufut Kalè; but the monks who lived in these mountain-monasteries of Ellora must have had harder work to carve out their shrines, and certainly a keener sense of beauty, than the dwellers in the crypt towns of the Crimea, chiefly cut out of chalk cliffs. We sat on the stone bedsteads or wandered through the pillared verandahs, and climbed the rock staircases once used by the yellow-robed monks who, when their mission tour was over, retired to these rock monasteries for the rainy season of the year. Safe and pleasant abodes enough in a country where smoky chimneys are unknown, and a well-ventilated cave is a cool and convenient dwelling-place. But it was getting dark, we were still sixteen miles from a 'dak station,' and having travelled for thirty-three hours we were tired and hungry, so we gladly accepted the ever-ready hospitality shown to travellers in this country—of an officer on a shooting expedition—and dined on the peahen, green pigeons, and quails he had shot in the jungle that morning. We could not reach Aurungabad with our tired ponies that night, but slept very comfortably, undisturbed by the ghosts of the great Moguls, one of whose mosque tombs we occupied.

It was the usual thing for a Musalman of note to build himself a splendid mausoleum, under the graceful Persian-

tiled dome of which stood the sarcophagus, roomy enough to allow the corpse when laid in the grave to sit up and answer the examining angels, Moukir and Nakir, who question it concerning the orthodoxy of its faith. But frequently, as was the case in our sepulchre-lodging of last night, the body of the great man was hurriedly buried away in some remote place where it might sleep safely till—according to the Koran—the Angel of Death himself is dead, and the trumpet of the Resurrection Angel calls 'the souls of men thronging forth like bees at the command of God to join their bodies, now springing up as flowers from the dust of death.' . . .

Ajanta, January 26.—It has taken us two long days to drive here—almost across country, sometimes through jungle, and sometimes over park-like plains dotted with fine groups of mango trees; or through deserted towns, their graceful kiosks and gardens falling to ruin—remains of the once flourishing kingdom of that fanatical ruler, the great Mogul, Aurungzebe. The English conquerors under Colonel Wellesley (the great Duke) had some hard fighting round here; and, still more recently, this part of the country became the haunt of Thugs and hill robbers; the former no longer exist, but the latter are sometimes troublesome and the native officials—we are now in the Nizam's country, and Sir Salar Jung kindly wrote to his people to look after us—insist on sending an escort. The Colonel of the Hyderabad contingent at Aurungabad has also sent two of his troopers mounted on camels, who take our servant and travelling bags *en croupe*, so we are quite a formidable party as we

continue our journey far into the cool night, till the southern cross fades out of the sky, and the crimson dawn rises in the east, and we meet groups of dusky natives pacing slowly along beside their bullock carts, with every available article of clothing wrapped round their heads, which they seem to protect as carefully from the chill morning air as from the noonday sun. A young native from each village goes with us as guide, and frightens away by his wild songs the demons and evil spirits said to infest the jungle; but the rats, against whom we had to barricade the door last night (we are in the old bungalow formerly occupied by Major Gill), are the only evil things of any kind that we meet.

A hot walk of four miles brought us to a picturesque glen, where, on crossing the river and turning round a shoulder of the wooded crag, we spied the wonderful semi-circle of twenty-nine rock-cut sanctuaries. Half-way up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, with apparently no path leading to them, and nearly hidden by tall grass and shrubs, we came on these interesting, but seldom visited, monuments of Buddhism—once the national faith of India, now overwhelmed by Hindooism and stupid Brahminical superstition. The shrines at Ellora, particularly the later ones of Hindoo deities, are much visited—tokens of 'pooja,' marigold and jessamine blossoms, were lying before their altars—but here everything was lonely and deserted. The birds built round the head of the great calm Buddha, seated on the lotus in the pillared halls of the monasteries, and the wild bees hung their nests from the beautifully-decorated ceilings, and the jungle plants crept in, forming festoons

over the fresco paintings of Buddhist legend above the pillars.

Within a circuit of half a mile at Ajanta, not only the architectural progress, but the doctrinal development of Buddhism during 1,000 years can be traced. How reverential love for the 'Teacher,' at first symbolised by a few simple emblems—the tree under which he taught or meditated, the wheel typical of the unceasing progress of his law, the stupa commemorating those of his disciples who had lived holy lives—gradually developed into the deification of 'the Master,' the sacramental efficacy of signs and symbols, the worship of the stupa-shrine containing the relics of early saints, and the growth of dogma traceable in the creeds and litanies sculptured or painted on the walls of the cave-churches and monasteries. It would simplify the labours of European archæologists, could they, in a like small area, study a millennium of early Christian architecture—from the crypt-church of the catacombs decorated only with the few simple emblems of primitive Christianity—the dove, the fish, and the vine—through succeeding developments of ecclesiastical art to the splendour of mediæval cathedrals.

I sat down at the entrance to one beautiful Chaitya, afraid to encounter the cloud of bats, which, disturbed by our presence, whirled round inside. The sunlight streaming in through the great window-opening in the face of the rock illuminated the still vivid colours of the paintings—executed probably at a later date than the sculptural decorations of the caves—and fell on the relic-shrine at the further end of the church, round which our party of soldiers and

villagers, forming a picturesque mass of colour, were grouped, producing, perhaps, something of the same effect as when Buddhist priests chanted their litanies, and rajahs made their offerings here eighteen centuries ago. Overhead the long-visaged saints in doleful garments might have been painted by Cimabuë or Giotto; some of the same faces we had seen on the cathedral walls at Moscow looked down upon us here, their Byzantine stateliness strangely unlike the capering 'incarnations' of Hindooism; but one had to allow that early Christian artists were far behind Buddhist monks in graceful delineation of the human form. In the earliest monuments of Buddhism, no image of Buddha, elevated to the rank of deity, is found; in the later he is represented as crowned with an aureole and surrounded by hovering cherubs. Some of the paintings we examined were full of grace and artistic feeling, and we left Ajanta wondering why students of early fresco painting, who diligently study Pompeii and the Catacombs, do not more often turn their attention to the works of Indian artists of perhaps as early a date.

The cycle of religious art at Ajanta begins long years before Galilean shepherds had worshipped in that first of Christian sanctuaries—the stable at Bethlehem—and closes when the light of Christianity was only breaking over Northern Europe, and our ancestors were even yet building cairns and cromlechs, and bowing down before 'Woden,' whose name, as well as that of the Welsh 'Buddwass,' some archæologists consider to be 'only a slightly altered form of Buddha,' a survival of that 'ancient form of

Buddhism, which prevailed, not only in India, but in all countries populated by the Aryan race.' . . . The caves of Ajanta are alone well worth a journey to India to see, and yet few of our country-people take the trouble of turning a few miles out of the beaten track to visit them. . . .

Bis-un-kerah, January 29.—Reading 'Tree and Serpent Worship' before leaving England determined us to see the Buddhist Tope at Sanchi, to which we are now making our way; but as roads in her Highness the Begum of Bhopâl's country are as yet in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, our progress is difficult. The scene crossing the river Nerbudda was amusing and picturesque: the banks crowded by natives with their merchandise waiting for the ferry; others bathing in the sacred stream or cooking their breakfast on the strand; bullock carts containing zenanas; native aristocrats, gorgeous in tinsel and tarlatan, mounted on great elephants—everyone screaming at the top of their voice, and scrambling into the clumsy, gaily-painted ferry boats. Twenty shouting coolies, clothed chiefly in turbans and earrings, took hold of our cart and lifted it and the bullocks bodily in, while two stately elephants, after much persuasion on the part of their drivers, waded after the boat, and the same scene of picturesque confusion took place on reaching the other side. The road, through a forest of mango trees festooned with orchids, got worse and worse, and our old bullocks slower and slower in bumping us over the boulders, till at length they gave in altogether and would go no further. A zenana cart behind us was even in a worse plight; one of the bullocks drawing it lay down,

and the poor ladies inside could only scramble out and call on all the gods and various saints to make their bullock get up.

However, at the next bungalow we found a fresh pair of fine white bullocks, who, as soon as we got into the cart, set off down hill at a lumbering gallop, and bolted over a bank and some rice-fields till brought up by a steep embankment. We managed to get them back to the road and again started; but the next steep incline at the side of the road we came to our bullocks took us down—nothing seemed capable of upsetting the cart—and over sundry fences. The night fell, and we were by ourselves, as our servant and baggage could not keep up with our rapid pace. Our driver lost his way, and took us some miles into the jungle before we, not understanding his language, could stop him. At length both driver and bullocks refused to proceed, and it was not till H. had used the strong argument of pointing his gun at the head of the former that he thought it better to obey orders and drive on in the right direction. After another canter down a bank, and a furious charge into a camp of 'Brinjarries'—gipsy grain carriers, who, with their beasts, were quietly asleep around their camp fire, but good-naturedly got up and lifted our cart into the right road—we reached the next rest-house a little before midnight; but had only just alighted when our lively bullocks bolted again—and the last thing we saw of them was careering wildly round the compound, having carried off one side of the gate and sent my dressing-bag flying into space.

Bhopâl, January 30.—We are the Begum's guests while

in her dominions, and are lodged in a large cool bungalow in a pleasant garden. The rough walls and badly fitting woodwork, crimson satin furniture, and gilt mirrors, a mixture of disorder and magnificence, are characteristic of India. Soon after our arrival, Gholam Khan was announced. A gentleman with very fierce black whiskers and very large white turban and long curved sword; who took off his shoes and sat down chewing betel-nut, placing himself at our disposal on the part of the Begum to show us the beauties of Bhopâl. So this morning we were taken to some charming gardens, and saw well-kept flower beds and lovely flowering shrubs; a blaze of the orange-coloured trumpet-shaped blossoms of a bignonia, climbing amongst the dark green leaves and waxy-white flowers of a datura tree. The native gardener, educated at Calcutta, was proud of his roses, especially of one blossom of our old friend 'John Hopper' (turned into 'Juggernaut' by native pronunciation), which measured fourteen inches in circumference. We returned laden with flowers, and fruit, and cauliflowers, a triumph of gardening skill in this country. The stewed guavas and poppoi fruit made into a pudding were nice, but we have not tasted any very good Indian fruit as yet.

Later in the day we were escorted to the Palace, somewhat of the wedding-cake style of architecture, all over stucco ornaments and whitewash, and gaudy colours; a line of very irregular cavalry was drawn up, and the usual crowd of servants and retainers thronged the narrow vestibule through which we passed, feeling a little nervous at finding ourselves without any European at a native court, the Resident, who

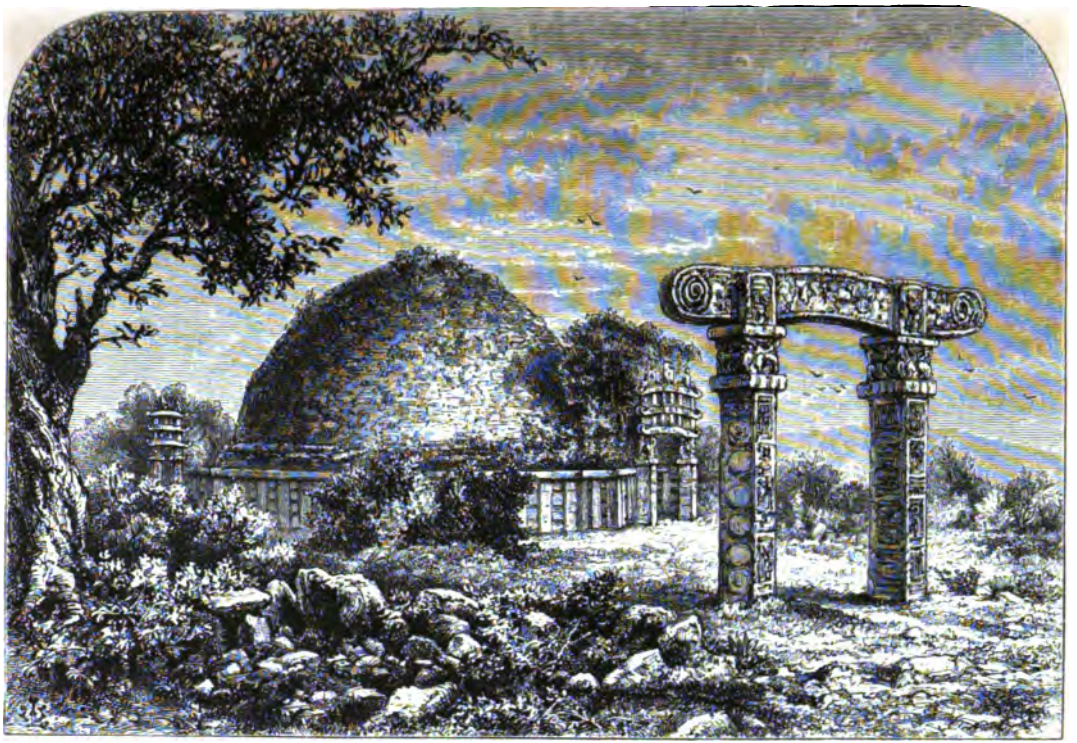
most kindly has made all arrangements to enable us to see Sanchi, not being here. The Nawab Sahib, a gentleman of unprepossessing appearance clad in a red dressing-gown—the former Minister, now second husband of the Begum—received us, and the crowd shouted 'Bahut salaam' ('much greeting') as we were led into a long room, furnished in European fashion, at the end of which was a screen. H. remained talking to the Prince Consort and the Begum's son-in-law, while I, at the other side of the screen, found 'her Highness,' a comely little woman, dressed in extremely tight-fitting silk trousers and short gauze tunic, over which somewhat scanty costume a Paisley shawl was pinned. She was seated in a large armchair, her little feet scarcely touching the ground, and after we had salaamed much to each other I took a seat near her. The situation was sufficiently embarrassing; her Highness did not speak a word of English and there was no interpreter. However, to use the Begum's own expression, I 'girded up the loins of resolution,' and commenced in the three or four Hindustani phrases we have learnt, to say, that we admired Bhopâl, and the garden, and roses (I happened to have one of the latter on and, besides, knew the Hindustani for 'rose'), and mentioned where we had been and where we were going. But her attention was directed to a cunning little hole in the screen, through which she could see and hear what was passing between her husband and H. at the other side. I had nearly exhausted my stock of Hindustani phrases, when, providentially, a nurse entered with a dear little girl of four years old, all silver spangles and bangles, who sat on my knee and let me admire her jet-black hair, and

eyes painted underneath the lashes. Soon after, Sultan Jehan Begum, mother of the child and daughter of the Begum, a nice-looking young woman, as fair as a European, but with teeth spoiled by constant betel chewing, came in; and as she speaks a little English the conversation became more lively. I said we understood her Highness had written a book, and complimented her on doing so. She replied that she had written the history of Bhopâl, which she would send me, and that 'her sainted mother, now in paradise,' had written an account of her visit to holy Mecca, and that she herself had travelled much and seen the world.

She has made official visits to Delhi and Calcutta, on which occasions, in accordance with Musalman etiquette, she is 'purdah,' that is, enveloped from head to foot in a large sheet, with small holes cut out for the eyes; and thus takes her part in political councils as effectually screened from public view as an Englishwoman in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. Her mother, the late Begum, was really an enlightened ruler of this little State, and was much commended by the Governor-General for her good government, and loyalty to the 'paramount power.' The present Begum seems also full of enthusiasm for that 'Protector of the universe,' Bestower of crowns, the Fearless monarch, Her Majesty, the Empress of India and Great Britain,—'may she prosper!' Should occasion arise, no doubt the little lady with whom I was conversing would gird herself up to great deeds on the side of order, as valorous, perhaps, as that Indian Princess, the Rhani of Jhansi, who, dressed as a cavalry officer, fell fighting sword in hand

while leading a charge against our troops during the mutiny. Her adversary, Sir H. Rose, stated in his general order, that 'the best man on the enemy's side was the woman found dead —the Rhani of Jhansi.'

Having requested the Princess Royal to express our thanks to her royal mother for the kindness and hospitality we were receiving, I took my leave; a woman servant brought in a tray of scent bottles, one of which the Begum took and sprinkled me, first with eau-de-Cologne and then attar of roses, and, with a great effort to reach my tall shoulders, threw a garland of jessamine blossom with tassels of crimson roses, over them, and presented me with a preparation of betel-nut and spices, wrapped in gold leaf. This is called the ceremony of Pan and Attar; a graceful custom and a very ancient one, for in the Museum at Cairo we saw a monument of a dignitary of the Church, under the Pharaohs, 3,000 years ago, which sets forth 'my neck was hung with garlands of flowers as one whom the king delighteth to honour.' The same ceremony had been observed with H., and it was difficult to prevent laughing when we met, garlanded with flowers and sprinkled with attar. The attendants again shouted their salaam as the Prince Consort (the Begum bestowed fifteen hundred titles on him at their marriage, but I do not remember any of them) took leave of us, and we drove away, followed by our 'rosebud,' Gholam of the black beard, who on this festive occasion had attired himself in full court-dress of pink tarlatan and silver spangles. Trays of spices were put into the carriage, and every day, at breakfast and dinner time, a messenger comes



SANCHI.


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to announce that a 'Hindustani dinner' has been sent us by the Begum; but as her cook at this bungalow gives us excellent food cooked in European fashion, we have not yet ventured on the fare from the palace kitchen.

In Camp at Sanchi.—Our first experience of tent life we think delightful. We did the journey of thirty miles from Bhopâl this morning, in one of the Begum's carriages, changing horses five times. They were very good animals, especially one pair of chestnuts, and except that occasionally a horse would get his legs over the traces in the deep ruts and then kick the harness to pieces, went well. We passed through a cultivated country, green with young crops of various kinds. The Hindoo succeeds in growing one grain of corn where two ought to grow; scientific principles are unknown, and no artificial means for enriching the land used. Such as his fathers did (scratch up the soil and throw in a handful of seed) so he does, and his requirements being limited to a little rice or grain, a potful of water, and a great deal of sunshine, all easily procurable in this country, why should he 'fash himself' further? He neither requires clothes, firing, nor shoeleather, under this eternal sunshine. So the Hindoo of to-day, content not to take thought for the morrow, or look for aught beyond his daily bread, is the Hindoo of the Vedas, relying on 'the most fatherly of fathers,' who watches with a thousand eyes over his children.

At noon we came in sight of our long-looked-for 'tope,' or, more properly, 'stupa,' probably one of the oldest existing monuments in India. A conical mound on the top of

an isolated rock platform, rising out of the green plain and group of spreading trees under which our tents were pitched. A picturesque scene as we drove up; our escort had dismounted and had tethered their horses under the trees; two elephants, which had brought out the tents, were standing fanning themselves with branches (flies teaze the big creatures dreadfully), and coolies, tents, bullock-carts, and camp-fires, formed a background of brilliant colour. After luncheon we ordered an elephant and went up to the tope —but that elephant had no howdah on, and was very tall, and there was no ladder. The driver is lifted into his position behind the great ears by the trunk, with which the sagacious animal hoists him up. I could not well manage that, so climbed up by the back of a chair, and clung by the ropes to the table-land of mattresses covered with crimson cloth, on which one is supposed to sit gracefully;—but it feels like being on the top of a four-post bedstead during an earthquake when the animal gets up. . . .

Sanchi.—It was quite cold (the thermometer goes down to about 47° on the grass) when I awoke this morning, and heard the little squirrels scampering over the outer roof of our tent. H. had already started on an elephant, with a hundred coolies and a 'tom-tom,' to beat for game in the jungle, so, attended by a warrior with a long sword, I made my way up to the tope and sketched for two hours. The models at South Kensington can give one little idea of the general character of Sanchi and the beauty of its situation. Rising from the rock platform, studded with smaller topes and ruined shrines, the great central stupa looks almost like the

dome of some stately temple, and the simplicity of its mass, standing out against the sky, gives value to the elaborate carving of the gateways. The date of its erection is somewhat uncertain; most probably the tope itself dates from about 300 B.C., the gateways from the first century A.D.; the records of their stone carvings representing scenes from the life of Sakya Muni, and the early Sanskrit writings on the same subject, agree. I fancied one could still trace remains of colour in the bas-reliefs. Some of the details recalled early Greek art, while some of the ornaments represented are still to be seen in the bazaars. We bought a silver pendant at Hyderabad very similar to a necklace ornament carved on one of the gateway figures. Two of the gateways remain, one almost perfect, covered with scenes chiefly relating to the worship of sacred trees, decorated with ornaments tied on to it, like the bushes near holy wells in Ireland.

But it is a relief, after the never-ending battle scenes of the Egyptian temples, where Pharaoh is unceasingly represented, armed with the kingly scourge, seizing a few thousand captives by the hair of their heads, or treading down his foes with a truly Hebrew comprehensiveness of slaughter, to find these Aryan holy places adorned almost entirely with scenes and legends from the peaceful life of Sakya Muni. Buddhism has inspired martyrs, but never produced persecutors. It has never tortured the bodies of men for the salvation of their souls and for the 'greater glory of God,' or exterminated infidels 'in the name of God the most merciful, the most compassionate.'

The Nâga (five-headed serpent) is worshipped in two

of the bas-reliefs. All the animals represented, elephants, lions, horses, and bullocks, are well sculptured, and there is an absence of religious conventionalism, and a natural artistic feeling in their treatment, which we have not met with since leaving Greece. One only laments that the remains of the southern and western portals should lie prostrate and not be preserved in some museum. Four figures of Buddhas (one prone on its face) are carved on slabs inside each gateway. The heads have been destroyed, no doubt, by Musalman conquerors, who like Cromwell's soldiers overturned idols and religious art generally. The wild peacocks screamed, and the pretty green parrots—said to contain the souls of Moslem martyrs—hopped over the faces of the tree-worshippers sculptured on the gateways as I sketched (and found while doing so a cartwheel in one bas-relief carved in good perspective; early sculpture does not generally attempt such difficulties), seated on one of the smaller ruined topes, near the central stupa, in which some years ago General Cunningham discovered the relics of Sariputra, the 'right-hand' disciple of Gautama Buddha.

Legend relates that Sariputra, overwhelmed by sorrow on finding that his beloved master was soon to pass into Nirvâna, obtained permission to depart into that blessed state before him. 'All the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, as soon as they were apprised of the Nirvâna of Sariputra, came bearing much oil, perfumes, flowers, and other things appropriate for sacrifice. They wept loudly, with accents of woe and sorrow, placing upon the ground the objects fit for sacrifice. Khourmousda, the prince of

the gods, commanded Vishvamitra to prepare a car of various precious materials for the body of Sariputra. When the car was finished the corpse was placed thereon in a sitting position and taken forth to a beautiful plain. There they raised a pile of sandal-wood. After moistening it with oil and butter, they placed upon it the body of Sariputra and applied fire. Then all bowed down and each went to his home. When the fire was completely extinguished, the priest Youti collected from the ashes the "sarira" of his master and conveyed them, as well as his pot and ecclesiastical dress, to Buddha.' In the relic-casket found in this tope were one small fragment of bone and two bits of sandal-wood, probably from the funeral pyre. Sariputra's death took place shortly before that of his master, in the fifth century B.C.

H. had no sport, only saw some deer a long way off. In the evening, when the sun went down, we again strolled over the hill, among the many deserted hermitages and cairns; round one of the latter we thought we could trace a circle of standing stones, probably a ruined stone railing. The great tope itself is a glorified cairn, and its beautiful railing suggests a so-called 'Druidical circle.' Perhaps in these stupas we see a survival of the earliest form of monument—pyramid, cairn, or tope—by which men sought to commemorate the memory of their great ones, or record their belief in a greater than all human greatness, by 'gathering stones together for a heap of witness,' and calling 'on the name of the Lord.'

The moon rose grandly over the deserted Buddhist shrines as we descended the hill, tracing in the smaller

monuments how the national religion gradually degenerated, till a little lower down we stood before the image of the monkey-faced ochre-smeared Hindoo god, at whose feet offerings of fresh flowers, and incense-burners made of coarse pottery in the shape of horses, modelled like the roughest of the animals Dr. Schliemann dug up at Troy, were placed —for worship is still going on, though the sacred hill no longer 'glitters with yellow-robed monks'—on this Monte Sacro, as it has done for the last two thousand years.

CHAPTER IV.

ALLAHABAD—THE POWER-WORSHIPPING HINDOO—GREAT MOGULS AND THEIR ARCHITECTURE—DELHI—LAHORE—PESHAWAR—THE KHYBER.

Allahabad.—Before leaving our pleasant camp at Sanchi we made an excursion on an elephant to the town of Bhilsa; surveying Eastern life from our elevated position as we rode through the bazaar, where women were purchasing silver toe-rings, seated on the ground trying various 'effects' on their toes thrust out to be decked by the jeweller—as we would try on gloves—and the scribes and story-tellers were sitting in the market-place surrounded by circles of attentive listeners. Next morning we began our return journey, easily made with the aid of eleven pairs of horses and two splendid white oxen, whose coats shone like satin, stationed along our route by the hospitable Begum. But perhaps railway travelling, though less romantic, is preferable to being conveyed either by royal elephants or sacred oxen, and we were glad to meet the 'Fire-demon' at Etarse. The railway platforms are crowded with white turbans and brown legs running about in every direction but the right one, till bundled into third and fourth-class carriages, in which they travel at very low rates, by the impatient pale-faced guard. When the train stops, a fringe of long brown arms is to be seen thrust

through the windows, holding out brass pots for the water supplied by the railway authorities and dealt out by a native from a skin bag carried on his back, which arrangement is doing something towards breaking down caste prejudices, for the thirsty Brahman cannot sacrifice his railway ticket by going to the river himself, and must needs accept water from the station fountain.

This afternoon we drove to the Fort, in the centre of which is one of the 'Lats,' the earliest existing monuments in this country, set up to record edicts in favour of Buddhism by King Asoka about 250 B.C. A noble monolith of red stone inscribed with moral injunctions, overthrown by Musalman and English invaders in turn—the ancient inscription, partly obliterated, and Persian sentences introduced by the former, and finally set up again by the latter, whose board of works are busily following the example of Asoka, who, as recorded on the pillar, 'was zealous for the digging of wells and planting of trees by the roadside' 2000 years ago. Close to this monument of early Buddhism we went down into an underground, very dirty and sacred Hindoo temple, and were shown a whole Pantheon of gods, the guide lifting up his torch to let us see each hideous figure, in many cases only large black stones taken out of the sacred Ganges. He, full of religious ardour, explained the names and merits of each divinity, but puzzled us when he called one god 'Crick.' On looking closely at the head lying in a small niche in the wall, one saw that the style of the features was Greek, one of the many examples of Greek influence on Indian art, the result of Alexander's conquests, turned into

a divinity by the power-worshipping Hindoo. One shrine we passed the other day had in it an image of a British soldier of the last century set up for veneration. A friend tells us that he has frequently seen the tiger he shot, perhaps the man-eating scourge of the village, done homage to by the villagers, the women standing round lifting the great paws of the dead beast in respectful salutation to their foreheads. Perhaps this reverence for 'force' makes it possible for the handful of Europeans, 'whose native land was marsh and forest, and their forefathers clothed in skins, when India already possessed a rich language, great epic poems, and a social order based on religion,' to rule two hundred and forty millions of natives out here.

The junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna is very sacred. On one day in the year whoever steps in first goes straight to Paradise. An old woman was usually chosen for this high honour, but somehow the highly-favoured one did not always appreciate going to heaven even in this direct and satisfactory manner; and now police boats are stationed on the river to prevent compulsory canonisation. Coming from native states, into British territory, the condition here of the population does not alas! strike us as more prosperous or cheerful. The 'wealth of the Indies' is certainly not conspicuous, and the impression produced on a traveller is rather that of a dull level of monotonous poverty, a nation with its head just above water, an empire where 'that eternal problem, the steady increase of population in a poor country, which meets all peaceful governments,' whether in India or Ireland, must be solved.

The crops are now sadly in want of rain. We are told the gaol here is chiefly full of women imprisoned for the crime of infanticide. Poor things! they imagine they can do nothing better for their female children, when prices are rising and 'there are many to keep,' than entrust them to the sacred Ganges, sure of a safe voyage on its bosom to the ocean of eternity.

It was difficult to realise that the gentlemanlike-looking old Hindoos, working at various trades in the cool verandahs of the gaol at Jubbulpore, were ancient Thugs, with, in some instances, a terrible list of crimes against their names, now spending an industrious old age making 'Indian carpets' for English drawing-rooms. We bought some excellent stuff for hard work in the jungle, recommended highly by the placid-looking manacled murderer who sold it, clanking his chains cheerfully as he handed us down piece after piece to choose from. . . .

Delhi.—Cawnpore and its sad memories, admirably commemorated by the beautiful white marble angel who, with folded wings and palm-laden hands, looks down on the well—now covered in—where, as the inscription records, 'a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, were, by order of the rebel Nana Sahib, cast down dead and dying;'—and the world-famous Taj at Agra—we saw on our way here. Eastern magnificence, Italian art, and English roses, combine to make the latter the most delightful 'place of sepulture' in the world. Less graceful, but perhaps not less stately, is the tomb of the greatest of all the Moguls, Akbar, a five-storied palace with halls and verandahs, built

of red sandstone and white marble. 'It required Eastern ingenuity to blend two such dissimilar materials, but the descendants of Tamerlane and Jenghis Khan were wont to succeed in whatever they undertook, whether feats of arts or arms;' 'they built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers.' The great Mogul, who lies buried at Agra, had nearly subdued the whole of India, and though a Musalman, was not a fanatic, but set himself to try to bring peace and goodwill between his own conquering race and the native Hindoos. No doubt he inherited the very cautious and impartial religious views of his ancestor Kublai Khan, who declared, 'There are four Prophets worshipped and revered by all the world. The Christians say their God is Jesus Christ; the Saracens, Mahomet; the Jews, Moses; the idolaters, Sakya Muni.' . . . 'I worship and pay respect to all four, and pray that he among them who is greatest in heaven in very truth may aid me.' Indeed, Akbar (in this respect followed too often by more modern reformers), not content with holding very liberal views, set himself to invent a religion which might succeed in adjusting itself to the spiritual need of all; but governments, whether ancient or modern, have failed to rule the religious instincts of a people, and Akbar died a broken-hearted penitent and orthodox Musalman.

Stately as Musalman buildings are, and expressive by their massive grandeur of the leading idea of Islam—the unity and perfection of the one God—still the absence of the higher forms of sculpture or of the likeness of anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath, gives a want of life

and humanity to Musalman art; noble proportion and elaborate detail are not enough, the artist as well as the decorator is needed, 'to make these dead walls live;' and sometimes one almost wishes for some of the 'thirty-two million' Hindoo gods to give animation and human interest to its monotonous grandeur.

Government House, Lahore.—We spent some days in the palaces of Delhi, trying in imagination to restore their former magnificence and re-people them with the splendid despots who sat on the peacock throne when it blazed with jewels to the value of one million sterling. Here, where the great Moguls dispensed justice, or witnessed many cruel and bloody scenes—the last in 1857, when their descendant, a tool in the hands of the mutineers, sat in this high place consenting to the murder of our poor country-people—we found a jolly British sergeant superintending the unpacking of the beer and soda-water provision for the officers' mess, in one of the marble kiosks close by. Another day we wandered among the interesting ruins of the most ancient mosque in India, built out of twenty-seven still older Hindoo temples; the carvings covered with the puritan whitewash of the idol-destroying Moslem. But verily the Puritan was an artist when he designed the beautiful 'Kutab Minar,' an architectural triumph of strength and gracefulness combined.

It was pleasant to see by the fresh flowers laid on the grave of Khusree that a poet's memory was still green in the hearts of his countrymen, though 500 years have passed away since, lyre in hand, he sung his still popular

songs. The poor poet is remembered, while the Prince (who died of drinking cherry-brandy, in spite of having on temperance principles limited himself to one glass an hour), lying hard by in the white marble tomb, exquisitely carved with lilies—is forgotten.

But at Delhi it is not art, Musalman or Hindoo, or the splendour of Mogul courts, that most strongly appeals to the feelings; it is the memory of the latest—and, let us hope, the last—great conflict which its blood-stained walls have seen, that awakens an almost painfully keen interest in the imperial city. Standing as we did on 'the ridge' one sunset evening looking over the town, whose mosques and forts and minarets stood out in the clear soft air like a delicate carving, while beyond, the silver band of the Jumna wound its way through a plain now green with spring crops—one could trace every incident, and too vividly picture every detail of the hard-fought siege of 1857, when day after day during the terrible heat of an Indian summer our handful of troops held their position, from which the mutinous regiments pouring into the city vainly tried to dislodge them. We traced the progress of the batteries, as, when reinforcements came up, they gradually advanced on the rebels, till standing near the Kashmir gate we reached the spot where the final assault was made, and two great breaches were made in the fortifications. 'The firing suddenly ceased, the 60th Rifles sprang out with a cheer, and 150 brave men (English and native troopers) dashed up to the Kashmir gate; Lieutenant Salkeld laid his powder bags, but fell back shot through the arm and leg,

handing the portfire to Sergeant Burgess, bidding him light the fuse; Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Sergeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the portfire, and succeeded in the attempt; but immediately fell mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith, seeing him fall, advanced at a run, but finding that the fuse was still burning, threw himself into the ditch.' In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate; 'the storming party poured in, and Delhi was in our hands.' It is satisfactory to remember (what is too often forgotten) that though the rebellion in India was 'a Sepoy mutiny,' the proportion of native soldiers fighting on our side at the siege of Delhi was so large. The unlovely monument on the highest point of the ridge, 'erected in memory of the officers and soldiers, British and native, killed in action before Delhi, by the comrades who lament their loss, and the country they served so well,' gives the 'English loss' as 1,982, and the 'native loss' as 1,623 men.

Here at Lahore our hospitable hosts send us out driving in a picturesque, and, to our Western eyes, a strange equipage—a '*char-à-banc*,' drawn by four camels, ridden by four postilions in scarlet and gold lace tunics and dark blue turbans. The camels trot at a good pace on the excellent roads round this town, but one of them the other day slipped up (rain had just fallen), and had to be killed at once; by doing so in the orthodox manner its flesh could be used as food, and its place was quickly supplied. The people's 'faces shine' to-day. There has been some rain to refresh the thirsty spring crops.

It is difficult to connect the Norfolk squire of covert-

shooting celebrity with his father, Runjeet Singh, the great Rajah who, with the four wives and seven slave girls sacrificed on his funeral pyre, lies under the marble lotus blossoms in the old fort here. A copy of the Sikh Scriptures, written by their Prophet about 200 years ago, was lying beside the grave; and the usual Hindoo divinities, which it was one of the aims of the Sikh sect to abolish, decorated the walls. There was no fighting at Lahore during the mutiny (the sepoys were disarmed), or as the English soldier who took us round the fort expressed it, 'these here natives did not mutinise.' It is an unhealthy town; our rosy-cheeked warrior said that fifteen of his comrades 'were down with fever,' and the terrible mortality among the prisoners in the well-kept gaol, where all the sanitary arrangements are on the best principles, is just now exciting much anxiety.

The museum is filled with most interesting and really beautiful specimens of the so-called Græco-Bactrian art, Greek influence brought in by Alexander's Eastern conquests; Corinthian capitals with Buddha sitting cross-legged amongst the acanthus leaves, and groups of Afghans clad in togas. We find Athene, the blue-eyed goddess we left in her own city of Athens, out here in India; her broken image smiling with a sort of stern pity on the monstrous Hindoo idols round her. Lahore might well spare some of these interesting specimens to the British Museum.

Peshawar.—At Jhelum we finished our 1,663 miles of railway travelling from Bombay, and followed the war track, too sadly marked out by the bleaching skeletons of camels

and hideous hovering vultures and troops of fierce dogs fighting over their prey. The new railway bridge will be of iron and stone; but we, like Alexander, crossed the Indus at Attock by a bridge of boats. Sometimes the ice barriers high up in the mountains give way, and a flood comes down sweeping all before it. In 1841, 500 soldiers of the Sikh army were caught by the muddy torrent, and as a native eye-witness described it, 'Like a woman with a wet towel sweeps away a legion of ants, so the river blotted out the army of the Rajah.' We travelled night and day in our dak carriage, sometimes being brought up by collision with the long lines of bullock-carts marked 'Khyber,' laden with grain for the troops. Our driver had a brass horn on which he made unearthly music and gave notice of our approach to the convoys, the sound causing the camels (we passed hundreds of them stalking along in single file like strange great birds on the horizon), to crane their long necks and lurch from side to side of the road in every direction but the right one. The bullocks get persistently in the way, or bolt down a bank, their drivers scream at our coachman and he screams at them, and there is much bad language all round. But we are amongst quite another race of men to the 'mild Hindoo' type. If our running footman attempts to strike the Pathan drivers of the refractory bullocks they at once return the blow. A cavalry regiment we passed encamped some miles from here looked rather like an army of colonists, so many followers, grass cutters, and servants of all kinds, are required in this country. At length the mud battlements of Peshawar rose into sight, standing up out of the apricot and peach

gardens, just coming into blossom. Last night the rain came down through the roof of the only room we could get in Peshawar. Soldiers and war material occupy every nook, and more troops are arriving. The Affridis are troublesome and come down under cover of the darkness close to the cantonment to lay hands on anything or anybody they can find. A poor Syce was killed by them not far from here yesterday evening.

The military authorities have kindly given H. leave to go up to Jellalabad, but seem determined to prevent my advance into the Khyber. However, having secured a dog-cart drawn by a long-necked one-eared old horse, whose owner seems unwilling to trust anything more valuable into the dreaded Khyber, we started this morning for the camp at Jumrood; once there the General 'accepted accomplished facts,' and kindly allowed me to accompany H. as far as Ali Musjid, but would not hear of my going any farther, and stipulated that I must be back in Jumrood by 6 P.M., as the Pass is unsafe after sunset. The road which is being constructed by English pioneers and native navvies winds through rugged cliffs and steep glens, getting wilder and grander as we got further into the Pass, and caught sight of the snow peaks. We were somewhat reminded of a strategic movement we executed to get out of Spain some years ago through the Carlist lines, in a railway truck drawn by an armed engine; but far more picturesque was the beautiful Pyrenean valley, the heights, occupied by Spanish troops guarding the line, than the bleak desolation of the Khyber to-day. Now and then we passed a few

graves on the hill-side, of people murdered by the hill robbers, and once a long train of sick and wounded coming down from the front. We threaded our way along the rock-cut ledge of road through files of laden camels and droves of cattle going up to Jellalabad, guarded by a strong escort and accompanied by Affridi 'police,' wearing a bit of scarlet on their arm or turban, to distinguish them from their cousins the 'hill men,' for whose good behaviour they are virtually hostages. Small signal-stations crowned the heights, and over the barricade of stones appeared the brown face and rifle of a Sepoy. We soon descended into the valley—passing a lately excavated tope—in which Ali Musjid is situated.

The camp was a busy scene, an active trade was being carried on at the booths, where oranges, bootlaces, gilt mirrors, and other useful articles were sold at an enormous profit, to the British soldier, who here on active service, in a working dress of brown holland, is not the gorgeous creature we are familiar with in England. I had only one hour to remain at Ali Musjid, so we crossed the river and made our way into the fort, where a Ghoorka regiment, cheery, plucky little fellows, almost Japanese in feature and size, were on guard, and had a splendid view over the endless mountain panorama backed up by snow peaks. 'Some of our dead are up there still,' said a soldier who had been engaged in the taking of this fort the other day, pointing to the almost perpendicular cliffs over which vultures were hovering; how men could have got there was astonishing, but they say the active Ghoorkas will go anywhere. At our feet lay the valley with the camp, and its life and

colour; here a party of natives making a road for the 'forty-pounders, the elephant battery,' and there a group of Sepoys at their midday meal. Below us lay the ruined mosque which gives its name to the valley, and further on, through a chasm in the rock wall, the only practicable road to Jellalabad. One could see at a glance how important the position was, and how fortunate our troops were to have secured it. 'We comed at them from behind,' our soldier explained. But it was time to get back; H.'s second pony and baggage had arrived, and I prepared to return to Peshawar with our servant John and the troopers who had accompanied us, not waiting for the further escort ordered for the return journey. A dead coolie was carried by to his grave on the hill-side. The severe weather tells on the large number of natives employed in making the road, as well as on the camels, of whom we hear three hundred were buried yesterday. Going down the Pass the views were very fine, but there was not much time to admire them. One of my 'Sowars' laughingly pointed to a cave in the cliff overhead from whence Affridis were wont to fire down on passing travellers, and said, 'Bungalow Affridi.' But no brigands were at home on this occasion, and after five-o'clock tea out of a tin cup, seated on a packing-case in a hospitable officer's tent at Jumrood, I returned safely to Peshawar.

Peshawar.—Amidst the noise and hurry of warlike preparation it was pleasant to turn into a modest building, over whose door 'Branch Mission School' was written. Instead of the hats and coats of England, rows of various

sized little slippers with peaked toes were ranged at the entrance to the four rooms where eighty-seven boys from five to ten years old were being instructed in Hindustani and English. The master (a native) spoke very fair English, and the pupils lifted their turbaned heads to exhibit excellent copies of 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and other moral sentences. One small Asiatic of five years old put up his little fat brown hands, holding a book almost as large as himself, and, eager to display his learning, began singing out a lesson in Hindustani, to which I listened, not understanding a word, but the round black eyes sparkled when I said 'Achcha' ('very good'). The school belongs to the Church Missionary Society, and the children read the Bible, but are not obliged to become Christians. Every Englishman in India is, whether he wishes it or not, a missionary, preaching by his life and actions a very practical sermon to a congregation numbering some 240 millions of souls. And the lesson he teaches will tell; for as surely as in the case of the child we educate there comes a time when fear ceases to be the only incentive to duty, and moral influence must take the place of coercion, so certainly will a day come in the history of India when force will no longer suffice to maintain our influence, and when, let us hope, the lessons of wisdom taught by a strong but righteous power may take effect, and assure to England, better than weapons of war could, the allegiance of our fellow-subjects in Asia.

Peshawar, March 12.—Yesterday H. returned safely from his interesting but rather hazardous expedition through the Khyber to Jellalabad, where he spent some days

pleasantly with soldier friends, and visited 'the city' and the curious underground water-conduits near it with Major Cavagnari.

We spent this afternoon, by the desire of the latter, looking at the carvings found in the mounds, one of which H. saw opened the other day near Jellalabad. Alexander's warriors must have been artists as well as soldiers, and found apt pupils on the banks of the Indus. It would seem that whatever Greek civilisation touched it inspired with beauty. The Greek philosopher made no vain boast when he said that 'the scholars of Athens were the teachers of mankind.' We felt he was right as we gazed at the bas-reliefs just dug up (the dust of how many centuries still clinging to them?) of Buddha, with the mouth of Apollo and a certain grace and flexibility distinctly Greek in the features. . . .

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MARCH TO KASHMIR—THE UNHAPPY VALLEY—SRINAGAR—AMONGST THE SNOW-PEAKS—SNOW-BLINDNESS—A TARTAR VILLAGE—LAMAYURU—THE INDUS VALLEY.

Murree Pass, March 25.—We are on our way to Kashmir, but finding our Kitmuggar and John and the Syce afraid to face the journey (the weather is stormy and our route lies through a country depopulated by famine), we let them go: discontented servants are worse than useless. Ageeza, a fat youth who can do a little cooking, and Ahmed the Bheesty, are now our only domestics. Neither of them understands a word of English, and our Hindustani is limited to some half-dozen phrases; but being determined to go on, we started, with our baggage packed on five mules, this morning to walk by easy stages into Kashmir. The snow was still lying in patches on the tufts of maidenhair fern in the sheltered nooks, and storms of cold rain swept occasionally down the hills; but it was a pleasant walk of ten miles to-day, with a glorious view over the snowy range, and down the steep valleys. Spring flowers have scarcely appeared as yet; only a few blossoms of Alpine violets, and a hardy yellow jessamine, make the banks gay. Yesterday, not far from Murree, a group of crimson rhododendrons just bursting into bloom was a gorgeous sight: one stem was five

feet in circumference. But we shall see no more of these beautiful trees; they are not found in the Himalayan valleys we are to traverse.

Chakoti, April 1.—It is difficult to find anything or anybody to carry our baggage on this route, usually so well supplied with means of transport; and having no one to interpret for us increases the difficulty; however, the language of signs is quickly acquired and easily understood, and having to do everything for ourselves—a contrast to our late luxurious march in Central India—gives us opportunities of becoming acquainted with the character and feelings of the people, which we should not have if accompanied by the usual Indian retinue of servants. The first thing to be done on arriving at the tumble-down 'rest-house' after our daily march, is to pitch one of the small tents (the beasts of prey indoors being too much for me), and get a room swept out by a low-caste native, representing the early non-Aryan races of the country, or, as is pretty often the case, get a few twigs and do it oneself; while Ageeza, who could not pollute himself by cleansing anything, calls loudly for the 'lumbardar,' head-man of the village, to bring milk, eggs and firewood. Alas! often the only answer he gets is the echo of his own voice through the mountains; there is little to be had in this desolate and almost deserted country, where it is believed that 150,000 people have perished by famine within the last two years. Sometimes we get a lean fowl, which at last I have made the fat youth understand we like killed the day before eating it; this he considers ridiculous; however, he hands me the frying-pan and sits in the doorway with his

turban awry, and his beloved pipe not far off, proceeding in a leisurely manner to take the feathers off the 'murghi,' which I afterwards grill with some slices of bacon, Ageeza looking on at the cooking of the unholy food. It is curious how local customs work their way even in spite of religious distinctions; he is a Musalman, to whom the Hindoo superstition of caste ought to be nothing, but the genius of the country proves too strong even for its conquerors, and does not allow him to eat a potato peeled by a Christian knife, or wash even a dish-rubber. So I put the family washing into a large pot this afternoon and left it to boil—the result was cleanliness; but somehow, when dried, the things had a queer look -- perhaps I gave them a turn too long in the pot.

Chakoti, April 1.—To-day we met a party of Hindoos coming down the pass from Kashmir on their way to the sacred city of Benares—to bathe in the Ganges. One of them spoke fair English, and told us 'that the famine has abated in Kashmir;' good news, if true. The Maharajah is a pious Hindoo, and his courtiers are truly religious. We left them to continue their devotions, as, borne aloft on palanquins resembling four-post bedsteads, they pursued their pilgrimage—and we went our way, pondering on the advantages these Hindoo gentlemen possessed in being able to forward their spiritual interests and make a pleasant tour at the same time; whereas we were doing nothing towards the making of our poor souls on this our globe-trotting expedition. . . .

Rampoor, April 3.—To-day our walk was through lovely scenery. Forests of deodars (one of the mighty cedars

measured twenty feet in circumference) and pine trees, under which were banks of all sorts of hardy and half-hardy ferns fringing the edges of delightful little mountain torrents, and out into glades where a pretty ixia, and wood anemones, and yellow jonquils, overshadowed by blooms of wild apple and plum trees, were just coming into blossom; crowns of orange fritillary lilies hung on the grey rocks, and green parroquets with yellow tails flitted about under the cedars. Almost hidden by their great branches, it was startling to come suddenly on a ruined temple of graceful design and proportions surrounded by a cloistered courtyard of trefoil arches and Grecian pillars, so entirely unlike anything we have seen in India. Ageeza informs us that the place is rendered intolerable by the multitude of evil spirits infesting it—no doubt the ghosts of the ancient serpent-worshippers by whom it probably was erected.

Baramula, April 4.—At last we have reached the famous 'Vale of Kashmir,' and must confess that our first impression was that of disappointment. A pretty march of thirteen miles, partly through what ought to be a fertile plain, but is now only sprinkled with broken-down farmsteads, brought us to the foot of a short steep pass, from the top of which the valley lay like a map at our feet, completely encircled by snow-topped mountains. But everything looks brown and desolate—no life anywhere. The spring is late, the tall poplars and magnificent plane-trees are still leafless. Adam is said to have come here after leaving Paradise, and given it as his opinion that he had found another Eden, which, no doubt, when the spring is further advanced it

may resemble. One thing is quite certain, the inhabitants of this Paradise very much resemble fallen angels—nothing can surpass their capacity for dirt, lying, and cheating.

April 5.—We embarked this morning, but our Kashmiri boatmen, having got us on board, became very violent, and wanted to force us to take a third boat. This was merely a piece of imposition; but it was not till H. had raised a stout walking-stick over the heads of the boatmen, and I had 'assumed an offensive attitude' in the rear with a large umbrella, that they consented to proceed. Once they saw we were firm they gave in, and were very civil. We wound our way slowly up the long curves of the river—two men rowing and a young woman and boy punting, while the old lady, the grandmother of the party, steered cleverly with a heart-shaped paddle, keeping one eye on the family dinner being cooked in a large pot over a charcoal stove at one end of the boat. It was pleasant and peaceful, after our march of 170 miles, to lie on our rugs under the thatched roof of the boat, gliding by the grassy banks fringed with willows and splendid plane trees, sometimes by farmhouses two or three stories high, standing in orchards, recalling, except for the unfamiliar background of snow-topped mountains, an English landscape. Flocks of wild ducks now and then flew across. H. shot one; it was too coarse for us, but went into the steering grandmother's *pot-au-feu*. We moored for a short time under an old bridge, built in sugar-stick fashion of trunks of deodar trees, and then passed into the Wular lake, and made fast to a sedgy bank for the night. Very lovely it was when the moon rose

over the wide sheet of water and its frame of snow peaks, behind which the summer lightning flashed every now and then.

Srinagar, April 7.—Our crew worked diligently with their little knave-of-spades paddles, but we did not reach our landing-place, after threading our way through this curious city of wide-eaved houses overhanging the river—a Venice built of wood—till two o'clock this morning. Our bungalow is close to the river, in an orchard, the fruit-trees now in full bloom; on each side long avenues of poplar-trees, and behind us the hill called the 'throne of Solomon' crowned with a small ancient temple. We have engaged a Kashmiri servant, Suddick, much recommended by his former master —a fine-looking Musalman, who speaks excellent English and seems intelligent; and this afternoon, accompanied by him, and followed by a fleet of boats containing 'merchants' of all descriptions, waiting to pounce on unfortunate strangers like ourselves, we proceeded in a gondola to the bazaar. The town of Srinagar is picturesque, seen from the water; temples, bridges, and tumbledown houses built of unpainted wood, which takes lovely rich tints from age, and great plane trees and old pear trees white with blossom, hanging over the river, here covered with boats full of sedate-looking Hindoos—the favoured race, though the Musalmans form more than two-thirds of the population. We thought the shawls quite as expensive as in Paris, and saw nothing very tempting to-day. Dining with the hospitable Resident, or, as he is called, in deference to the feelings of the Maharajah, who imagines himself an independent

sovereign, 'the officer on special duty in Kashmir,' we met the two excellent missionaries who are doing so much good here—in fact, saving the lives of thousands of the population. They employ 1,400 coolies at a very small sum, just enough to sustain life on, in useful works, such as repairing the tracks—there are no roads in Kashmir, the native Government consider such things ridiculous and unnecessary—in spite of much secret opposition on the part of native officials. Of course, conversion is not attempted; to do so would be worse than useless; but civilising influences, together with soap and water, are brought to bear on the 400 orphan or neglected children in the mission school, rescued by the missionaries from starvation.

Srinagar, April 12.—A pleasant walk this morning along the river to an ancient shrine, still standing in its sacred tank, supposed to have been dedicated to snake worship. Since leaving Northumberland, where, not far from its rocky shore and island sanctuaries, we had frequently visited the traditional abode of the great dragon, 'the worm,' that legend relates desolated the neighbourhood and was only propitiated by daily offerings of milk, the mythological serpent has looked out on us from many shrines. Under the shadow of the Parthenon we stood on the spot where Greek legend relates the hero Erechtheus appeared in serpent form; in Egypt we traced the scaly dragon coiling in massive folds through the wall-paintings in the tombs of the kings, or guarding the source of the sacred Nile itself; at Ajanta and Sanchi, either in natural snake form, decorating the head-dress of worshippers, or as the powerful 'nâga,' spreading its protecting

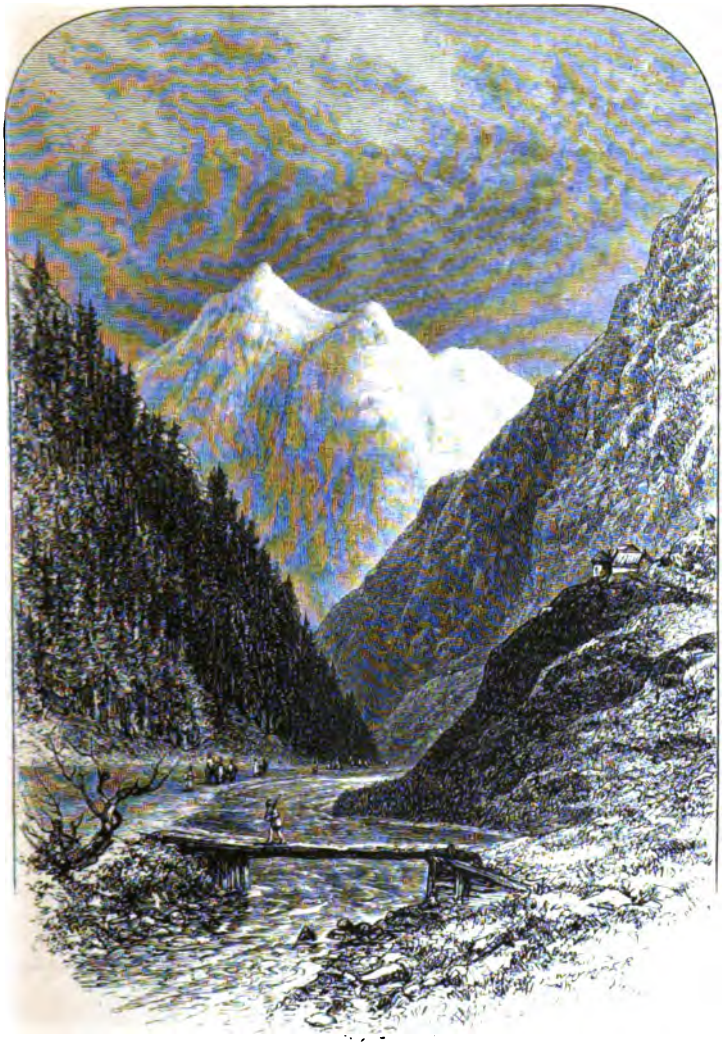
hood over Buddha himself or attendant Rajahs—the much-reverenced serpent was constantly appearing. Now, in Kashmir, we are on the spot which, according to local history and tradition, was once a sea inhabited by a race of 'nâgas' (perhaps representing aboriginal tribes of the Himalayan valleys), creatures half human, half serpent, who were amongst the earliest and most enthusiastic converts to Buddhism. We passed over the site of Pandritan, once the capital of this country, where King Asoka (B.C. 250) is said to have built a shrine for a tooth of Buddha; but the graceful little temple we went to see, with a ceiling decorated somewhat in the style of the later monasteries at Ajanta, is not supposed to date further back than the 10th century of our era.

This is a festival day with the Hindoos. All who are religiously minded among them go to bathe in a sacred pool near the Dal Lake, whither we went also, our six Kashmiris paddling the boat swiftly through crowded canals and curious 'floating gardens,' made of the matted roots of water-plants cut close to the bottom of the lake and formed into long narrow beds resting on the water. On this a thick coating of mud is laid and melon seeds sown, which during the hot summer produce large crops of fruit. The Kashmiri women are very good-looking, their dark eyes and hair and bright complexion are set off by the fillet of scarlet cloth worn round the head; but men and women alike muffle themselves in shapeless white garments, and have not the independent bearing of our late friends the Pathans. Unlike the Musalman, the Hindoo brings his womenkind with him; each group we passed had a large brass pot of rice boiling on the

fire, which when cooked will be eaten mixed with butter of a fine rancid flavour and much saffron. . . .

Noorburg, April 16.—We left Srinagar some days ago, and are now making way to the Himalayan valleys on the further side of Kashmir, to look for ibex. We have six servants, and twenty-eight coolies to carry provisions, two tents for ourselves, and one for the servants. Three stones put together form a cooking-place, and camp life in a pretty country in fine weather is very enjoyable. A sheep-dog joined us yesterday, and seems so companionable that we have invited him to remain and guard our camp. . . .

Wurdwan Valley, April 18.—We slept as close to the snow as possible last night, and started soon after 5 A.M. to cross the pass (11,600 feet). The sun had scarcely risen over the white peaks, and the black pine-forests below were still lying deep in shadow, as we followed our coolies, who, like a line of ants, threaded their way over the snow up through great boulders left by the avalanches. In about two hours we had reached the summit of the pass, and found ourselves on a far-stretching snow plateau; we put on snow spectacles, the servants also doing so, for, as Suddick says, 'the snow burn him eyes,' and had a pleasant walk over the crisp dazzling snow, which was in good condition. We followed the course of a river, heard but not seen, rushing down with a hollow roar from the glacier near the summit, till, a few miles further on, it burst its icy barrier, and led the way for us over tumbled masses of rock and sloping ledges of snow to the Wurdwan Valley. Sometimes it was difficult enough to prevent slipping down a snow slope,



IN THE HIMALAYAS.


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but the grass shoes we all wear are safe things for snow walking. The Shikari makes them—we have two cooly loads of rice-straw with us for the purpose—and straps them on our feet over leather socks; sometimes they have to be renewed during the day's march; but our toes, not being accustomed to having a hay-rope passed between them, often felt rather sore after going downhill for long. We trudged on till we found ourselves again amongst birch-trees and scanty junipers, under which the lovely blue gentian peeped out; once we heard a sound like a train coming into a station, and on looking round saw a rock and cloud of loose stones bounding off the path we had just passed, detached from the cliff overhead.

Wurdwan Valley, April 22.—We looked out on a white world this morning; the snow was falling thickly, the tall pine trees round us looking like black spectres waving their arms against the white peaks above. A snowy Sunday in a tent is not cheerful, but the Bible and Shakespeare are good companions; and the society of our faithful and valued friends, 'Homer,' 'Herodotus,' 'The Spectator,' and 'Pickwick,' who are travelling in a game-bag round the world with us, is always delightful. Sport in Kashmir is disappointing; day after day, as soon as it is light, H. and his two Shikaris set out over the glacier ridges and up the mountain sides, too steep for snow to lie on, in search of ibex, but find none. The bears, wise animals, are still enjoying their winter sleep. Scarcely a sign of life is to be seen anywhere. Now and then a hawk or raven soars over the few tumble-down châlets and huts below us, to which their owners, after the long and

unusually severe winter, are returning to cultivate their little stony fields in their simple fashion; a crooked stick fastened to the end of a straight one being still their idea of that most ancient implement, the plough. Two musk-deer, shot by H., have enabled our people to give a dinner-party; the throat of the animal having been cut in orthodox fashion (after death) with the usual invocation, pious Musalmans can eat the flesh. We thought the meat rather good, resembling roe deer in flavour, but in this keen air one is perhaps not fastidious. There is some difficulty in finding coolies to carry the baggage; Suddick, putting his head into the tent, announces, 'I send one man jumping to catch him cooly.' So we hope they may be forthcoming to-morrow.

Bhutkhul Pass (14,580 *feet*).—We are climbing by slow degrees to the 'roof of the world,' as the inhabitants of the high table-land of central Asia call their country; a very steep roof it is. Kashmir, 5,000 feet above the sea, was the first step towards it from the plains of India; the Wurdwan Valley, 7,000 feet, the next; and now we are on the way to the Sooroo Valley, 10,000 feet. Leh, where we hope to be in about three weeks, will be nearly 12,000 feet up on the world-roof.

We left our camp this morning in a cold sleet shower, with an occasional burst of sunshine to brighten the rugged sides of the glen up which we wound our way, crossing the glacier stream by snow bridges. The gorge narrowed, and, after a few hours' walking, the steep banks became snow-slopes, which we had to traverse in single file, Kamala, the first Shikari, an excellent mountaineer, in front, cutting steps

with a kind of hoe. As the snow was in bad condition, it was difficult walking, and needed care to avoid falling into the glacier river, which roared and tumbled over its rocky bed about 200 feet below us. Suddenly the loose snow gave way; I lost my foothold, and, accompanied by Suddick, who just behind had clutched hold of my shoulder, and who with his spiked staff tried vainly to stop our downward course, I proceeded to slide very quickly on hands and face down the snow slope. I remember hearing the roar of the water, and feeling that in a few moments we should be dashed amongst the rocks, and how funny we must look slipping down together, but had not time to be frightened, for just then we were luckily stopped by a narrow ledge—a fallen birch-tree under the snow—and picked ourselves up unhurt. One of our coolies passing over the same place later in the day was not so fortunate. He and the tent he was carrying rolled together down the slope into the river, but happily he fell on the large soft bundle, and was not seriously hurt.

Bhutkhul, Bhutkhul Pass, May 1.—This is a long pass; it will take us three days to get through it. We have had a hard march to-day ploughing through deep snow—the rain of last week fell as snow up here. Sometimes we sank up to our waists in drifts of new-fallen snow. 'Take plenty care, Mem Sahib,' Suddick would call out, and then down he would go himself, and his turban and stick be seen struggling out of a hole. After crossing a long plateau, we came again on a glacier-river rushing out of a great ice-cave hung with giant icicles. That horrid river kept getting in our way, and we had to wade across the awfully cold water several

times. Once it was above our knees, and I had to hold on tightly to the man in front to prevent being carried away by the strong current. My feet, though I had three pairs of worsted socks on, pained me dreadfully from the intense cold;—but anything is better than being carried.

At length we reached a spot below the steepest part of the pass, where on a spur of the mountain a few bushes were growing, and the snow had been blown away. It was getting dark, the coolies were far behind, and a snowstorm was coming on, so H. and I, with two of the servants, took refuge close to a rock, shivering from cold and wet. Luckily, under a few stunted bushes covered with snow, we found some dead branches, with which Kamala made a large fire beneath the shelter of a boulder; we sat round and warmed our feet while the snow fell thickly on our shoulders, till, as the night fell, the long line of coolies—reminding us of the pictures of arctic travels—made their way across the glistening slopes up to us. Our sleeping tent was soon pitched, and the coolies sent in every direction to pull wood from under the snow for the fires. Suddick in a miraculous manner soon gave us an excellent supper from his kitchen behind the boulder (at least the omelette and hot tea tasted better than anything we had ever eaten), and all troubles were forgotten while reading home letters, brought 170 miles over the snow passes by our messenger from Srinagar.

Below the Bhutkhul Pass.—Whether it was the effect of yesterday's cold-water cure, wading through the snow-rivers, or the astonishing quantity of tea we drank (we used to laugh at the Russian Tartars we met on the banks of the

Volga for drinking numberless cups of very hot tea, but now we know from experience how refreshing it is), I do not know, but we did not get much sleep last night, and broke up our camp at 8 A.M. this morning, the coolies with some of the baggage in charge of the second Shikari—a cheery young fellow who skips over the snow slopes with H.'s largest rifle slung over his shoulder, having preceded us.

First over a rock and snow-staircase, jumping from point to point as best we could, and then over a long rising plateau of deep soft snow. The morning light was just catching the top of the wonderful peaks, sometimes too sharp and jagged for the snow to lie on; very grim and awful looked the backbone of black rocks, like the edge of a gigantic saw piercing through the smooth white covering of snow and thrusting its rugged points into the clear blue sky above. But we get no very grand views as we climb up the pass, the steep sides shut one in, though we know that a giant peak, over 26,000 feet high, is to be seen towards the north, and his smaller companions, 20,000 and 17,000, crowd all round. After some hours' weary walking through the deep snow, we came to the stiffest part of our climb—a wall of snow-slope 700 feet high, which had to be surmounted. I was feeling rather tired, pains in my limbs and utter weariness, but H. having administered some brandy mixed with snow, I was able with help to climb the zigzag path made by Kamala up what seemed to be the never-ending snow-covered roof of a house. At last we reached the summit, only about 1,500 feet below the top of Mont Blanc. The wind was strong and keen, with now and then a sleet shower.

However, we found a patch of rock where for the moment the sun was shining; on the warmest corner of which, after Kamala had taken off my grass-shoes and wrapped my feet up in his shawl, I was hung out to dry and eat roast chicken, and soon felt all right.

After a short rest, we plunged again into the snow. Going down is easy work, but as the usual camping-ground was covered by snow, it was not till we had walked altogether eighteen miles that we found a place where it was possible to pitch a tent. Unluckily to-day no wood was to be found; we were forced to pull up the scanty roots of wild sage and grass between the crevices of the rocks to make a fire—difficult work in a blinding snow-storm. I really do not quite know what happened, I was so cold and tired, but eventually Suddick brought us hot tea, and, putting everything we had in the way of clothing on, we lay down to rest. Perhaps we shall never be nearer heaven, in this world, than we were to-day, and—under the circumstances, I have no wish to be.

Sooroo Valley (10,000 *feet*).—H. woke up last night with great pain in his eyes. He had neglected to wear snow spectacles or veil during our march yesterday, consequently an attack of snow-blindness—intense pain in the eyes for some hours—came on. Fortunately, a little milk which we had brought over the Pass in bottles, was found, with which, when diluted with warm water, he bathed his eyes, and felt less pain; but we are both suffering from the skin of our faces being much blistered. Our difficulties in the way of climbing are over for the present, and after a few hours' march down the nullah we descended into the Sooroo Valley.

We are now in Little Thibet, and have left our Aryan kinsfolk at the other side of the mountain barrier. Our coolies sat round in a circle to receive the well-earned rupees which H. gave them before returning to their native valley. Poor fellows, many of them were shading their eyes (snow-blindness) while blinking happily at the silver portrait of the Empress of India. Now we are amongst a different race, and our coolies for to-morrow are skin-clad, flat-capped, high-cheek-boned Mongols—not quite the pure type yet, till we get to Leh, but still the difference of feature strikes one at once. They are an ugly, cheery lot—no famine last year in these valleys—talking a strange uncouth jargon which Suddick understands a little. However, as the head-man of each village sends an escort of one trusty follower with us, we get what we want. I am not a good judge of sheep, but that uncanny-looking animal brought up for inspection to-day with a view to mutton to-morrow, does not look promising.

Except a few willow-trees carefully grown near the villages, there is not a tree or shrub, or anything green to be seen. The rocky sides of the valley rise up perfectly bare of verdure, with cascades of loose stones rushing down into the river below. What the goats and ponies find to eat it is difficult to say,—perhaps they really feed on stones, and only pretend to eat grass when strangers are looking on. In a month's time all will be different; the villagers are ploughing with their yaks the patches of ground their forefathers during long generations have won from the stony soil by bringing earth in baskets and clearing off stones.

In summer the streams rushing down from the snow-mountains are conducted by irrigation-channels over the fields sown with barley (there is scarcely any rain in this country), and the hot sun during the short summer ripens the crop. The women seem friendly and bright, bringing their funny little babies, covered with charms of various kinds, to be looked at. Industrious, too, for one carried her basket of earth to the field all the morning—a heavy load—with her baby on the top of it—to say nothing of the weight of her châtelaine, a sort of Tara-brooch ornament, fastened to the waist, from which hangs some pounds' weight of cowries, together with charms, and keys, and spoons. The keys are strange things, as there are no locks on the houses; they are scarcely useful—in fact purely ornamental. After all, the ornaments on European châtelaines are not always strictly useful. (?) . . .

Itchoo, May 11.—We are still wandering in these high-up valleys in search of game, and at length, to our great delight, H. saw and shot an ibex to-day. We are perched on a triangular piece of ground about three acres in extent —a spur running out from the mountain-wall which seems to hem us in all round—bounded on two sides by glacier-streams. To descend from our elevated position we must scramble down stony banks about 500 feet high, across which a little track has been made for the yaks. Our aneroid marks 14,000 feet above the sea, but we can scarcely be as high as this; the mercury must have got out of the way of going down, we have been over so many high passes lately. This is capital ibex ground; we think of remaining here some

days in the hope of finding game. Yesterday we crossed for the first time one of the rope-bridges of Thibet; rather nervous work if you happen to look down on the rushing water while balancing yourself on the single rope of twisted twigs of birch, holding on with all your might to the guiding ropes at each side. We could only do eight miles, the people of the last village declaring it was dangerous to traverse the nullah leading up here during the middle of the day on account of the frequent avalanches; a yak had been killed the day before, and his owner narrowly escaped the same fate while leading the animal up the glen.

I am sitting in our tent with the curtain drawn up, wrapped in a sheepskin coat, which our kind friend the Resident at Srinagar provided us with, and a 'kangri' (basket with a pot of glowing charcoal inside it) at my feet trying to keep warm, watching the ways of the villagers, who, now that the snow is not too deep to allow them to do so, are ploughing up this little plot of level ground. The village, which at first sight can scarcely be distinguished from the great boulders round it, is a group of stone huts without windows or chimneys (the chief house has a wicker-work erection on the flat roof, through which the smoke escapes), inhabited by the four families that form the population of Itchoo, and in which they and their yaks spend the long winter months, frequently not getting fresh air or light except by climbing through a hole in their roof, kept clear of snow for the purpose. The children lead the yaks by a cord passed through the animal's nostrils, and the men guide the rough plough, while the women, with their hair plaited into nume-

rous long tails with black wool, reaching down to their feet and decorated with tassels and blinkers, harrow the ground with small wooden hoes. A sheepskin of barley, with its legs in the air, lies a few yards from me which the inquisitive little goats—like small curly retrievers—sniff at covetously, while the Tartar boy who ought to be guarding it lies asleep on his face—the usual attitude these people sleep in.

I am instructing Mahmoud (one of the servants) in the art of darning. He looks up pleased with his performance, sticking his darning-needle into his turban, when, after great labour, he has accomplished a rather clumsy patch. We have been to the marmot colony near here, but the marmots—much larger than those found in Europe—with a chirping whistle disappeared into their burrows when we came in sight. We found a patch of wild rhubarb, the only green thing we have seen for some time. . . .

Sorgool, May 19.—We have now struck the road to Leh, having come across country yesterday by a seldom-traversed pass. The view from the summit (nearly 15,000 feet), and the fantastic shapes of the rocks, were very striking, one almost imagined that fairies or demons had twisted them into strange contortions. Sometimes a row of gigantic ninepins would be ranged on a ridge, or the profile of an enormous stone face would appear through a cloud-rift, or one saw the fingers of a great hand lifted against the horizon. We have left the thirty-two million Hindoo deities, and are now in an entirely Buddhist region. The young fellow with my pony to-day (on this road we find ponies and coolies) had a little pigtail reaching nearly to his waist, and large silver

ear-rings on. He whistled gaily, and now and then burst forth into a wild song as he guided the pony up a very steep bank. 'Hold him on by his tail, Mem Sahib,' Suddick called out behind me, a rather bewildering piece of advice when one is riding up what much resembled a railway embankment, but on consideration I understood him to mean me to hold on by the pony's mane. We passed for the first time a 'mani,' a long bank of stones carefully built up, the top covered with small slabs inscribed with the Buddhist invocation:—

OM,[1] MANI PADMI, HAN.
O! the jewel within the Lotus! *or*,
Hail! to the sweetness of the Lotus.

Various meanings are given for these mystic words, but the most intelligible is that they express the excellency of the law of Buddha as typified by the lotus,—the symbol of the universe and perfection. And truly the councils of perfection given by Prince Gautama, who, twenty-four centuries ago left his father's court to seek a cure for the ills of humanity, were often full of sweetness. 'Buddha,' meaning the Enlightened One, is only one of the many titles given by his followers to the teacher, whose life of purity and precepts of universal benevolence still influence nearly one-third of mankind.

Lamayuru, May 21.—We are now in the old Thibetan province of Ladakh, where Buddhism was preached by the

[1] It is difficult to define the significance of the ancient monosyllable 'OM,' 'the divine affirmative;' or, according to another interpretation, the word is 'AUM,' and typical of the Hindu Trinity of divine persons, 'the Eternal Essence.'

missionaries sent beyond the mountains of India by King Asoka upwards of two thousand years ago. This morning we rode through a fertile valley—a rare and pleasant sight—passing villages surmounted by convent-crowned cliffs, and approached through long lines of 'chortens,' pagodas of mud, bricks, and stones, containing the relics of a Lama saint, to whom offerings may be made; or they may be erected in honour of 'Adi Buddha,' the 'Supreme Buddha,' 'the concealed lord who is without beginning or end,' and from whom the four Buddhas—Gautama Buddha being the last—who have appeared in these lower worlds have originated. Our path is often lined with mounds of slabs bearing 'the holy six-syllabled charm,' inscribed by the Lamas, and procured from them by pious natives, who, depositing the prayer on a 'mani,' go on their way rejoicing, leaving the stones to cry aloud for them to Heaven. The prayer is an invocation of its author 'Padmapani,' the 'Lord of Mercy,' the 'Protector,' the 'Manifested One,' but this divinely-inspired petition would seem to have almost lost its original meaning, and degenerated into an incantation or magic formula, amongst the charm-loving Thibetans, who, like the Jews of old, believe in the efficacy of binding holy sentences on their garments. Yesterday I saw one of our Tartars pick up and carefully preserve a scrap of 'Saturday Review,' of ancient date, which we had thrown aside; no doubt to-morrow, enshrined in a bit of coloured cloth, it will take its place amongst the other talismans, 'golden razors to take away sin,' worn on his cap.

Our tents are pitched at the foot of the cliff on which

the large and ancient Lamasary of Lamayuru stands—a rambling erection, built on and under the turret-shaped rocks, sometimes on galleries thrown across flying bridges from one peak to another, sometimes scooped out into rock shrines, where the monks can retire for religious contemplation, or perhaps with equal profit contemplate the view over the valley of the high ranges of snow-topped Himalayas. Buddha commanded his disciples to live apart from the world, so the Lamas compromise matters by building their Gounpas, 'solitary places,' on some almost inaccessible peak in the close vicinity of a village.

It was an easy ride over the Fotula Pass; not a sign of anything living did we see, animal or vegetable, till just as we reached the summit 'Cardinal Wolsey' appeared against the horizon on the little ridge above us. A red-clothed, red-capped, shaven-headed Lama, mounted on a fat white pony, rosary in hand, quite startling in his likeness to a jolly friar of mediæval days. He was in charge of a herd of ponies belonging to the convent, and was taking them to where a few blades of grass are beginning to spring up beside the glacier streams. He looked quite as much surprised at our appearance as we were at the sight of his strange figure. My pony to-day was extremely orthodox, and would insist on keeping to the right—which happened to be the sunny side—of the 'manis;' to pass on the left turns the prayer into the reverse of a blessing. Verily, if these prayer-stones be all paid for, the devotions of the Tartars must cost them something.

Riding over a tolerably smooth track after our long walks in the snow-valleys seems easy work, and having finished our

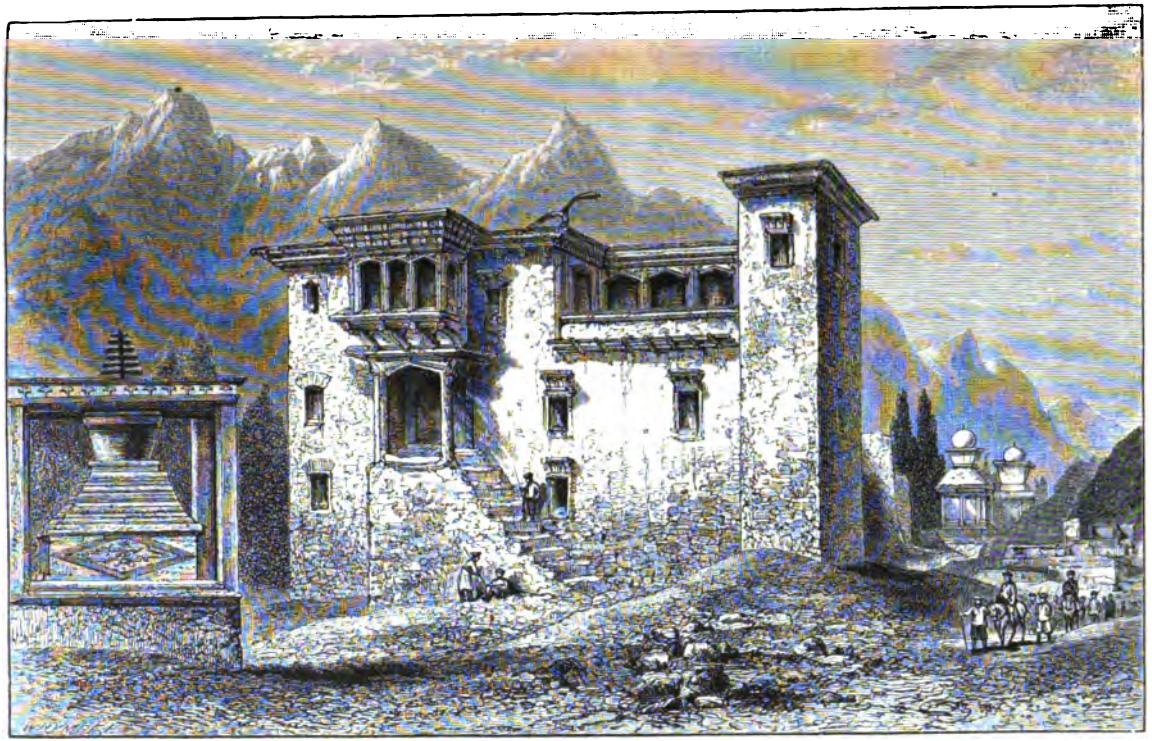
sixteen miles' march we were ready after luncheon to see the Lamasary. Half-a-dozen fat Lamas conducted us into their church, whilst the others, some old men and some mere children (where there are more than three sons in a family one is always dedicated to a religious life) crowded round the doorway, turning their prayer-wheels and gazing at the strangers. The church, a square room, was divided into aisles and chancel by rough wooden pillars. The place where the Christian altar would stand was occupied by an enormous highly-coloured image of Avalokiteswara or Padmapani, one of the incarnations of the Divine Essence worshipped by the later Buddhists, typical of all-embracing mercy. It flung out its great arms on every side, had eleven heads, and seemed to be highly esteemed by the brethren. But the walls of the building interested us most, being lately decorated in the highest style of religious art by artists from Lhassa. They were entirely covered with frescoes representing, as far as we could make out, the various transmigrations of the soul on its way to 'Nirvâna'—the final emancipation from the burden of existence—the attainment, according to Buddhist belief, of that 'Rest which is the end of Righteousness.' One was reminded of the 'Campo Santo' at Pisa, or the 'Ritual of the Dead' on an Egyptian papyrus, while tracing the progress of souls through the eight cold and sixteen hot hells of Lama legend. Unlike European mediæval tradition, however, eternal punishment does not form part of a Buddhist's creed; indeed the early Buddhists seem to have imagined that 'the pain of living,' and the manifold miseries of existence, sufficiently expiated the sins

and shortcomings of man in this life, and that divine justice did not require to be appeased by his further endurance of elaborate and eternal torments. Good souls were being ferried across calm rivers to very green pastures—greenness in this arid country is a symbol of life—on the other side in comfortable four-post bedsteads, while the bad ones were pursued by our friend the fiery dragon of Chinese teapots. It is pleasant to find a much greater sense of fun and humour amongst these people than amongst the Musalmans and stately old Egyptians we have left. Various other divine personages, seated cross-legged round the room, had little saucers of burning ghee or offerings of rice and barley placed before them. We were then taken up to a much holier and dirtier shrine, where the head Lama put forth his fingers (but they were not clean fingers) to give us his benediction, and suggest the propriety of pious offerings. These red Lamas are an older order than their yellow-coated brethren of Lhassa; a certain number marry and live in the small houses decorated with holy flags and prayer-wheels and yaks' tails, which we occasionally ride by. A great gong was sounding for evening service, but the holy men seemed in no hurry. However, we soon had enough of their company, and left, after admiring their splendid dogs, Thibetan mastiffs, who bark persistently all night long—but the race must have degenerated since Marco Polo's time, for we saw none 'as big as donkeys.'

Saspool, May 23.—Yesterday part of our seventeen miles' ride was through a fine gorge, violet-tinted rocks on each side rising out of the emerald-coloured glacier-river,

till we descended suddenly on the Indus—not the mighty river we had left down in India, but a wide deep mountain torrent which we crossed by a bridge between two high rocks, whose upper waters have never been explored by Europeans. We did not see the golden sands which Pliny speaks of; higher up the natives do still wash a few grains of gold out of its deposits, and 'gold mines' are marked on the map. But better than gold was the smiling village we soon reached. In this sheltered nook of the Indus valley, apricots, apples, and even a small kind of grape ripens, and two crops of barley are sometimes grown in the year. One certainly appreciates the force of the expression 'living waters' here, where outside the cleverly-managed irrigation works of the village, all is death and desolation.

We followed the Indus sometimes up its steep rocky banks, round which the path was carried in a precarious fashion on beams of poplar wood, and found our tents pitched in the garden of a large deserted old Rajah's house—once the local magnate of this valley. He has passed away, and nothing remains to tell of his former splendour but the elaborate 'Chorten' (Pagoda shrine) built by his piety, its gaily-painted frieze, and the picturesque old palace hard by falling to pieces. I sat down to sketch while an old woman and a little child, the only descendants of the great family looked down at me with wonder from one of its balconies, and a nun, a Lama girl, came to peep over my shoulder. The eldest daughter of the house is generally dedicated to a religious life, her head is shaved and she wears a red habit like the Lamas, and never marries. We came on three



RAJAH S HOUSE AND CHORTEN, LADAKH.


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nuns to-day in a cornfield, their red dresses amongst the bright green barley under the apricot blossoms, lit up by the setting sun, had quite a pre-Raphaelite effect.

Two women minstrels, with large tambourines, have just sat down before our tent. I never saw such ugly women, their existence would be a crime anywhere out of Tartary, and their music is decidedly unmusical; still there is a kind of tune in what they sing.

CHAPTER VI.

LEH—A GAME OF POLO—THE LAMA MIRACLE PLAY—NATIVE REMEDIES FOR FEVER—THE LADIES OF LEH—THE WILD DOGS—A TARTAR MAGICIAN.

Leh, May 24.—Yesterday we felt so fresh on arriving at our halting place that we determined to push on twenty miles further; a long hot ride it was, over sandy hills and desert, the Indus like a silver thread in the distance, till, turning round a rocky point, Leh rose before us, backed by the great snow-barrier beyond which lies Yarkand. We turned into the bazaar, passing through groups of Tartars taking the evening air, and grave Kashmiri merchants, and Yarkandi traders in flowing silk robes, to our camp pitched under some tall poplar trees just beyond the town. After shaking off the dust of our thirty miles' ride, we dined and spent a pleasant evening with the Political Commissioner, and felt as if we had returned to civilisation, for there were books on the shelves and actually glass in the windows.

Some years ago the miraculous Indian Government resolved to open up trade with the Ameer of Yarkand and Kashgar. Sir Douglas Forsyth was sent there with an expedition, and various people wrote nice books on the

subject, all at the expense of the Indian taxpayer. The result was that an English officer was appointed to reside here for some months in each year to look after British interests, and the Central Asian Trading Company was established; but after a vast amount of expense had been gone to (the official report, a huge volume illustrated with photographs, is lying before me) and the Queen and Ameer had exchanged civilities, it was found that trade did not circulate with the expected ease and rapidity over the frightful forty days' march, crossing passes 18,000 feet high, between Leh and Yarkand. Sir D. Forsyth found the Kashgar Valley a flourishing Musalman kingdom, but about two years ago the Chinese marched in and took possession of their old province. Fighting has been going on, as far as we know, ever since, and of course trade is utterly at an end, the hill robbers are out and the passes closed. Ladakh, where we now are, once formed part of the independent kingdom of Thibet, ruled by native Rajahs, owing spiritual allegiance to the Grand Lama at Lhassa. It was sometimes conquered by the Musalman invaders of India, and sometimes by the Chinese, till about forty years ago, when native rule was entirely suppressed, and the Maharajah of Kashmir is now in possession.

One of the few wise things the present ruler ever did was to make an able Anglo Indian, a distinguished scientific explorer, Governor, or, to use the proper title 'Wuzeer,' of Ladakh. The province, though large in extent (its frontier not far from here on the Chinese side being in a somewhat unscientific state), contains less than twenty-three thousand

inhabitants, of whom about a fourth are Lamas; but the people are lightly taxed and look happy and contented, different in this respect to their unfortunate neighbours, the dwellers in the 'Happy Valley' of Kashmir. So these 'Bhotas,' as they are called, are happy and dirty and comfortable, each man growing his patch of barley, which he year after year ploughs up with the help of his yaks, and clothing himself comfortably with the homespun wool of his lanky mountain-sheep, not troubled by 'progress' or moral advance of any sort. He drinks his 'chung,' a rough spirit prepared from barley, and marries as many or as few wives as he chooses; but being of a prudent turn of mind he generally only takes shares in one along with his brothers, regulating the size of his family to that of his barley field, and investing his spare cash in large silver earrings or a gay silk cap to surmount his pigtail. We went into the bazaar this morning, but found little to buy; the people do not care to make things for strangers. With some difficulty we got a little sugar-candy imported from the Punjaub, and samples of tea in bricks (we had bought the same thing at the fair of Nijni Novgorod on the Volga) from Lhassa.

This afternoon we have been looking at a 'kyang,' or wild ass, sometimes called a wild horse, belonging to the Wuzeer—large herds of this animal are found near the Pangong Lake, a few days' march from here, but it is rarely taken alive, and has never been domesticated. A glorified donkey with a fine Roman nose, not suggesting any resemblance to a horse except its habit of neighing. It stands 14 hands high, and is a strong well-shaped animal. Then we seated ourselves

in a sort of verandah and a game of polo began below. A dash down the street of twenty-five natives mounted on shaggy ponies covered with gay trappings and their riders' long skirts, their heads well up in the air and their long tails almost sweeping the ground. The players were principally Musalmans, but some were undeniable Mongols in pigtails and flat caps. It was a very warm afternoon; but all were clothed in thick felt or flannel tunics, the aristocrats wearing two such garments to show their wealth and fashion, and boots of the same material. A wild scene truly, as they dashed past us, almost bending to the ground over their ponies' heads in their eagerness to strike the ball. The native saddle has a high pommel in front, but not the wide Turkish stirrup. Some very good hits were made and the riding was very fair; but we thought the game, owing to the confined space it was played in, much easier than with us, the ball simply going up and down, never turning off at right angles. Once or twice it was hit up into the air and alighted amidst a family group on the housetops—and frequently it had to be fished out of the watercourse at the side of the street. The surroundings were certainly different to polo at Hurlingham. In front, instead of the Guards' band, were half-a-dozen native musicians sitting on their heels, making music on 'tom-toms,' and large trumpet-shaped flutes, and Chinese cymbals. The flutes, one of them 200 years old, were beautiful pieces of workmanship wreathed round with turquoise and silver-encrusted dragons, made in that mysterious city of Lhassa; but no inducement would persuade the owners to part with their instruments, which,

together with the gift of song, are supposed to be handed down in certain families.

Below us, in front of their shop, sat on a gaily-coloured carpet, a tea-merchant and his family from Lhassa. His wife was really a pretty woman, and looked as if she had just walked off a Chinese teapot. A little further on were a party of Yarkandi merchants in gorgeously flowered and wadded dressing-gowns, of Bokhara silk, and high Russian leather boots; and beyond, a group of Kashmiri shopkeepers with Persian cast of feature and cunning look. A few red-clothed Lamas turning their prayer-cylinders wandered about amongst the crowd, and the housetops were fringed with Tartar women loaded with beads and ornaments. Two balls were broken during the game, and two riders unseated much to the delight of the populace, and an old woman with her pot of milk overturned, but no one was hurt; and now that the game was over the people formed a semicircle under the balcony where we sat with the Wuzeer, and dancing began. Ten women much bedecked, wearing scarlet cloaks lined with sheepskin over one shoulder, moved round and round, apparently absorbed in counting their toes and their fingers, as slowly as possible in a sort of hop-and-go-one measure. The position the fingers are held in has a mystical meaning in this country, where the ancient superstitions and the devil-worship which preceded Buddhism still hold sway. A most dreary performance the dancing was, only relieved by the *pas seul* of an old lady who stepped out on her own account, and whirled round and round with many airs and graces; poor thing! she had seen better

days, but too much indulgence in 'chung' had made her an imbecile beggar. Then some Balti men, from a province north of Ladakh, wild-looking fellows with flowing locks, were dragged out of the crowd and made to dance; but still it was the same melancholy pacing round and round, twisting the fingers with eyes fixed on the ground.

Hemyss Lamasary, May 29.—This strange place is a huge pile of whitewashed buildings, grotesquely irregular in plan, studded all over with balconies and verandahs and gables and windows, and rows of praying-wheels, of which latter there were said to be 300,000 within the walls when the monastery was erected in A.D. 1644. Praying-flags (pieces of cloth on which magical invocations are printed), Buddhist emblems, the trident-like symbol of Dharma, and high poles festooned with yaks' tails, decorate the sacred building, backed up by a rugged cliff, on the pinnacles of which are perched, like dolls' houses, hermitages and pagoda-shrines. Turning up a steep and narrow glen, one approaches the convent through and under avenues of manis and chortens. We are camped below the main building close to the stream rushing from what is now a miniature glacier, a large lump of frozen snow close by. The monks have made themselves as green as possible in this rocky wilderness, and, wherever a few feet of level space is to be found, planted willow and poplar-trees. About noon a solemn-looking Lama, who smiled grimly when I showed him a sketch of his abode, conducted us into the courtyard of the Lamasary, round which ran a sort of cloister lined with prayer-wheels; on one side opened the church-porch, on the other stood an enormous prayer-cylinder,

capable of being turned by water-power, near which we took the seats prepared for us. The choir, all Lamas, with their instruments, drums beaten with a curiously shaped ladle, flutes, cymbals, trumpets, and bells, conducted by a Lama choir-master wielding a sacred thunderbolt or sceptre, sat under the cloister, and round the courtyard stood rows of young bare-headed Lamas, one of whom kept the praying-wheels in motion, touching them with his fingers as he passed by to set the stream of devotion going.

But now the miracle-play began. Out from the gloom of the deeply-recessed porch of the church and down the steps came five or six Lamas or rather figures off old playing-cards, clad in gorgeous Chinese satins, with large witches' hats on their heads, and religious emblems in their hands, slowly moving round in mystic dance, displaying to the greatest advantage the really lovely satin brocades, stiff with gold and silver dragons, of their quaint garments. Then they gradually twirled their way back into the church to emerge again, it seemed to us, in a few moments, wearing entirely different costumes, more gorgeous and beautiful, if possible, than the former. I never saw such 'harmonious magnificence' as one mouse-coloured satin tunic, with a gleaming dragon in rainbow colours tangled in clouds of silver and meshes of pale-green seaweed; it was 'a poem in tissue,' and would have delighted the souls of our æsthetic friends in Europe. And how well the strange picture was set off by the background of swarthy red-clothed Lamas (the red of their flannel robe is almost chocolate colour), and the rich tones of the dark wooden balconies lit up by the glorious sunshine pouring

down over all. The choir clashed out again in wild music, and a group of grinning masks—mask painting is an ancient art and brought to great perfection in China—lions' heads and harlequins' bodies came down the church steps, and whirling slowly round, retreated again into the gloom, and came out dragon-headed. Then lastly, strangest sight of all, a band of skeletons, the skulls (masks) admirably painted, gnashing their hideous jaws and shaking their lanky limbs, rushed out into the sunshine and executed a real 'Dance of Death' before us. This was the last act in what might be considered a grim allegory of life; the various influences that sway man therein being represented by the masks,—the good and evil spirits who struggle for mastery over the human soul. Whatever character each mask assumed, or however splendid his gorgeous apparel, he always wore on his breast a skull, wonderfully well executed in white felt. It was just a middle-age 'mystery' performed by 'church mummers.'

As the skeletons danced their way back into the church, we, with the head Lama, rose and followed them up the steps and into the gloom, where, among great images of Sakya Muni and other Buddhas, the young Lamas were passing through a series of 'transmigrations' out of their skeleton shapes and dragon-masks back to earthly, and very dirty, Lamahood. We felt much inclined to negotiate for a fine brass censer, in which incense is swung during the invocations, but the monks do not care to part with their things. The splendid vestments had all been stowed away into their chests, where some of them we were told had been preserved for more than 100 years. We were taken to

various shrines and chapels in the convent; in one was a stack of the religious books of the brotherhood (every Lamasary prints its own invocations and sacred writings), roughly stamped on separate sheets of paper and tied up between boards. Below some of the images a small light was kept perpetually burning, fed by the 'clarified butter' dear to the ancient gods of the Vedas. Everything seemed to come from Lhassa, the spiritual Rome of this country. 'Lamaism is to Buddhism what Romanism is to primitive Christianity, priestcraft usurping temporal power; the Grand Lama the Pope, and Lhassa the Rome of its organisation.' But perhaps Lamaism would be more correctly described as Buddhism saturated with the wild and dark creeds of ancient demon-worship, and the fascination that local superstitions—the gods of the hills and valleys, the deified powers of nature, exercise over the mind of a simple and realistic race not capable of finding religious consolations in the philosophic abstractions of Buddhism. It would be difficult to imagine a religious ceremonial consisting, as that we had just seen did, of gorgeous ritual and magical incantations, more entirely out of harmony with the contempt for externals, the reliance not on supernatural aid, but on the power of a purified will, to guide through the endless perplexities of existence, which characterised the teaching of Gautama Buddha. . . .

Leh, May 20. — What between the mastiffs of the monastery barking all night and the cats running over our heads, and the melancholy wail of the great trumpets calling the monks to prayers, we did not get much sleep, and started

early in the morning (a Lama having first presented me with a small bundle of incense-sticks), H. and his Shikaris and some of the servants to spend a few days up in the mountains looking for 'Ovis Ammon,' the wild sheep of Thibet, and I to return to our camp at Leh with Suddick and the other domestics. The fatigue and heat of our twenty-two miles' march to Hemyss the other day had been trying, and after riding a short way an attack of fever came on, making it impossible to sit up, so I was laid on the sand till a litter was made of one of our camp bedsteads, and Tartars found to carry it. I do not remember much of the long hot day, and weary journey of twenty miles across the valley of the Indus, without any shelter from the fierce heat of the sun, borne aloft by four Tartars who chanted in lugubrious cadence the mysterious prayer, 'Om, mani padmi, han,' and assured the passers-by who came to look, that they were not carrying a corpse, while Suddick riding behind, enjoined caution, as they carried the litter over the rough ground and across the river, in various languages—none of which the Mongols understood. I could see nothing but the great white mountains that bound the valley (Kunneri is nearly 21,000 feet high), towering up into the blue, hot, cloudless sky, round which the strange sights of yesterday and the mystical letters 'O. M.' seemed to whirl in letters of fire. Once when the bearers put me down to refresh themselves with a pot of chung, two holy men came by, one with a bundle of prayer-leaves under his arm, both spinning prayer-wheels vigorously. They stopped to look at me and ask for alms (the first beggars we have met in Thibet). I offered to buy one of their

prayer-cylinders. 'Not for fifty rupees,' was the pious answer as they passed on to exorcise some evil spirits who had taken possession of a house in the neighbouring village. . . .

Leh, June 5.—A tiresome attack of fever has made me unfit for anything during the past week. It seems strange that such a malady should exist up here, 11,500 feet above the sea, where only about three inches of rain fall in the year. It is sometimes not easy to sleep in such a bracing climate, but we have never experienced the slightest difficulty in breathing, even whilst crossing the high passes. One day I saw the cook with a string of sliced onions round his neck, and on asking the meaning of his decoration, was told it was to counteract the effects of the 'poison-flower,' which grew on that Pass. We asked for some of it, and were brought a bunch of aconite, the plant to which the natives attribute the oppression and want of breath much felt by some of them when at a high elevation. Most likely the headache that came on after I had bent over the flowers while drawing them was not caused by their poisonous qualities, but our servant threw them away immediately I had finished, declaring they were 'bahut kharab' (very bad). Our pleasant friends, the Wuzeer and his wife and the Political Commissioner, have been most kind, and the Tartars quite friendly while I was ill. The ladies of Leh, dressed in their bravery, come to see me, and stand round clanking their shell bracelets together—their mode of 'making salaam.' Funny figures they are, in tunics made of coloured strips of cloth, and trousers, a long red mantle lined with sheepskin over one shoulder, and very large

blinkers at each side of the face, surmounted, or, rather, roofed in by a headdress of stiff pasteboard covered with cloth, and decorated with lumps of rough turquoise, which reaches from the back of the head to the waist—the most uncomfortable and unserviceable headgear that even female ingenuity has ever invented. They bring vessels of their favourite chung, which, as I cannot drink, they have to-day changed for a large pot of 'buttered tea,' a fearful preparation of 'brick' tea, soda, salt, and strong-tasting melted butter, churned up together, and then boiled; but even this highly-nutritious delicacy I cannot appreciate, so they sit round and stare while I doctor myself with quinine and weak tea, which latter they have very little opinion of, calling it 'water-tea;' but they would willingly swallow—having first repeated some magical invocations over it—as much castor-oil as we could give them.

The dogs, ferocious animals acting as scavengers in the villages, are troublesome. Yesterday they extracted our only piece of bacon from a basket. Last night, when half asleep, I woke up feeling there was something moving in the tent, and by the uncertain light could just distinguish one of these gaunt, wolfish creatures standing beside the bed. He snatched at the unlighted candle (made of native tallow—delicious food!), and rushed through the tent curtain, carrying it off, candlestick and all. The feeling that we had only two candlesticks, and that such articles were not to be replaced in Thibet, armed me with courage, so, slipping on a cloak and pair of Tartar felt boots, I gave chase, out into the moonlight and across country. Luckily

the dog dropped the candlestick at the first fence, and I returned with it in triumph.

H. has returned, having had very little sport: the few 'Ovis Ammon' he found at an elevation of 17,000 feet would not let him get within shot of them. We have sad accounts from Kashmir. Two years ago the rice crop, an unusually fine one, when ready for harvesting, was not allowed to be touched till the Maharajah's officers had divided the standing crop, taking a third for the Government, and as much as they could rob the peasants of for themselves. Meanwhile, the autumn rains set in, and the entire rice harvest was lost. From all that we hear and see, there is no Government in this world needs disestablishing as much as that of the ruler we English set over one of the fairest provinces in it—the Vale of Kashmir.

The Lhassa tea merchant gave us a glowing description this afternoon of his native city and the Grand Lama, who, according to our friend's account, never leaves the walls of his palace. A thousand Lamas reign with him, and tea and chung for ever flow in this abode of bliss! three months' caravan journey from here. Lhassa is almost the only place which is still forbidden ground to the traveller; only one Englishman, a Mr. Manning, has ever been inside its walls. He got there by great good luck in 1774, and left a short diary of his journey.

Last night, after dinner with the Political Commissioner, a curious individual, half Lama, half Fakir, was brought in. He belongs to a tribe of Mongols east of Lhassa, is supposed to be gifted with second sight and has travelled all over the north of

India. The Abbé Huc, who saw something of these wandering Lamas, says: 'Dieu semble avoir mêlé au sang qui coule dans leurs veines quelque chose de cette force motrice qui pousse les mondes chacun dans leur route, sans jamais les permettre de s'arrêter.' These travelling sorcerers, of whom our friend was one, are allowed to exercise their magic (for which they can produce elaborate rules and astrological calculations) in the Lamasaries, and are encouraged by the regular Lamas. One end of the room was cleared, the door opened, and a wild-looking figure, with bushy hair and gleaming eyes, a cloth wrapped round him, and a rosary, consisting of 108 large beads, in his hand, groped his way in, and sitting down at the furthest corner of the room, looked sharply round on us all. His strange language was scarcely understood by the Moonshees, who stood by to interpret for us. The Wuzeer asked (the newspaper with the account of peace having been signed with Afghanistan had just been brought in) 'What is going on at Kabul?' The Lama threw one end of his cotton garment over his head, fumbled with his beads, and then replied quickly, 'All right there.' We then asked, 'What news from Yarkand?' (no one knows what is taking place in that territory); again he closed his eyes and veiled his face, and having muttered something, said, 'You will hear in seven or eight days'; then suddenly—he was sitting cross-legged in the position of Buddha—he sprang up into the air with a wild cry, but did not float or touch the ceiling in the fashion of modern magicians. Being able to spring from a sitting position three or four feet into the air, alighting again in the same cross-legged attitude, is a curious faculty.

The great and holy Rishis of Buddhism had the power, according to early legends, of floating in the air—indeed, usually travelled in this manner, accompanied by millions of Devas.

The Lama magician then made some bad guesses at how many brothers we had, and prophesied that the company then present would meet again in two years, a prediction which is scarcely likely to be fulfilled. He will not keep any money given him for himself, always bestows it on the nearest Lamasary, and is altogether a very singular personage, whose powers of locomotion—and there is no doubt he has travelled half over Asia—are remarkable. . . .

'Among this people, too, you find the best enchanters and astrologers that exist in all that quarter of the world; they perform such extraordinary marvels and sorceries by diabolic art that it astounds one to see or even hear of them. So I will relate none of them in this book of ours; people would be amazed if they heard them; but it would serve no good purpose.'—Yule's *Marco Polo*.

CHAPTER VII.

PRAYERS FOR SEASONABLE WEATHER—TARTAR TAILORS—H. STARTS FOR YARKAND—HOLDING DURBAR—ON THE WAY TO HEMYSS —A TARTAR BALL.

Leh, June 12.—H. has decided on accepting the Commissioner's offer of accompanying him to Yarkand; no Englishman, since the last Government mission made its official visit, has been there; and since that time the Musalman *régime* has ceased, and the victorious Chinese are now in possession. It is a long and difficult journey across passes 18,000 feet above the sea, and over table-lands where everything for man and beast has to be carried, not even fuel being found there; and as this is an entirely unofficial expedition the travellers would go at their own risk. But as the opportunity is a rare and fortunate one of seeing a remote part of the world, I have at length consented to part with H., so we are hard at work making preparations for his journey. Two native tailors are sitting outside the tent stitching away at a 'pushtin,' a long coat made of puttoo (homespun frieze), and lined with sheepskin, such as the Tartars wear; a very comfortable garment. The old tailors are working well; but as Tartar tailoring is strange to me it required our united intellects to cut out the coat. A boy Lama has brought some English sewing-cotton from the

bazaar, which, as is too often the case with British goods exported to out-of-the-way places, is high in price and inferior in quality. Russian importations *viâ* Yarkand are much superior. I am now working on a piece of linen brought from there over passes 3,000 feet higher than the top of Mont Blanc, which appears to be a really satisfactory article. We have been holding consultations with some Yarkandi merchants and the wise heads of Leh, as to preparations for the journey. Tartar ponies are being brought up for inspection, to Suddick's great delight. He is never so happy as when mounted on a steed ('all same like English Sahib' then) perched on a European saddle with very short stirrups, his knees nearly touching his chin.

Leh, June 13.—All the town, Buddhist and Musalman, prayed for seasonable weather—that is, great heat to bring down the snow-streams—last week. The crops were beginning to wither on the little terraces down the valley, and as they entirely depend on irrigation for their growth, it was getting serious; so the Lamas, and pious people, with prayer-wheels, praying-bells, cymbals, and ponderous prayer-books, came in from the neighbouring villages and were fed, to the number of 500, at the expense of the Government. They did 'a vast' of praying, and behold to-day hot weather has set in, and the stream of the Bungalow is a roaring torrent filling the little tank hard by, where small Tartars are disporting themselves in the mud. It is well they should have even a mud-bath sometimes, for the Thibetans never wash, —not even their hands and faces, like the Musalmans; it would be considered a most singular and unhealthy thing

to do. The babies are kept in a bag of dried manure, supposed to be warm and healthy for them, but some parents run the risk of washing the child's face when it is two years old, so their really almost fair complexions are tanned by dirt. Yet in spite of their uncivilised habits, we like the



TARTAR TAILOR AND BOY LAMA.

cheery good-natured Tartars far better than the cunning Kashmiris.

The tailors have completed a most satisfactory garment for H., and are now constructing him a pair of snow-boots made of felt, ten pieces of which quilted together form the soles,

and stockings of the same material. We are also manufacturing his sleeping-bag of felt, lined with thick blanket from Lhassa; it is quite the best thing for sleeping in on a march, and we hope he may not feel the stony ground very hard through it. One of the tailors came up to me and, touching his ears, made a mute but pathetic appeal for a bit of the strong English 'housewife' thread with which I was working, to string his bead ear-rings on. His countenance gleamed (through the dirt) with satisfaction when we gave it to him.

We have watched day by day the building of a shrine, perched on a rock opposite our camp. It contains three little pagodas in honour of the 'three precious things'—Buddha, the Law, and the Church; and is intended to propitiate the wrath of some evil spirits who hurl down rocks and stones to the great annoyance of the people living below. From here it looks exactly like an omnibus with three fat passengers sitting inside.

This afternoon we met a party of coolies come over the passes from Simla, making their way home to Skardo. They said they were going to Thibet—pronounced like a lady's 'tippet'—and had escaped frostbites, which three poor patients in the little hospital here are suffering from. Not an imposing, but a useful and truly benevolent establishment is the hospital, consisting of a few sheds enclosed by a mud wall. The doctor, who unites in himself the offices of postmaster, meteorological observer, and physician, is a Musalman, educated in Calcutta, and attached to the political commissionership here of the Indian Government. He

comes to prescribe for me. It seemed strange at first to have one's pulse felt by a man in a turban, who could not speak any known tongue.

Leh, June 14.—H. and the Political Commissioner have started for Yarkand,—God grant they may return safely from the hazardous expedition. I am to occupy the Commissioner's bungalow during their absence, and have just taken possession of its cheerful living-room, commanding a glorious view over the valley of the Indus; and, better than all, containing a varied selection of pleasant books and good maps. The bungalow is a short distance from the town of Leh, but some of the Maharajah's Sepoys are to be on guard at the door, night and day. There is nothing to be afraid of, except the horrid dogs, who sometimes come even up the staircase. However, in a house they cannot awake me as they did in the tent, by trying to push their way through the canvas wall against which my bed was placed. They are strong creatures, and sometimes I felt the bed shake, and heard them panting and growling in their efforts to force their way in. Yesterday a traveller, one of the few Europeans who have this year passed through Leh, had his whole stock of fresh provisions and sack of flour carried off by the dogs Suddick is getting some 'kulchas,' native biscuits, composed of flour—with a large proportion of chopped straw and mud worked up together—baked in the town to-day; these, with the tinned provisions not devoured by the dogs, are about all that the unlucky young man will have to eat till he gets over the passes. The other day one of the most persistent of our canine enemies was given a biscuit

with a large lump of strychnine in it,—I see he is now come for more, and is running about gaily. . . .

Leh, June 18.—This morning, accompanied by one of the Sepoys, who always follow my footsteps, I climbed up to the old palace on the cliff overhanging the town, once the fortress of the Chinese and native rulers of this country; it still belongs to the 'queens,' as the three old ladies, the only survivors of the domestic circle of the last Rajah, are called. Frowning down on Leh, like a mediæval fortress, it is imposing enough outside, but once inside the curiously carved and painted doorway, over which Chinese lions grin down at you even in their decay, one finds nothing but rough rock and stone staircases and passages, or where they have fallen away, still rougher wooden ladders, up which we mounted to the family chapel, and found a Lama celebrating matins before a large Buddha, with the aid of the usual devotional implements.

A sort of revival has been going on in Lamaism during the last few years, and a devout sect of mission Lamas have travelled through Thibet stirring up the religious zeal of their brethren and inculcating stricter modes of life. They will not allow any woman to enter the Lamasaries after 4 P.M., in this matter following out the commands of Buddha when he, with some reluctance, admitted women into the 'order.' For Buddhism, like most religions (one owns it sorrowfully), 'se méfie des femmes,' and attributes much of the inherent evil of things to their influence. However, as men since the days of Adam have tried to shift their shortcomings on to feminine shoulders, one must not expect to find Sakya Muni

entirely free from the prevailing unwarrantable prejudices on this subject.

As we descended the hill another Lama, going up to the Lamasary on its summit, let fall a leaf out of his bundle of devotional books, which I picked up, and find is a description and picture of 'Lungta, the horse of the winds.'—'When the King of the Golden Wheel, the governor of four continents, mounts the animal' (who in the picture is certainly the wild ass of this country) 'to traverse the universe, he sets out in the morning and returns at night without feeling any fatigue.' Lungta has the faculty of depriving the constellations, hostile to men, of their evil influence. 'Lungta is also the symbol of harmony, uniting the three conditions of human existence, upon the union of which happiness depends.' The sacred picture is printed from a wooden block. The art of printing was introduced from China, where it is said to have been practised long before known in Europe.

H. has sent to say that they have crossed the first pass (over 17,000 feet) on their way to Yarkand. He was lucky enough to procure two snow-leopard skins from a Lama in those high regions.

Living in a house, and not having to fold one's tent and pass away every morning, seems strange after our long sojourn under canvas. This afternoon I have had a Tartar woman, a real country peasant, basket on back, to draw; very difficult to persuade her to stand quietly; however, some pictures from the 'Graphic,' which she studied intently upside down, had at last a soothing effect. Sometimes I have a fashionable lady from Leh as a model. One much-married person

consented to sit this afternoon, a rather good-looking woman, loaded with silver ornaments, turquoises, cowries, and beads, chiefly wedding presents, of which—as she has been married fifteen times, and is now looking out for another husband—she ought to have a fair amount. The models will turn round



TARTAR PEASANT WOMAN.

and stare at me and the mysterious operation of mixing colours; when they have satisfied their curiosity on this point they usually fall asleep. One Tartar boy tumbled over, pigtail, praying-wheel, and all, the other day, while I was endeavouring to portray his peculiar style of ugliness. . . .

Leh, June 19.—To-day I sat with the Wuzeer's wife in one verandah, while the Governor held 'Durbar' (court of justice or reception) in the other; he was hearing what may turn out to be a murder case against the old queen, the chief widow of the native Rajah, who is now, while the trial goes on, a sort of state prisoner in her tumble-down palace on the cliff. A man was 'missing' from one of her villages (the Maharajah allows her certain districts) two years ago, and about the same time a body was found, hands and feet tied, in the Indus. Evidence is forthcoming that she owed this man a spite, and had punished him unjustly, and that he was on his way here to complain. The head-man of the village was being examined (of course all in Thibetan), but his pigtail nearly stood on end with fright during the examination. Next came a post-bag case. Last week some native, fond of sweets, sent by post for a packet of them together with some pearls; one pound of the sweets had been purloined, but the jewels were not touched—the Tartars cannot resist bonbons. Then came on a divorce case; a pretty young Tartar woman was being divorced from her second husband for misconduct. Poor thing! as she leant against the wall, with drooping eyelids and quivering lips, I thought she might have stood for a model of the woman guilty of the same crime brought before our Blessed Lord. But alas! for my romantic notions, this pretty young person's grief was for the eleven rupees belonging to her husband, which he is suing her for, and which most likely she will have to refund.

Two Tartar women servants sat at our feet spinning, and the little girls devoured currants and dried apricots out

of two large sacks on the floor, bought in preparation for the fair festivities at Hemyss. Various natives walked in during the afternoon, generally bringing some small present with them, a lump of butter, half-a-dozen barley cakes, or a bowl of 'chung,' or a brick of tea from Lhassa. And last of all came the 'sweeper,' the lowest servant in the establishment, and his delicate child of four years old whose life the Wuzeer's wife saved by her wise doctoring, to inform us that the lynx had eaten one of the guinea-fowl. His pale little daughter, with the Chinese eyes, clanked her shell bracelets together (the mode of salutation here) and cast very wistful glances at a bunch of white roses, brought that morning from fifty miles off. We gladdened the child's heart with a white rose and handful of currants. It is quite astonishing how fond these people are of flowers. When there is nothing else to be had the women wear bunches of grass and leaves behind their ears and over their forehead, which, with the large blinkers, give them a very grotesque appearance.

But one cannot help liking these 'square-faced, skew-eyed, flat-nosed Kalmucks, with cheek-bones as high as their shoulders,' notwithstanding their extraordinary matrimonial arrangements. The rule is, that when the elder brother marries a wife she becomes the wife of all the brothers, and is further at liberty to take yet another husband outside the family circle. What becomes of the surplus women it is difficult to say; there are few old maids, and certainly more monks than nuns. Some think that by a beautiful adaptation of means to ends, nature has provided that more men than women should be born up here.

Our travellers have got over the first pass on yaks, their ponies and baggage following up the steep snow-slope with great difficulty. Now they are in the valley of the Shyok river, which, being much swollen by snow water, they vainly tried to ford, and at last had to cross in boats. Pulgis and the native doctor had been indulging in too much 'chung,' and the whole party were lying under an apricot tree (the last they will see for a long time) resting after the pass, when H. wrote. They must now have left the fertile valley of Nubra, where H. says the wild roses were magnificent, reminding him of the oleanders of Greece. . . .

Leh, June 25.—I have nothing to tell of the last week, having been laid up with another attack of the tiresome ague fever. A cold and hot fit lasting about six hours comes on, leaving one quite prostrate afterwards; however, it is much more comfortable having fever in a house than in a tent, and as this is the third attack, I know how to treat myself, which is lucky, considering there is no doctor in Thibet—the only individual with any claim to that name (my late medical attendant in turban and slippers) being away with our travellers. No doubt there are some Lamas of high repute as 'medicine men' up in the Lamasary on the top of the rock, but I understand their favourite prescription to be the bones of a defunct Lama of special sanctity, ground up and drank as a decoction; indeed, we have been presented with little tablets made of this valuable preparation, but do not feel inclined to try it. We are promised a family of the much-prized beads or pills manufactured by the Lamas, said to

possess the faculty of reproduction if kept concealed for a certain time. It would be convenient if the Lama alchemists could multiply pearls in this fashion.

It seems quite a long time since my last morning walk, following two pretty little 'shawl' goats, to reach a lovely white flower that looked like a silver star up on the barren rocks; while the Sepoy, having luckily left his long sword (but still girded about with its wooden scabbard), scrambled after me, murmuring something about the 'Mem Sahib' and the rough walking. However, I got the flower and came down again, and for the rest of the day had fever, and listened to that Sepoy saying his prayers sitting under the window. The 'Dogras,' of whom the Maharajah's army is composed, are, like their master, devout Hindoos; but at last, getting tired of the monotonous chanting, I sent to beg that the devotions of the Sepoy might be made a little further off, or that one of his less religious comrades might relieve guard.

The orthodox soul of our Musalman servant is vexed by these idolatrous Hindoos. 'He make him gods no good at all,' says Suddick, pointing contemptuously out of the window—but still more bitter is he against the unorthodox followers of the Prophet, the 'Shias,' of whom there are many in Leh. A religious riot broke out between them and the 'Sonnees' (orthodox believers) here a few years ago, and was quelled with difficulty by the Governor, after the faithful had killed each other freely for the glory of God and the Prophet. But, according to Mohammed, 'the sword is the key of Paradise;' whoso falls in battle is at once admitted

therein, and has the comfort of beholding the eternal vexation of all unbelievers down below.

Yesterday evening, I consented to try one of the many remarkable cures Suddick proposes. But bathing my feet in stewed willow-leaves and anointing the soles with henna has not, I fancy, been the cause of my feeling better to-day.

Shushot (*en route to Hemyss*), *June* 26.—Feeling well enough to accompany the Wuzeer and his party to the 'Mela' at Hemyss, the great religious and social festival of the year here, I started this morning in a sort of palanquin with twenty bearers, Suddick on his pony—a comical piebald animal which he considers a fine specimen of horseflesh—and another pony with my baggage.

A lovely morning, the larks singing up in the clear air over the small patches of irrigated barley as we threaded our way through the broad street of the mud-roofed town, where Tartar women were already astir. Their morning toilette does not take long, as, in point of fact, their back hair and remarkable erection of pasteboard and tinsel and lumps of rough turquoise is only undone and reconstructed on very festive occasions, of which this is one. How they manage to sleep in it is difficult to understand; however, did not our respectable grandmothers have their wigs dressed and powdered for special occasions overnight? Then out of the city gate, crowded by wild-looking mountaineers and their ponies laden with fresh apricots and dried currants, come in from far-off valleys. The apricots are so hard that the owner, without damaging the fruit, sits on the top of his pile, or smokes, peacefully reclining on a

bag of currants. And so we passed out of the city of the living to the larger city of the dead, outside its walls; far up on the bleak hill-sides stretch long lines of 'chortens,' memorial shrines built of mud and stone, in honour of 'Sakya Muni.' The form is that of the dagoba, the relic-shrine of Buddhism, which we saw so often in the rock-cut temples of India; but the never-ending 'manis' are quite a distinct feature of Lamaism.

Still on down narrow ravines where my bearers could only just squeeze the dhooly through between the rocks, to the 'great river,' the Indus, much swollen now by melting snows. My Tartars carried me at a good pace, only stopping for a moment to change bearers, and doing the eight miles in less than two hours. Most of them had put on something smart in honour of the Hemyss (pronounced Hemis) festival, to which we are bound; either a new bright-coloured cap, or a new charm attached to their old one, sewn up like a needlecase in a bit of bright-coloured silk; some few of them had actually gone the length of washing their faces and clothes. Soon we reached a farmhouse belonging to the Wuzeer, a rough mud and wood-built dwelling with stables underneath, and good-sized rooms overhead, one of which I am now writing in. I persuaded one of the women-servants (who are all got up regardless of expense and personal discomfort, with ever so many pounds' weight of decorations) to unroll the little copper cylinder tied round her waist, which contained a roll of paper about two yards in length, painted by the Lamas with gods and symbols, and charms of various kinds; amongst the latter the clasped



CHORTENS NEAR LEH


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hand, with outstretched fingers, one sees so often carved in coral at Naples. The names of the fifty-one Buddhas inscribed on the roll, secure for the wearer an entrance into 'Sukhavati,' that pure and glorious 'Land of the West,' the popular heaven of Lamaism, where pious souls repose on never-fading lotus blossoms and listen to the music of the birds in Paradise. To add to her personal baggage, she had a small copper shrine, with the figures of one of the Buddhist incarnations, under glass, also tied round her waist.

The better instructed Lama, in the face of all this worship of idols and belief in magic, declares that the numerous deities of his 'image-room' are only embodiments of divine wisdom, and maintains that Monotheism is the real character of Buddhism. It may be so, but looking round at the many gods and their wives portrayed in the religious books of the people, and on the prayer-flags, blown off the sacred poles surrounding every Lama's house, which I sometimes pick up during my morning walks, it is difficult to understand that a belief in one God can be present in the mind of the Thibetan. To the nobler natures the creed of their race, even though it be the grossest Fetichism, may suggest in a dim way something higher than it expresses—and perhaps the closer we look into any of the religions that have taken hold of humanity, the more surely do we find the 'jewel within the lotus'—some fragment of eternal truth, some precious seed of higher things—choked and obscured by a growth of superstitious observances, worthless and meaningless in themselves.

The ball began at 7 P.M. to-night. We sat on a kind of

divan at one end of the room, and the master of the ceremonies, a native official at whose house we remain to-morrow night, on a carpet close by. The dancing was what I have already described at the polo *fête* the other day. Half a dozen men and women moving round the room at the slowest possible pace, their eyes fixed on the floor. No grace, no gaiety, the most thoroughly decorous and dull attempt at mirth that can be imagined. An English quadrille is lively compared to it. However, they seemed to enjoy it hugely, and the spectators clapped their hands and called out 'shabash' (good), and drank tea and chung, and managed towards the end of the evening to make, at all events, some noise. After which we had another dance, rather more lively in character, a curious relic of Shamaism and demon-worship. A 'Balti' man (district north of this) performed the 'devil-dance,' a strange wild *pas seul*, at the end of which, after much exertion of arms and legs, the evil spirit is supposed to be cast out, and the man falls down as if dead. Then two other men, holding long scarfs, managed to tie them up into very clever imitations of birds with outstretched wings, one of which the dancers presented to me, dancing in time to the music all the while. The room was dimly lighted with oil made from apricot stones.

Hemyss, *June* 28.—We made a very early start this morning, at 4.30 A.M. (only nine miles to go), and joined the stream of pilgrims on their way to the festivity at the Hemyss Lamasary, with our own cortège, of about twenty souls, mounted on gaily caparisoned ponies. We passed through a flock of laden sheep, the first we have seen, though they are

much used as beasts of burden in the high valleys; each sheep carried a load of grain, about twenty pounds, strapped on its back, but they frequently manage to get rid of their load and wander away to browse on the scanty thistles, the only green thing to be seen on the bleak stony plain we were crossing. Rather an ingenious plan to make one's mutton carry one's bread while travelling in desolate places!

As we drew near Hemyss I wondered at the constant bellowing of cattle to be heard, but soon discovered it was the music of the holy trumpets, sometimes six or eight feet long, announcing our approach; and we found a sort of guard of honour of bare-headed, bare-armed Lamas waiting to receive us, their shaven heads crowned in a grotesque manner by a splendid bank of wild roses hanging over the rock under which they were drawn up. We climbed a rude stone staircase into the monastery and were shown our apartments, lately occupied by a deceased Lama, who must have been a man of taste, as he had made himself a comfortable abode.

Our sitting-room, with verandah opening on the main road, a track trodden out by the feet of the yaks, where the crowd of pilgrims are passing to and fro, is the oratory, and the household gods are still seated in their niches of gaily-painted woodwork at one end of the room, small brass cups of oil and chung placed before them; while a reserve Pantheon of deities is packed away in a corner cupboard at the other end. A stack of prayer-leaves—loose sheets of paper with printed prayers—is lying in one corner near a large prayer-wheel, which I see one of our women-

servants, not to lose time, is already turning solemnly. I have suggested to her, that, as each turn of the wheel recites a prayer, by working it a little quicker she could get through a greater amount of devotion in a shorter time—hinting that at the close of her religious exercise she might fetch me some water for sketching with. But she gives me to understand that the duties of religion are not to be hurried through in a careless or formal manner—and indeed Lama ritual directs that turning the prayer-wheel is to be accompanied by devout meditation—so my sketch must wait till prayers are over.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN A LAMASARY—LAMA FESTIVAL—A CHAPTER OF THE BRETHREN—VISITORS FROM LHASSA—A MUCH-MARRIED HOUSEKEEPER.

Hemyss, June 29.—It is a curious life that one leads in a Thibetan Lamasary, under the same roof with 500 Lamas. All the monks from the neighbouring valleys have come in for this festival of the 'Incarnation' called the 'Tschachu,' held in commemoration of one of the incarnations of Buddha. The cockroaches walked about my cell in an alarming manner last night; however, we are quite free from other beasts of prey, which is wonderful—whether due to the climate of Ladakh, or to the ordinance, hung up in our sitting-room (the oratory of the late Lama whose rooms we occupy), excommunicating beasts of prey, written by one of the chief Lamas, I do not know, but the fact is that not one of these animals is to be found, I am told, within the walls of the Lamasary.

We dined with the great gods looking calmly down on us; last year's harvest decorations, a wreath of first fruits of straw and barley, hung on the wooden pillar just over my head; but the flowers and incense with which every morning the late proprietor decorated the shrine are now missing, only a few withered leaves remain, crumbling to dust, as

relics of the monk—'cremated' with all due ceremony a few months ago—who placed them there.

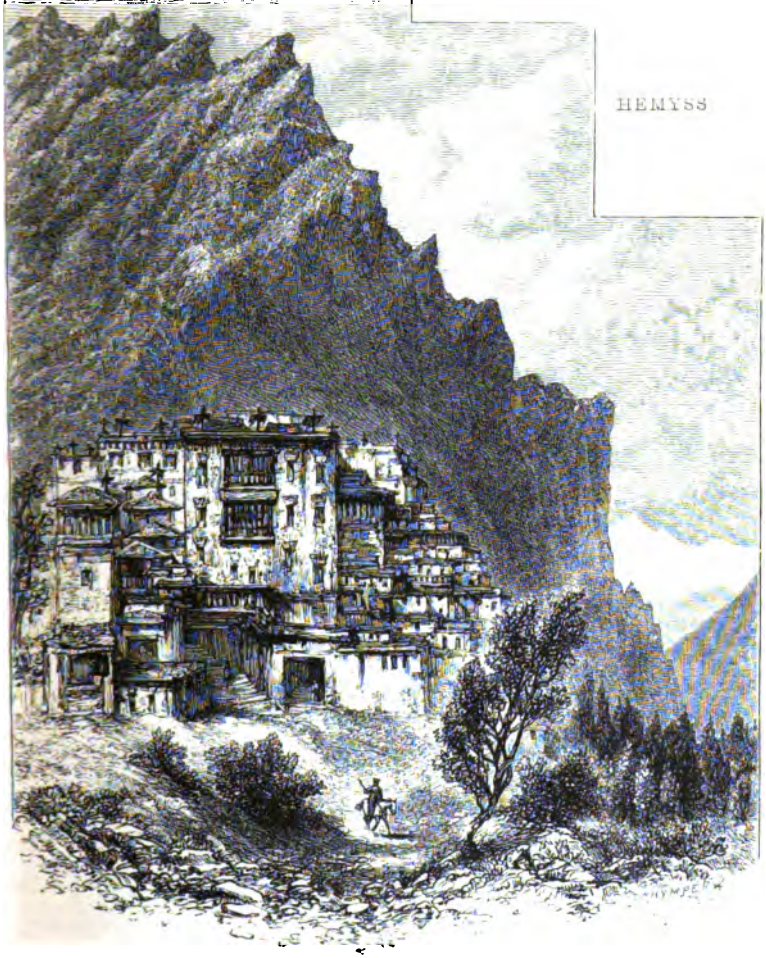
After breakfast I had in a girl Lama ('yellow-cap' nun) to draw, while the Wuzeer held 'Durbar.' First came the son of a great Lama from Lhassa, now here to regulate the spiritual affairs of the convent, and sanctify by his presence the festival. The 'red-cap' Lamas are allowed to marry, and he is one of that sect, and a very important personage, being an 'embodiment' of another very great and holy Lama, who died some centuries ago. The son was an intelligent-looking youth, and was accompanied by a suite of the brethren. Then came five 'Pundits,' the officials of Leh, come out here to see the 'Tumasha,' Hindoos, with the high-caste mark of their sect on their foreheads, filing in to 'make salaam;' and then came a 'king' and his son, as the descendants of the old native Rajahs, still granted their royal titles, are called. His majesty—who is extremely devout, and spends all his time in prayer—had on a curious high funnel-shaped cap, embroidered in gold; he was mightily taken with the Wuzeer's musical box, which was playing 'Annie Laurie' with all its might at one end of the room, while the praying-wheel, worked by one of our Tartar women, creaked away at the other.

But it was time to attend the ceremonies of the day, and we descended the steep staircase, and wound our way, escorted by a retinue of Lamas and servants, through lines of gaily-dressed natives encamped on either side of the road. All looked bright and happy, and saluted us, touching the forehead with their fingers and saying 'Judh.' As to the 'fair,' it

THE

LAMASARY,

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merely consists of a few booths where lumps of indigo and English needles and cottons are sold. And so we reached the courtyard of the Lamasary (which I have already described), surrounded by a kind of cloister lined with prayer-wheels, the church opening out of it on one side. Every nook and corner was crowded, and with difficulty we made our way to the tent prepared for us on the roof of the cloister facing the church. One wall of the courtyard was covered with an enormous picture painted on silk from Lhassa of the patron saint of the monastery, a huge being with three eyes, the third being the 'eye of wisdom.' Below, a sort of altar was raised, decked with cups of 'chung,' plates of grain, and fresh roses, in front of which and on the church steps were ranged the red-clad brethren of the convent, some being little brown-headed boys, others very old men with just strength enough left to turn their prayer-wheels. Two policemen Lamas, in yellow-silk brocade and masks, kept the crowd in order with short sticks, on one of which I observed a Death's head carved by way of a knob. The choir just under us burst out into strange solemn music—the leading horns were eleven feet long, resting on stands, each blown by a man who must have had good lungs—the church-door opened and out came two red-clothed cardinals, bearing large silver censers full of incense, followed by the same motley procession of masks in gorgeous brocades, which I described on our first visit here. A little image made of dough and coloured red was placed on a triangle in the centre, representing an evil spirit, or rather the disembodied spirit of a wicked man; after much dancing round and round and

ringing of prayer-bells and flourishing of sacred scarfs, the 'Evil one' was exorcised, and his image cast out of the Lamasary gate, and the procession withdrew to come out again representing various deities, or, as the Buddhists call them, 'incarnations' and genii.

The personification of the sacred Trinity of 'Buddha,' the 'Law,' and the 'Church,' is the most popular representation, but all are sufficiently unlovely. The Deities, about half-a-dozen in number, personated by Lamas, sat on a raised bench just below us, choir-boys holding large silk umbrellas and sacred emblems over their heads, while attendant priests swung incense and rose-leaves in front of them, and the red-clothed, mitred choir chanted out prayers and invocations. But the Tartar love of fun showed itself in the pranks played on the Olympus bench of Deities, by two Lamas dressed up to represent mendicants or clowns. While the attendant priests' backs were turned, these wags played all sorts of tricks; pretending to pay homage to the gods, they made sly hits at their sacred noses, and otherwise molested them, till chased away by a lion-faced mask.

The masks representing the 'dragsheds,' or gods who protect men from demons, were particularly hideous. Their countenances are supposed to be inflamed with rage and fury against the evil ones, and their wrath aggravated by the many malicious tricks played upon them by the latter. At one time during the ceremony (considering that it was meant to symbolise a spiritual combat) the fight became extremely lively. The gods got knocked about in quite a surprising fashion, much to the delight of the spectators, who enjoyed

it as London children do the fight between our old friend Punch and the bailiff.

Looking round I could not help thinking what a strange Sunday I was passing. Tier above tier the Lamasary rose, suggesting a holy mountain inhabited by celestial beings of various grades. We poor mortals below, still amidst the turmoil of human existences, while from above in the seventh heaven the divine 'Embodiment' looked serenely down on the worlds through which in a series of births he had formerly transmigrated. A large tent has been erected on the flat roof of the Lamasary, to which no doubt he will retire after the ceremony is over to enjoy a blissful 'Nirvâna' of repose. From the balconies peeped the faces of native Rajahs in the high regal caps represented in early Indian sculpture, and 'queens' glittering in silver ornaments, and the serious countenance of a great Lama from Lhassa, who is directing the ritual of this ceremony, and higher up against the blue sky, emblems of the Buddhist Trinity, and flags covered with Buddhist invocations; and still higher, the yellow rocks crowned with hermitages and small shrines. All round below us the crowd of Tartar faces, yellow-capped nuns, and peasant women with round-faced babies, their little caps covered with English needles—a mighty charm against sickness—all gazing eagerly at the picturesque medley of movement and colour formed by the Lamas and their deities; and behind us, filling the wide balcony, the Wuzeer's retinue of officials and servants, the latter serving round tea in little Chinese cups without handles.

A Moravian missionary, come over the snow passes

from British India, anxious to establish a branch mission in Ladakh, had joined our party. He was eagerly disputing just behind me with a 'head-man' of a neighbouring village, a ponderous Mongol, on the impropriety of devil worship—that is, propitiating the evil spirits popular in this country. The Chinese eyes of the big man twinkled with a sort of grave irony as he replied, 'God made all things, even the devils; he allows them power to do us harm, we must propitiate them;' and so an argument on the 'origin of evil' is being carried on, while the strange pageant is performed below, and the choir underneath are chanting in quite Gregorian fashion, and the long horns are making melancholy music, and I have fallen into a reverie, wondering whether fear or love—the unquenchable aspiration towards the highest good—or dread of the powers of evil, has most powerfully influenced the heart of man seeking to solve the unfathomable mystery of existence.

At last the masks and priests vanish into the church, and the crowd rush forward to prostrate themselves before the great picture; we take the opportunity to throw down handfuls of dried apricots, much to the delight of the natives, who between their prostrations scramble for the fruit.

While at dinner this evening we heard a wild chant drawing nearer and nearer, and on looking out into the moonlight, saw four men advancing along the path, measuring the ground with their bodies, a religious exercise, with a benevolent intention; at each step they cast themselves their entire length on the dusty track, then rising,

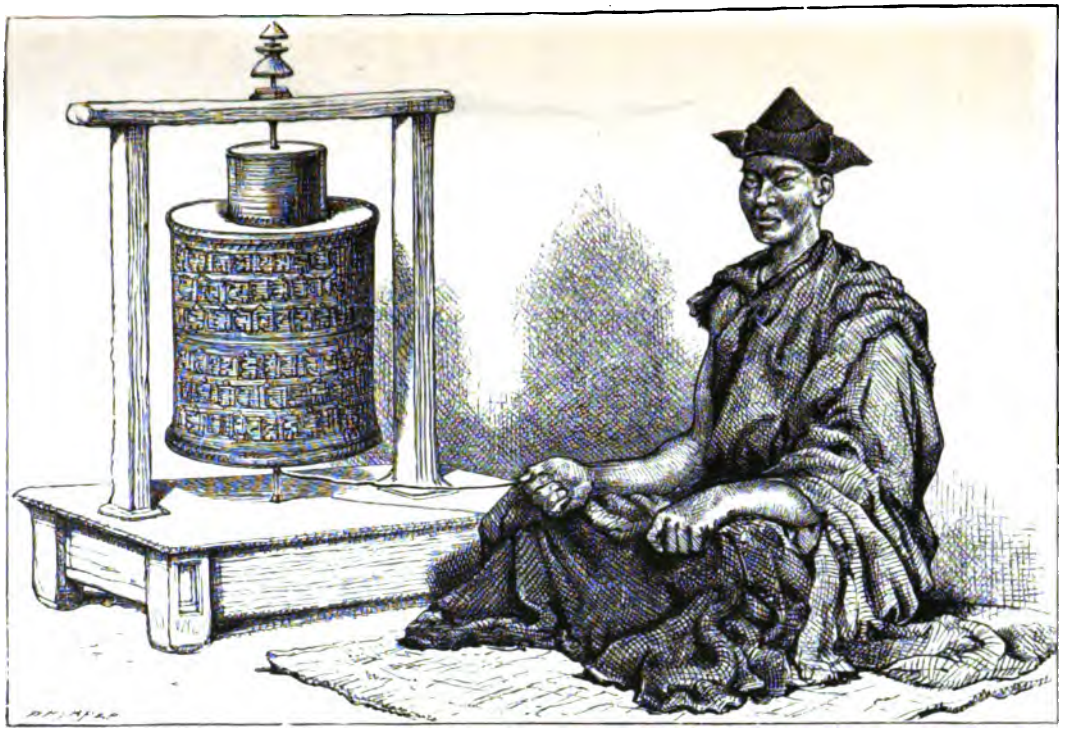
addressed an invocation to all created beings to hear and receive the law of Buddha, and thus 'obtaining the unsurpassed, pure, and enlightened heart,' finally reach 'the state of him who is delivered from sorrow.'

Hemyss, June 30.—Every morning and evening we are saluted by the hymn proper for the occasion, played on drums and pipes underneath our windows (or rather the loopholes in the wall which answer that purpose) by the Lamas. I cannot say it is melodious, but at all events it is in harmony with the strange worship and weird ceremonies we take part in every day. We attended the religious function again to-day, under the same circumstances as yesterday. Another picture was hung up for devotion, a fresh series of masks and costumes played mystic religious antics before it, and vessels of grain and oil and chung were poured out apparently as sacramental offerings to the powers of nature. Then all was over; but what I thought a more interesting scene took place.

This monastery is endowed with landed property, and the Maharajah's Wuzeer has control, to a certain extent, over its temporal affairs. The late Governor says, speaking of Hemyss: 'In a monastery there are two head Lamas, one the leader in spiritual matters, the other the manager of its temporal affairs. I had a great deal to do with the 'chagzot,' as this latter dignitary is called, of several of the large Lamasaries. I found them to be men of genial and amiable disposition, and of refined and dignified manners. Some had good business powers, and administered a small district round their monasteries in such a way as both to satisfy the

authorities and keep the people in good heart. Some of the monasteries are endowed, some get help from Lhassa, but the greater part depend on the alms given by the villagers. At harvest time the Lamas receive from the peasantry a goodly though unfixed portion of their produce. The monks in their turn are free in their hospitality to travellers, and ready to identify themselves in interests with the villagers.'

Like the Greek monks of Megaspelion among whom we were last year, the Lamas elect their own Abbot; complaints had been made to the Wuzeer that the Prior in whose charge the feeding of the monks is, had been a faithless shepherd, and filled the convent bread with chaff; so the brethren were called together in the courtyard below, and the examination began. It seemed to be very fairly conducted, the Governor explaining to the crowd of grave upturned faces that he was ready to listen to any just charge. But except one very dirty, very portly, very greasy old Lama, who most certainly did not look starved, as he stood before us folding his faded red mantle round him, nervously counting his rosary beads, and looking out of the corners of his cunning eyes, no one had any accusation to make. However, now the Prior against whom our old friend had made an unjust charge, declared that his feelings were hurt, and that he would throw up his office. With uplifted hands he declared himself wronged, and it was not till the Governor had shut him and the head-men of the fraternity up in the church, desiring them to consult together and come to a decision (and sent a guard of Sepoys to hurry their deliberations) that a result was arrived at, and the Prior was



DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES AT HEMYSS

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induced to continue in office. All this took about two hours; meanwhile we made a little tour of the Lamasary, which I have already described. It was strange, considering that Lamaism is held to be the most exclusive and narrow hierarchy in the world, to find a Christian regulating the temporal affairs of one of the most important Lamasaries in Thibet.

One cannot help being struck by the many points of resemblance, as regards ceremonial, between Roman or Greek Christianity and Lamaism. Monasticism, vestments, holy-water, relics, confession, rosaries (which, however, Christianity may have borrowed originally from Eastern ascetics), are all in vogue among the Lamas. The explanation offered by the French missionaries, that 'le diable y était pour beaucoup,' is scarcely satisfactory; but perhaps the wide influence that Eastern Christianity had over the greater part of Asia in early days may be sufficient to account for the similarity between Lama and Christian ritual. Till as late as the end of the thirteenth century 'a chain of Nestorian bishoprics extended from Jerusalem to Pekin,' and the Jacobites formed 'a church which at one time spread over the East as far as Sistan, under the Sassanian kings.' The great reformer of Lamaism, Tsong-Kapa, who instituted the 'yellow-cap' order, to which some of our Lama friends round here belong, was born A.D. 1355. He may have borrowed largely from Eastern Christianity. Tradition reports him to have had intercourse with a stranger from the East remarkable for his length of nose—believed by Abbé Huc to have been a Christian missionary. But this only applies to Lamaism, and does not

touch the larger and more difficult question of the analogies between the history and teaching of Buddha and the Founder of Christianity. Perhaps the one recalls the other only as the harmony that the striking of two chords awaking all that is best in human nature must produce. The keynote of both Christianity and Buddhism was love. . . .

Leh, July 2.—Having had enough of Lamas, and cockroaches, and queens and church festivals, I returned to Leh yesterday and found my two old ravens croaking a welcome at the window, the Sepoys on duty at the door, as usual asleep (except one who was saying his prayers), and the pleasant faces of English books the only familiar friends to greet me. But to-day the Moravian padre has pitched his tent not far off, and is distributing tracts and picture papers in the Thibetan language, printed in the Thibetan-Sanskrit character, to a crowd of Tartar boys, who seem eager to receive them. Believing in the magical property of words as these people do, every scrap of writing is valued, and may contain some potent charm, but the majority of the men round here can read and write their own language in a fashion. The missionary is an interesting companion and a keen botanist; he has just brought me a new primula to draw, found during his journey to the Nubra valley, to visit a native convert who, it is feared, is not a satisfactory specimen of Christianity.

The Moravian Brethren, or, rather, to call the Society by its right name, the 'Church of the United Brethren,' formed in 1457 out of the wreck of the Bohemian Church after the martyrdom of John Huss, seems to be doing useful work aided by London Missionary Societies. The 'Padre' has

lived amongst the Tartars in a valley of the Himalayas not far from Simla for the last twenty-five years; but though no doubt he and his colleagues and their well-brought-up families have been a most valuable civilising element in the country (they manage a large farm, have schools, and translate useful books into Thibetan), they have not more than twenty-five converts. Curiously enough, one of these is a Lama from Lhassa, who gives them much information as to the monastic life there,—from all reports, now extremely lax and worthless. To reach the highest degree of sanctity and utter extermination of 'sense and self,' of which the last development is 'Nirvâna' (personal annihilation by fusion with the Divine Essence), it is necessary to spend years in profound meditation, or rather abstraction; for not to think, seems to be the proper way of attaining the desired end. Generally, some relic or scrap of holy writing is chosen on which to fix the eye, and absorb all sensation.

The young Lama (Christian convert of whom I have spoken), having led rather a worldly life for some years, suddenly gave it up, retired to a 'hole in the rock' near the Lamasary in Lhassa, obtained a piece of paper on which was written the Decalogue, and used it as a charm whereon to fix his gaze in solitary contemplation for five years. However, not being able to read the ten commandments, they did not afford him much spiritual consolation, and having tried various other charms without success, he was ultimately converted to Christianity.

There is a holy man belonging to a Lamasary not far from here, who is now passing through this exercise of devout

abstraction in a cave up in the cliff. He has already sat and meditated nine years, and his hair has grown so long that they say it requires someone to carry it when he stands up. I must try to visit this long-haired and devout philosopher. The Padre says that the influence of the dreamy religious philosophy called Buddhism is great, and he confessed that unless he roused himself to Christian activity, living amongst Buddhists, he would be in danger of falling into its somewhat attractive quietism.

Leh, July 5.—This afternoon the tea merchant from Lhassa with his wife and assistant came to say adieu before returning to their native city. There are really two Grand Lamas; one residing in Lhassa in whom the most popular divinity of Thibet, the great Padma Pani, is supposed to be embodied. He, the 'Great Pitier,' whose thousand eyes are open to see, and thousand hands stretched out to aid suffering humanity, reappears on earth as a little child, and is recognised by certain infallible marks (when permission from the Chinese Government has been obtained) by the Lamas. The second Grand Lama, called the 'Teshu Lama,' was a baby eighteen months old when visited by Turner, the ambassador sent from India by Warren Hastings in 1784. He describes finding 'the princely infant seated on a throne,' and was informed that 'though he could not speak he could understand everything.' Thereupon the Englishman made a speech and informed the sacred baby, 'that the Governor-General on hearing of his decease was overwhelmed with sorrow, till the cloud had been dispelled by his reappearance in the world.' 'The infant looked steadfastly at the British envoy, and

nodded repeatedly;' perhaps the poor little thing was sleepy. The Governor of Ladakh managed a few years ago to get a 'Pundit,' trained by the Indian Government as a surveyor, into the still unknown country round Lhassa, sending him, disguised as a cattle-driver, in the caravan of some merchants returning from Leh to that city. He was able to take some observations, and we have now geographical details respecting that part of the country; but evidently the objection to European explorers is still very great, for when, just to see how they would take it, I proposed to my visitors to accompany them back to Lhassa, their countenances fell, and Madame hastened to explain that such a thing was impossible. We carried on a lively conversation, I speaking to Suddick in English, he translating it into Hindustani, which was again translated into Thibetan by an intelligent Tartar. My Lhassa visitors had not considered it worth while to attend the festival at Hemyss, it being 'nothing, nothing' compared to the religious performance in their own city, where in one Lamasary alone, 5,000 monks are to be found. I showed them pictures in books of travel in Thibet, which they examined very critically, and with great interest—only they would hold them upside down. Madame had a thick coil of seed pearls round her head, and her husband an earring with a really magnificent turquoise nearly three inches long in it.

This morning while I sat sketching the gateway of the palace on the cliff, where the old queen accused of murder is, they say, consoling herself while the trial proceeds with much chung and many prayers, a Lama came by, having

just performed morning service in the Lamasary on the top of the rocks, from whence his not unmusical chanting had floated down to me. He sat down with his instruments of devotion still clasped in his arms, smiling benignantly, and watched the progress of my sketch for quite half an hour. The morning sun falling effectively on his red garments, shaven head, and earnest face, made a good



LEAF FROM A LAMA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

picture; but at 8 A.M. we both felt hungry, and so gathering our things together went our separate ways after a friendly adieu of nods, he to his morning meal of 'suttoo' (parched barley-meal mixed with tea), and I to try and eat the tough curry Suddick prepares for breakfast, and wish that some good fairy would turn it into a slice of English bread and butter.

The Wuzeer has to leave suddenly for Kashmir to meet the

Maharajah, he starts to-morrow, and his wife is somewhat perplexed to-day by domestic troubles. Her Tartar housekeeper, a handsome woman who has charge of the keys, has already had five or six husbands, but has divorced most of them. She seems inclined to 'try back' now, and has chosen to-day to re-marry number three. The marriage ceremony is simple. A license with Government stamp can be procured for sixpence, and a pot of chung for the same amount, these being the only formalities required. But unluckily, number-five husband laid a claim in due legal form before the Governor this morning for 100 rupees, which he declares he lent to the much-married housekeeper, and the result is that, instead of a marriage feast, she has been marched off to prison, and the preparations for the Governor's departure to-morrow have been thrown into confusion. These matrimonial complications in an establishment are inconvenient; but probably the housekeeper will soon be released, if she promises to abstain from further matrimony just at present.

It is strange that in this country, where morality is not enforced by law—people may drink as much as they please and marry as much as they choose—society does not seem to suffer excessively. Crime is not frequent, violence and murder we are told are rare, parents are good to their children, and children remarkably attached to their somewhat promiscuous parents. The population is small, and, they say, decreasing, but we notice a singular absence of deformity or disease. We have only seen one blind and one lame man, and have only twice been asked for alms.

CHAPTER IX.

CARAVANS FOR YARKAND—NEWS FROM H.—ROUGH TRAVELLING—H. ARRIVES AT YARKAND—FERTILE VALLEY—THE CHINESE CONQUERORS—DIFFICULT MARCHES—RETURN OF H.

Leh, July 16.—A welcome letter from H. has arrived this evening from Killian. Culinary arrangements are difficult when crossing the highest passes in the world, but the journey has so far been made without very much discomfort.

At last I got the Chiprassie, who is always praying, to show me his book of devotion. He tells me it is a 'rule of faith,' and has pictures of various deities on the cover. He is a Ghoorka, and, I suppose, improves the time in what Suddick calls 'making prayer to own god.' I wish my attendants and guardians would not sing so much at night; it appears willow and poplar-trees are infested with bogies, and it is necessary to warn them off by music. However, as the six Sepoys have only one very long sword amongst them, the bogies need not fear.

Leh, July 26.—Five merchants with a caravan of sugar, English calico and English penny whistles started for Yarkand yesterday, a great many pony loads having come into Leh, imported by a Sikh trader from India. As we rode through the town the small population were making

music with the latter (children are the same in Tartary as in England). I should like to have bestowed a couple of these instruments of torture on two little ragged Lamas about ten years old, small monks of the 'yellow cap' sect, who stood gazing wistfully at the treasures displayed by the solemn-looking Sikh, but did not like to venture into the crowd. I found a plate of apricots and peas on the table, a present from the 'Moonshee,' who informed me that the latter were 'English' (the seed had come from Lhassa, and they were grown at Leh !)

Leh, July 27.—This morning, coming in from sketching, I met a poor old 'Chomo' (woman Lama). She certainly carried out Buddha's instructions as to wearing patched garments; he directed that ascetics were to make their clothes of stray pieces of stuff picked up in cemeteries or cast away. She was very old and small, and poor and blind; a touching picture, as she stood trying to feel her way with a long staff through the stream, lifting up her sightless eyes, and shaven head crowned with the high peaked yellow Lama cap. My young Sepoy at once jumped across the stepping stones, and conducted the little woman into the right path, and as we were near home I brought her into my willow grove, and rejoiced her heart with a few coins and cakes, after which she trotted away nimbly down to the town.

Leh, July 31.—To-day we met a caravan, eight ponies and a merchant starting for Yarkand. The Yarkandi pony *par excellence* is really a strong animal, a good deal larger than the Tartar breed. A few friends had come to say farewell, grave Musalmans who stood in a row, and as the

party filed off to commence the long and dangerous journey, solemnly (and very devoutly, I thought) lifted up their hands and eyes to Heaven, to invoke a parting benediction on their friends, who will take fifty or sixty days to reach Yarkand. Suddick came in with the good news that a certain 'Abdullah' had just arrived in Leh, having met our travellers thirty-five days ago, only two marches from the town of Yarkand, all well. I quote from H.'s journal.

'*Camp below Saser Pass, June* 20.—A long weary ride up a stiff pass. I changed my yak for the fighting grey pony, the former having already twice kicked off my saddle-bags. Hundreds of carcases and skeletons of horses lie in the track, the skins mostly intact; the dry air preserves them. Did not camp till 7 P.M. in a cold dreary spot, no wood or grass, 16,500 feet up. Yesterday wild celery grew plentifully and I picked some for flavouring our soup. We have with us eight goats and eight sheep.

'*June* 22.—On getting up yesterday at 3 A.M. we found to our disgust that several yak-loads consisting of grain, presents, &c., had not come in; we therefore had to remain where we were. This morning we started at 3 A.M. by the light of the stars; the pass was very rough and steep and covered with frozen snow and ice, which would make it almost impassable for laden yaks after the sun was up; it is about 17,000 feet above the sea, and is one of the worst on this route. The yak which carried my tent and bedding, stuck in the snow, but was extricated, with some difficulty. On the top of the pass we found some bags of grain aban-

doned by some trader whose animals had broken down; this frequently happens, and in most cases the owner recovers his stores on a future occasion intact.

'It was 10 A.M. before all our party arrived at this bleak camping ground, where caravans having sometimes to wait some days to cross the river have put up a few low stone walls for shelter from the cutting wind. The place suggests the "Valley of Death," and reminded me of Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scape Goat"; wonderfully coloured rocks—black, white, and grey all round; the valley dotted with bleaching skeletons. In the midst of this desolation a few of our yaks were feeding, apparently, on stones.

'*June* 23.—It was intensely cold last night, and though I crept into my sleeping-bag with my "posteen" and all my clothes on, I could not sleep. We were late in starting, and had much difficulty in finding a ford to cross the Shyok river a few hundred yards beyond where we encamped. E. and I crossed, but my pony being a small one was carried off his legs; the rest of our party and the baggage found a better ford lower down. We were delayed for some time in a nullah by snow, then, after crossing and recrossing a river, climbed a steep ascent. I found a good burral head, which I hope to pick up on our return. After stopping three-quarters of an hour for tea and a rest, we had another stiff climb, and then, after a rapid descent, following the wide bed of a river, we camped on the first level bit of ground we could find at 8 P.M. It was nearly dark; there was no grass or wood to be found. I warmed a

tin of soup, and we were not long in turning in. The Kabuli said it was the hardest march he had ever made.

'*June* 24.—The sheep and goats not arriving until this morning, we were only able to make half a march to-day, and camped at a cold spot near the top of the nullah where it narrows. The Dak men say the spot is haunted, one of them having been spirited away while carrying important letters. The old Yarkandi and his pony, the cook and his assistant all had "dum." We have some Yarkandi biscuits which were dug up on the Saser Pass, Yarkandi flour is famous and the biscuits are much better than the rusks we brought from Leh, but as they were baked last year and are as hard as a stone, they have to be broken with a tent-hammer.

'*June* 26.—Crossed the Karakorum Pass to-day, 18,600 feet above the sea, the highest but, perhaps, the easiest in the route; saw some Thibetan snow cock. On the summit, as is usual in Thibet, was a pile of stones crowned with heads and horns of ovis ammon, burral, &c., with some rags and horse-hair flying from a pole on the top, to which Pulgis added some hair from our ponies' tails as an offering to the spirits.

'*Chibra, June* 27.—A long cold march, the last eight miles in a snow-storm; very cold last night, two inches of snow on the ground when we started; saw some antelope, and, I think, a wild yak.

'*Encampment on the Karakash above Suket, June* 28.—Crossed Suket-diwan Pass this morning, 18,230 feet; easy going one way, but the return journey will be difficult. Did about thirty miles between 7.15 A.M. and 9 P.M., ponies very

tired and done up; saw antelope and distinct traces of two herds of kyang or wild horse. It was pleasant to descend into the green valley of the Karakash after the mountain deserts we have traversed, and find plenty of rough grass for the horses. The last two nights I have not been able to sleep on account of the cold; but it is warmer down here, as we have descended 9,000 feet. A horse died yesterday.

'*June* 29.—Passed Shadula, the old frontier when the Andjanis held Yarkand; there is a fort formerly occupied by Andjani troops in the summer, and now deserted. We camped beyond the fort, and left three pony-loads of grain and two sick ponies behind.

'*July* 2.—Just below the Killian Pass. Yesterday a Yarkandi woman who, with her husband, has made the Hadj to Mecca, came up; she is tied up like a bundle of rags with a long veil and is returning to Yarkand. Saw some beautiful sedums and stone-crop, and a shrub like the golden berberis. One of our horses broke down here.

'We came over the Killian Pass yesterday, leaving eight pony-loads at Shadula. We began with a very long steep climb up a zig-zag path; half-way up one of the horses gave out. When near the top we came to snow, with no sort of track. We got on some way with difficulty, and then came to a slope with ice underneath the snow, and a crevasse a few feet below. I was in front leading my pony, who twice nearly rolled into the crevasse. While waiting for a hoe to make a path, a wild dog suddenly appeared round the corner, with a large piece of horse in his mouth. We looked at each other in astonishment, but before I could

draw my pistol he was gone. He was grey, like a very large fox; the doctor, who had just come up, declared he was certainly a wild dog. We unloaded the ponies, and with much difficulty got them over the deep snow up to the top of the pass; they lost their legs every minute, for the snow was eight or ten feet deep in many places. There had been more or less snow falling since the morning, in fact for the last few days. We rolled our tents and everything else that would not be injured, down the other side from the top, the men carrying things we could not do without (the store boxes, grain, flour, and all being left on the top), and then began the descent.

'This we found even worse than the ascent; very steep, over loose stones, snow, and ice. It was almost impossible to keep one's feet; the poor horses slipped and rolled over, some to the bottom; it was wonderful that none of them broke their necks or limbs. The man carrying my bag fell and let the bag go; it rolled bounding over the rocks to the bottom; of course everything that could break in it did so. When we at last got down the worst bit, E. discovered he had left his pony at the top; so, after waiting one hour in the snow for it, I went on with some of the ponies, and after more deep snow and rocks we came to sandy hills; high mountains on both sides and the river below. Sedums and other flowers in great plenty, a pretty cream-coloured sort in clumps and a very pretty pink one on a long stem, not the ordinary Himalayan primrose, which was there also; and a lovely white sedum, like a pearl button with a pink centre. Often the flower tufts looked like patches of tinted snow.

At last about 7 P.M. (we had started at 7 A.M.) we came to a Wakhanee tent (no one in it) and camped, but found no wood; and after a bad omelette for supper we went to bed. Snow and rain all night and next day.

'We were to have started at 6 A.M. for the Wakhanee camp lower down, where we expected to find yaks to send back for our things left on the top of the pass, but as usual no one was up but myself, and we did not get off till 8.30. We found a party of Wakhanees, but only one tent, and a flock of sheep with large and very fierce sheep dogs. The Wakhanees were very uncivil, and would not sell us any sheep. We had to go on twelve miles to find wood, and then there was very little of it or grass either. We shot three pigeons, and Pulgis heard of a sheep on the mountain that had escaped from a caravan, so he went and shot it. At last it was arranged that our own men should go back for the loads left on Killian.

'*July 6th.*—Just as we were starting Mohammad Amin brought in the Wakhanee "white beard," so we had to wait for tea and conversation. The Khirgiz was a rosy, fair man (might have been English or Scotch), dressed as a Yarkandi, and pleasant. He brought us two fine sheep, the fat-tailed kind, about three times the size of the little Ladakh sheep. We camped at 3.30 this afternoon, where there was a mouthful of grass, but no wood. The lad who drove the two sheep came in to say they were drowned (we crossed the river every ten minutes to-day); the sheep were tied together. Next day (July 7) we reached Killian fort and village, a weary ride over sand; crossed the river once

by a shaky bridge; the nullah soon afterwards opened out into a wide sandy plain, only green by the river banks. The head-man and a party met us about three miles out of Yarkand territory, and we sat down to a "dastarkhan," a native "spread," literally a tablecloth, and had tea. Camped at 3.30 in a shady place under apricot trees (very hot); then presents were brought, but none by the head-man. His factotum, a Chinese interpreter, is just out of prison (he told us this before his face). It is at last settled that the brother of the Kurdwar of Nubra is to start at once to Yarkand city with our letter; he will be there in two days, so we ought to have an answer in five or six. I hope you may see a caravan arrive in Leh; there is one ready here, belonging to a Kabul trader, waiting, he says, for his passport. The fact is that a small bribe must be paid for it, and he waits for others to join him in paying this.'—*End of extract from H.'s Journal.*

This afternoon, one of the officials of the town brought me a large dish of apricots, which I gave Suddick to take downstairs to the Sepoys, but because I had put the fruit on a dish which we Christians—bacon-eating unbelievers—had used, he said the Musalmans or Hindoos could not touch them; so to prevent them being thrown away I ordered them to be given to the Tartar servants, who are more sensible than the Kashmir Musalmans and have not adopted the stupid system of Hindoo 'caste.' Suddick is an intelligent man, but I can see he thinks it better that the 300 children the good missionary has rescued from death by starvation at

Srinagar, should be left to starve than be fed by Christian hands. The religious hatred with which the Musalman regards the Christian is perhaps as strong as ever, and the blighting influence of the fierce and fatalistic creed of Islam as antagonistic to all progress and civilisation as in former days. Suddick is quite relieved to find that 'the Sahib' started for Yarkand on a Saturday: 'Nice day, Mem Sahib. God always bring back man safe when he go Saturday.'

Leh, August 4.—A letter just come in from H.:—

'Great luck so quickly and unexpectedly. Messengers arrived this evening, having ridden in two days 100 miles, from Yarkand, with a civil letter from the Governor inviting us there at once. We start to-morrow and are rewarded for our long journey.'

So I trust they have made good use of their eyes, and had a pleasant time at Yarkand, and are now on the return march.

Quite a heavy shower fell this afternoon; it was amusing to see the consternation of the natives at the unusual sight. One of the women drew me out on the verandah to point with dismay to the tiny pools of water and exclaim 'bahut-pani' (much rain). But indeed it is rather serious for these dwellers in sun-dried mud-brick houses, for there is a general collapse of tenements in the town after a heavy shower. The flat roof, composed of mud and sticks, of this house is being carefully watched lest it should melt, and I must keep an umbrella at hand to-night.

Just now my solitude is enlivened by a variety of strange sounds. One of the Sepoys has unluckily bought a kind

of concertina, lately imported with the penny whistles and other musical instruments from 'down country,' and is squeaking indefatigably under the window on it. A great raven is sitting on a branch close by, croaking in a melancholy dirge for his companion shot this morning. The 'Chiprassie' is reciting his prayers in a shed not far off. Suddick is singing in a high falsetto voice one of his national songs about 'The Rose of Kashmir,' and as an accompaniment to all, a yak feeding under the willows is grunting, like a pig with a powerful bass voice. . . .

He writes:—'*Yarkand, July* 17.—We got to Borah on the 10th, having had much trouble in crossing the Killian river, swollen by heavy rain. Two of our ponies were carried off their legs, and one of the Hadjis (pilgrims returning from Mecca), four of whom had joined us, with his horse was washed down some way; but the man stuck to his horse and would not leave his bags, so they were all pulled out together.

'We got in at 6.30 that night, and slept in a sort of open bungalow. Quantities of fruit everywhere; there was water for irrigation, but we crossed a good bit of desert on the way.

'I got a bad bite in my thigh from one of the ponies, a little half-Arab stallion, quite quiet to ride, but always fighting other horses. He rushed open-mouthed at my horse and bit me badly; luckily I had my mackintosh and thick cloak on, or it might have been serious (the wound was as large as the palm of one's hand), and I could not walk for days, but am all right now. Next day we got to Kargalik, a large place with a bazaar, and very fertile country round it.

It supplies Kashgar with corn. To get there we had a weary ride of twelve miles through desert, and we saw the most perfect "mirage" imaginable. A green valley with poplars, willows, and water, all as plain as possible, which faded away as we approached, but accompanied us till we got to the reality. It was, at all events, pleasant to look at. On getting to Basharuk the first Chinese official met us, a native of Kashgar, but in Chinese dress, with the official hat—a black cap with long martin's tails sticking out behind. The tails are carefully kept in a leathern case, the servant putting the cap on when riding, with a handkerchief over it, giving that on his head to his master. This is how, on all occasions, they were carried. The length of the tails shows the rank of the individual.

'The Celestial official had a table-cloth, the usual dastarkan, spread under an immense sycamore tree, and was very civil. I sat down and refreshed myself with tea and hard-boiled eggs and fruit, and then amused them by showing some of my things (pistol, map, &c.) until E. came up. I wanted to send you a dâk, but was told it would not look well, and would excite the suspicions of the Chinese.

'We rode through the town of Kargalik to the house prepared for us. A courtyard, a verandah, with divan and raised daïs all round nicely carpeted, where we sat in state, the officials squatting below, all drinking tea. The same ceremonies were repeated at each halting-place. At midnight a trader came in from Yarkand and said the river was very much swollen, and he had to leave his loads behind him. So E. decided to wait a day; however, it was discovered

that the water had fallen so much we might have gone on, instead of which we lost a day.'

(Had H. only followed this Yarkand river to where it flows into 'Lob' Lake on the edge of the terrible Gobi Desert, impassable for man or beast, he might have seen wonderful things. For native tradition asserts that in olden times a young man of Lob went in his boat to explore the river beyond the lake. After going down the stream seven days he saw a mountain ahead, and found the river enclosed in a 'frightful black and deep chasm' in the rocks. He tried to stop his boat, but the swift current carried it into the chasm, at the further end of which he saw a small black hole in the mountain, and had only time to lie down in his boat when it was drawn into this dark tunnel. The top of the boat scraped the rock, and when after a long time he emerged from the darkness, the bottom of the boat was strewn with nuggets of gold. He continued his voyage down the river for some days, and landed in a country where the people had only one eye in the middle of their foreheads, with whom he sojourned for some time, and finally made his way back, an old grey-bearded man to his own land of Lob. His descendants still live at the junction of the Yarkand or 'Gold' river—which H. crossed—with the main stream flowing into the mysterious Lake Lob.)

'We started with camels the day after, lent to us as well as ponies, leaving our tents behind, and our own ponies to rest and fatten (another one had died at Killian), and got to Posgam at 3 P.M. next day, and sat under a canopy till our baggage came in three hours afterwards. Everyone very

civil; great amount of formality; orders having been sent from Yarkand that our ponies and ourselves were to be provided for free of expense. Presents of fat sheep, chickens, bread, fruit, came in, but the servants benefitted more than we did. Insects very bad at Posgam.

'Next day (July 14) we got to Yarkand; very fertile country; splendid sycamore and mulberry-trees, poplars, willows, &c. (very like Hampshire, but for the people and crops). Away to the west fine blue mountains with snowy peaks. Rice, cotton, Indian corn, grapes, melons, and a profusion of fruit trees, large herds of sheep and cattle, and great numbers of fine donkeys. Everyone rides here; we met lots of people riding out of Yarkand, strong healthy men, but great cowards, or they would not allow the Chinese in their country a day. A great many unarmed Chinese soldiers of the "Southern Army," wearing enormous broad-brimmed hats; they are the greatest ruffians out, and under no control. One of them took my big rifle away from the Yarkandi servant who was carrying it, who actually never rode on to tell us so. When I found it out in Yarkand, the rifle was at once sent after and recovered at Kargalik, and I got it to-day, apparently uninjured, so I may think myself lucky. We crossed the Yarkand river in a ferry, and were met shortly afterwards by the Chinese officials of the town. Tea and Chinese bread stuffed with onions was repeated. We got here about 3 P.M. They put us into a sort of summer house; nice open verandah, with the usual broad carpeted divan, chintz hung round the walls, one room inside, and another which Pulgis and the Doctor had. I occupied a

big blue and yellow Chinese tent in the garden. We refreshed ourselves, and shortly afterwards were sent for by the "Amban" (governor). Sending for us so quickly was considered a great compliment. We rode to his official residence and were at first received by some minor officials, and afterwards by him. He was very civil and shook hands in a friendly manner, "glad to see us and make friends." Then E. talked business and was referred to Kashgar. The Governor of Kashgar had invited us there, and it was quite arranged that we were to go, with an official to protect us from the villainous soldiers, but it does not seem so certain now. One day we are asked to go there, and the next we are told that fighting is going on, and it would not be safe. One thing is certain, that my friend's questions respecting "better communications with India," "a telegraph," and "no hindrances put in the way of caravans," will have to be referred to Pekin, and they all tell us that we shall have to remain at Kashgar until the answer is received; this might delay us, as in Shaw's case, some months. The next day two soldiers coolly walked in after breakfast, took possession of our house, and made themselves quite at home. Just then the "Hakim Bey" (second in authority) called to see us. One of the soldiers sat down by his side, fanning himself, and argued in a loud voice with the Hakim Bey, who seemed powerless to do anything; everyone is afraid of them. I wanted to turn them out, and I believe it would have saved us a lot of trouble, but E. (who knows them of old) said there would be a fearful row if we touched them. They sent for an officer, and we were told afterwards that the man was

put in irons and punished. Shortly afterwards a lot more arrived; dirty undersized men, all dressed in white. Hakim Bey asked us to his house, and while there the house next door was prepared for us. The Amban (by the way, he is a Roman Catholic from Pekin, one of the few Chinese Christians in power) said he could protect us in the city, but not in the country; however, parties of soldiers walk in whenever the outside door is left open, and make themselves quite at home. We have visitors all day long. The Amban was to have come yesterday, and great preparations were made for him, but after waiting for hours the second Celestial authority came, with a large following, saying the Amban was unwell. He stayed a long time; E. tried, but hopelessly, to get anything out of him; showed him the map, but he was profoundly ignorant of every country; they look intelligent, and are fond of talking, but too conceited to learn anything about any country but their own. Of course they could not understand what brought us here, but the talk is, in the Bazaar, that we have been very well received, and seeing how the wind blows, traders from Kabul, Kandahar, and Kashmir come flocking in to pay their respects. They complain bitterly of the present Government, but I expect they are all as bad as it. I have bought three carpets (they are really praying-rugs); they seem afraid to bring things to sell. The Amban has been here to-day, and was civil enough, and thought we might go back to our old house (more comfortable than this), but we remarked that the soldiers would come in. He laughed and seemed to think that of little consequence, and offered us a guard,

but acknowledged that our defenders might be troublesome.'

Had H. gone on to Kashgar he would have passed near the buried cities—remains of ancient civilisation swallowed up ages ago by the sand-waves drifting in from the surrounding desert. Some times a contrary wind lays bare for a time minarets and domes and palaces, with the skeleton forms of their ancient owners still retaining the exact position they happened to be in at the time they were overwhelmed by the great sand-wave. Bricks of tea, and glass ornaments, and pottery, and even matting—supposed to be 800 years old—were found by Dr. Bellew in the mounds which mark the site of these buried towns. And still the sand-wave drifts on, and the inhabitants of the edge of the desert are as loth now as formerly to believe that it will one day engulph them. Sir D. Forsyth mentions a house over the back wall of which the sand-wave had broken and filled the courtyard.

Leh, August 16.—H. arrived to-day, having made a very quick journey of only twenty-one days from Yarkand. He is quite well, but looks rather thin. As Suddick remarks, 'Sahib not get right dinner in jungle.' He has really had a most successful and interesting expedition, notwithstanding the extreme difficulties of the journey. Only about fifteen Englishmen (or, as far as we know, Europeans) have been in Eastern Turkestan since Marco Polo traversed it in the thirteenth century. Mr. E. returns to-morrow. H. came on in advance. They have lost six ponies out of their caravan of thirty. Five died and one was drowned—washed down a

river, with its load of grain, before their eyes, but they could not save the poor beast. Indeed H. helped to pull one of the party out of the water—a cooly who was floating down the current, not making an effort to save himself.

He has just given me the Commander-in-Chief's card, a bit of crimson tissue-paper, with the name, and 'sends you salaam from the heart,' on it, in Chinese characters. The great General came to call in a sort of little costermonger's cart, drawn by a pony with the shafts up to his ears, in which the hero sat, while an attendant held a huge umbrella, and his suite followed—an escort of 'all arms,' some with old rifles, others with pikes, and what seemed to be sickles at the end of long poles. Indeed H. found the Chinese army little altered since that adventurous traveller Abbé Huc wrote of it nearly forty-five years ago. He was informed when in Thibet that the war against the Musalmans of Kashgar had been successfully terminated by the great Mandarin, General Zang, whose prodigious length of beard struck terror into the heart of his foes. When about to engage the enemy he would tie this up into two great knots, and rushing to the rear of his army with a long sabre, would drive his troops forward to the charge!

As the good Abbé drily remarks: 'Cette façon de commander une armée paraît bien bizarre, mais ceux qui ont vécu parmi les Chinois y verront que le génie militaire de Zang était basé sur la connaissance de ses soldats.'

One day a Chinese dinner arrived; numberless little dishes, in a long wooden case like a coffin with handles at each end, some of them rather nice; but when H. thought

he had exhausted the 'menu,' behold, the upper compartment was lifted up, and a second story of good things had to be explored. The Amban sent a present of tea, supposed to be priceless and not to be bought in the market, some of which H. has brought back, and says it is excellent. After they had been some days in Yarkand, it dawned on the Celestial authorities that the 'foreign devils' came from a place called 'Hindustan.' Of England they had never heard, though the existence of a locality called 'London' they had a vague impression of.

The fine yaks, black, with bushy white tails, are just being unloaded, and relieved of two rather pretty Yarkand rugs, one made of silk, H. has brought back; but he could get nothing in the way of curiosities in Yarkand; things have not yet sufficiently settled down since the Chinese invasion. At all events the conquerors have established themselves very firmly in the country, and it is not likely that a Musalman dynasty will again succeed in getting the upper hand.

Leh, August 17.—There has been 'Tumasha' this afternoon on account of Mr. E.'s return. The Sepoys and town authorities went out to meet him, and had a great tea-drinking on the roadside. The Lamas up on the cliff are blowing their sacred horns. I can see their red garments and shaven heads under the Old Palace. H. and I went for a stroll, after saying adieu to our kind friend the Governor's wife. On our return in the twilight we noticed a crowd round the Commissioner's bungalow, and, to our amazement, found my peaceable Sepoys 'armed to the teeth;' one at

our door had actually a sword and a gun of some sort. On going to see what the matter was, we found that the treasurer Pulgis had been robbed of three 'yamboos' (Chinese bars of silver) on the journey. He accuses one of the servants, a young Hindoo, of the theft, as two of the Tartar drivers declare that the latter opened two of their yak-loads and took something out this afternoon.

It was a very picturesque scene in the moonlight round the bungalow. About thirty yaks, with their wild Tartar drivers, formed a circle round their loads, which Mr. E. and the town authorities were searching for the missing silver, while Pulgis, gesticulating ferociously, and the young Hindoo, his dark face livid with rage, stood by. Just as we came up he had pulled the long Ghoorka knife out of his girdle, and tried first to stab Pulgis and then himself. Fortunately it was wrenched out of his hand, and a Sepoy brought it up, the long steel blade flashing in the moonlight, to show me, while H. went to assist Mr. E.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVE LEH—A HOT RIDE—OUR YAK CARAVAN—A VILLAGE GAME—ON THE MARCH—KASHMIR AGAIN—THE MISSION HOSPITAL—THE LOTUS—SANSKRIT SCHOOLBOYS—A PUNDITANI.

Basgo, August 19.—We left Leh at 6 A.M. this morning, H. riding his handsome new pony—having originally come from Yarkand, we have called him 'Amban'—and I on my old friend 'Khyber.' I am really quite sorry to leave Leh, and the kindly Tartars (whose frank, independent good nature grows on one in spite of their never washing their faces), and the jolly-looking Lamas, and the mild-eyed figures of Buddha, and the cheery much-married women, and the solemn-faced baby monks and nuns, and the pigtails and praying-wheels, and the pleasant climate and grand snow-mountains. Our Tartar friends pity us for having to quit Thibet, and descend to what they consider the unhealthy and disagreeable Valley of Kashmir, which, as well as its poor-spirited and oppressed inhabitants, these hardy and independent mountaineers hold in contempt; and, indeed, we are told that a native of Thibet rarely lives long 'down country.' Some of our acquaintances from Lhassa, to whom we proposed a visit to Calcutta, seemed to regard with the greatest horror a sojourn in the fever-stricken plains of Bengal. Long may the Ladakis, undisturbed by the rapa-

city of the Maharajah and his Hindoo officials, enjoy their mountain home, governed with wisdom and justice by the present Wuzeer.

It was a lovely morning as we rode through the bazaar, astir with the Yarkandi merchants in their long robes, and



BUDDHIST SHRINE AND LAMA'S HOUSE.

early peasants. 'Salaam,' the pious Musalman says to us, but 'Salaam Aliekoum' to Suddick, the true believer behind us.

The 'Ramadan' is just beginning, when for forty days no Musalman can from sunrise to sunset eat or drink anything whatever, and not even during the long hot day let a drop of water pass his lips. However, I am glad to say, for the sake of our servants, that a dispensation is given

while travelling; but the fast must be strictly observed at the end of the journey. So night is turned into day and day into night by all true believers during Ramadan, as we observed when at Constantinople.

We had a long march before us, so trotted on briskly out of the mud-walled gate of the bazaar, where thirty-eight years ago the traveller might have seen the ghastly spectacle of a skeleton hanging up—that of a Tartar executed by the Maharajah's government for having killed and eaten his own yak. Till a few years ago, when the punishment was changed to imprisonment for life, death was the result of indulging in beef of any kind. It is five months since we have tasted the sacred cow.

We lost our way by following a wrong track over the stony plain, and had a hot walk up a steep nullah to rejoin the high-road. An Indian 'Fakir'—a wild-looking creature with no clothing to speak of, his brown face smeared with white mud, and his long lank hair dyed red to make him extremely repulsive to look at, and therefore very holy—was sitting by the stream eating his midday meal. I carefully avoided letting my shadow fall on his single meal in the twenty-four hours, but the holy man took up a piece of his chipattie and offered it to me; the intention was no doubt good, but it would have required enormous courage to have tasted it.

It was very hot. An old woman and her young Lama son were sitting under the shadow of a great rock, having taken off most of their clothing (in fact the Lama was only dressed in his rosary) and laid themselves out to cool, but

made a hasty toilette as we approached. We could do little more than three miles an hour over this sandy stony track, and were glad at last to see our white tents pitched under some apricot trees in the distance near a village. Everywhere the people are gathering in their little fruit harvest; as I passed under the trees a large brown hand full of golden apricots was stretched down to me from amongst the green branches, and, looking up, I could just see the smiling face and shaven head of a 'chomo' (nun). . . .

Lamayuru, August 21.—A long hot march up the Fotula Pass to-day (18 miles), leaving the Indus valley and the mighty river to roll through unexplored mountain regions, where the fierce mountain tribes will not allow travellers to visit the interesting Greek Buddhist remains of ancient temples, said to exist in their valleys. At last the Indian Trigonometrical Survey have been able to fill up the blank space in their maps, having sent in one of their trained natives to make the survey—a dangerous but successful undertaking.

Rain came on this evening and our baggage drivers have been making trenches in all haste round the tent. Very picturesque was the scene just now as they started in the bright moonlight. Ten jet-black yaks with white bushy tails stood in a circle, grunting and grumbling while the Tartar drivers—all screaming at the top of their voices—adjusted the loads, and Suddick's long legs and white turban darted about amongst the pigtails and round caps. At last off they file, up the hill, crowned at each point by the Lamasary buildings, every man carrying a tent-pole like a lance in his

hand; and we turn in to sleep till Suddick's voice wakes us at 5 A.M. to-morrow. . . .

Karbu, August 22.—This afternoon the 'Moonshee' of the village came to invite us to the weekly game of polo, bringing two of the ponies for us to ride over the water-courses down to the polo ground. Now it is not easy to perch oneself with ease and dignity sideways on a high-peaked saddle—a knife-board with a thin bit of carpet over it—but I tried to look quite happy and accustomed to that kind of mount, as we rode across the sandy course, and were led to our seat, a rough stone wall under the shadow of a large 'Mani' covered with inscribed stones. The band, a tom-tom and two flutes, discoursed awful music in front of the spectators (ourselves and two yaks), and then the fifteen players, mounted on little rough ponies, with high saddles and very short stirrups, began the game. A goal was soon made by a clever Tartar, but unluckily his tiny pony pitched him over the stone wall at the end of the ground, and leaving his luckless rider, galloped up the mountain in the direction of the nearest glacier. After the game, which was played with spirit, the players dismounted, and throwing down their polo-sticks in a heap, formed a circle in front of us, and began the national dance. A large pot of chung was brought, and everyone produced the little wooden drinking cup which every Tartar carries, but there was no excess of any kind. Then we left, and there was more polo, and more dancing, and after a cheery 'meeting' they all rode back to the village. . . .

Sonamarg, August 28.—An interesting ride (24 miles)

yesterday. At first up a pretty mountain river through an Alpine glade, which two months ago must have been a real garden of flowers; brushwood, and clumps of dark juniper from which hang festoons of clematis, and a lovely wild rose with golden autumn leaves and brilliant with coral hips, cover the 'savage sculpture' of the rocks. Sometimes it reminded us much of the Upper Lake of Killarney, only generally a glacier lifted its icy shoulder somewhere against the horizon. At length we reached the top of the 'Zoyila Pass' (11,000 feet) by an easy ascent, and led our ponies over the glacier river, a wide frozen ice barrier underneath which one heard the dull roar of the water, and after a short stiff climb halted at the summit close to the usual pile of stones decorated with rags and branches and horsehair; votive offerings of passing travellers, who, when they have nothing else to offer, pull a hair out of their pony's tail and tie it on. The view was beautiful over the valley of the Sind river; the steep sides clothed with forests of dark green firs, through which little mountain streams tumbled down in clouds of feathery spray into a fertile valley, which gradually opened out into the Vale of Kashmir, now a sea of soft blue haze down far away below us.

When the moon rose H. and a few natives crept through the pine-woods into a little field, and waited for some time; but no bear appeared. This afternoon we again went in search of bears; a lovely ride through the green trees (splendid spruce firs), up to a sort of Alpine valley, bounded on all sides by magnificent cliffs and shining glaciers, looking down on a fairyland of flowers and ferns, in which stood

knee-deep enormous walnut and sycamore trees. Even that fastidious young Prince Rasselas might have been content to spend his days in this really 'happy valley.'

Ganderbal, September 1.—Raining this morning, but quite warm, and we decided to go on. So H. and I started in advance, and unluckily took a wrong turn up the hills —the track is often difficult to distinguish—and lost our way in the mist, till found by the anxious Suddick. A holy Musalman Fakir lives not far from our camp; from what we can make out he is subject to epileptic fits, and is therefore believed to be inspired. The Maharajah (though a Hindoo) came with a great company of horses and servants to the holy man, to ask for rain, some years ago. 'Am I God to open the fountains of Heaven?' answered the Fakir; 'but go your way, take care of your smart clothes, for the rain is coming.' And the rain did come, and ever since the Maharajah sends a present yearly of goodly things to the hermit up in the hills above our camp.

Srinagar, September 2.—We are again in the 'City of the Sun,' rebuilt by Rajah Raravarasana about the sixth century, and a flourishing Buddhist kingdom when the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen Thsang spent two years here studying religion. Our road to-day led us across one of the curious gravel banks, remains of an ancient beach, when the whole Vale of Kashmir was a lake, inhabited by nâgas and other mythical monsters; and by a curious little old Hindoo temple, carefully defaced and destroyed by the Musalman conquerors. So little appears to be known about the ancient remains in this country, that one looks with

curious interest on the trefoil arches, almost Gothic in design, and fluted pilasters, and entablatures recalling Greek art, or perhaps the classical style of 'Great Anna,' and wonders what sort of people the worshippers of the sacred serpent were who built them. After all, the present oppression of Islam by the Hindoos may be the 'great principle of compensation,' which seems in the long run to balance human affairs, asserting itself. In the last century the Musalman ruler, it is said, 'killed the Hindoos like birds;' and certainly the fanaticism of the faithful destroyed almost all the beautiful Buddhist and Hindoo temples in the valley, whose carved stones one sees built into the tumble-down wharfs on the river bank.

Srinagar, September 4.—There are very few English visitors in Kashmir this year, but it is delightful being in civilised society again. We sometimes have real 'Russian campaigns' with friends; warm discussions as to the probability of an invasion of India. Those who, like H. and others, have a personal knowledge of the subject and have seen the Passes, think such an event most unlikely and almost impossible to occur; but a large class of politicians are firmly persuaded that the dearest wish of the Russian heart is to march, not to Constantinople, but on Calcutta *viâ* the Khyber or Karakorum.

We have been down the river in our boat to 'the city' to-day, to inspect things ordered when we were here in the spring. The papier-mâché work (boxes, tables, &c.) is tempting; but the Kashmir shawls and embroidery require a special education to appreciate their merits. The silver work

is pretty; the copper work very good. But the time and mental labour required to buy the smallest thing in Srinagar is incredible. One sits on a high-legged chair made in a fearful and wonderful fashion, or on a cushion on the floor, drinking, if you wish it, spiced tea by the hour, while the native merchant invites you, in the most engaging manner, to 'name your own price,' you knowing nothing of the value of the article. Finally he names what you may feel sure is far more than the worth, and then abates at about the rate of a rupee an hour (time is of no value here), till you get up and walk away fairly tired out.

But next day you see the face, handsome but cunning, of your 'merchant' following you about, in a boat on the river, or hovering like a bird of prey round the bungalow; and as you come in he informs you, in a stealthy whisper, that he accepts your price. Verily the Chinese pilgrim was right, when he said of the Kashmiris, 'They are very handsome, but their natural bent is towards fraud and trickery.' This was in the seventh century, and is as true to-day as then. If they can by any means cheat the traveller or each other, even their nearest relation, out of one farthing, they will spend any amount of time and trouble to do so. Industry and honest work they detest, yet they are clever enough for anything. H. is having a new stock for his rifle beautifully made, and I have secured a 'durzi' (tailor), a turbaned Moslem who sits cross-legged at the door, and copies English garments perfectly. When he comes upstairs and asks for 'suet,' I know that he means thread, and so we get on.

Srinagar, September 6.—This morning at 7.30 I went with the good missionary who is doing so much here, to see his orphanage and hospital. It was a lovely view from the verandah over the Dal Lake with its floating gardens, and girdle of snow-topped mountains; but the sight inside the clean neatly-kept huts was still pleasanter. Two hundred little ones saved from starvation—clothed in the national garment, a sort of long calico smock-frock or shirt, and small red skull-cap on their shaven heads—rose up with a hearty 'salaam' as we entered. Their costume is scanty but sufficient, and certainly not expensive, the shirt costing 3*d.* and the cap 1½*d.* All the arrangements, though simple and inexpensive, are sensible and judicious.

The little Moslems were told to say a hymn in English, and their monitor, a small blind boy about ten years old, stepped forward with an important expression on his intelligent but thin pale face, and began in a shrill voice—

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way to be
Happy and gay.

The 199 small Aryans behind repeating each line after him, which neither he nor they understood the meaning of, but pronounced capitally. Then they said a hymn in Hindustani, and lastly, folding their little brown hands together, the 'Lord's Prayer' in Kashmiri. This is the extent of their 'dogmatic teaching,' as the 'conscience clause' is strictly observed; but it was very touching to hear the grand old prayer which can be used alike by Christians and

Moslems without awaking bitter controversies, lisped out by these tiny followers of the Prophet, saved from a cruel death. Surely 'Our Father' is theirs also, though their religious instruction never goes farther than this all-embracing Prayer.

Then Ageeza, the blind monitor, pronounced his show piece, 'Little Jack Horner,' with a grand air; but, on arriving at the climax where 'He put in his thumb,' he could remember no more. The sightless eyes rolled anxiously, and his intelligent smallpox-marked features puckered up with excitement trying to recall the forgotten line, but vainly, till a small shrill voice piped up from the end of the room, 'He pulled out a plum,' and then the history of J. Horner went on triumphantly to the end. Afterwards the serious business of the day—breakfast—began. Seated under a long shed, with the pleasant sunshine dancing in, two hundred little left hands clasped two hundred porringers filled with excellent porridge and some freshly-boiled greens; and two hundred little right hands scooped up the half-liquid food perfectly neatly, without letting one drop fall on their shirts, and were then 'ready for more.' They certainly put into practice what they had just been repeating in their hymn—

> Things done by halves
> Are never done right.

And decidedly did not eat their breakfast 'by halves.'

Leaving the two hundred porringers to be replenished again, we passed on to the hospital, a simple but suitable building, where huge jars of castor-oil of native manufacture and fearful-looking vials of black draught (the favourite

medicine of the Kashmiri) stood ready for use. The native assistants are handy and clever in preparing medicines, but alas! even here the native love of thieving breaks out. The missionaries have to be constantly on the watch lest the children's food and the hospital medicine be stolen by the servants. The fairly convalescent patients were lying on mats in a cool shed, and were, like most patients in most free hospitals, eager to secure some additional luxuries from the missionary. 'Medical Missions' are admirable institutions. To go forth and 'heal the sick' by the miracles of modern science, as well as to 'preach the Gospel,' is surely following closely the example of the Great Physician.

Srinagar, September 8.—We have been sitting in a boat under one of the picturesque old bridges made of deodar trunks, sketching all the afternoon. The Maharajah came by in his great barge, with a gaily painted thing like an omnibus in the centre, on the top of which he sits with his ministers round him. Rather a fine-looking man, wearing a green and gold turban, and loose tunic of pink material, with white muslin scarfs swathed round him in Hindoo fashion. A motley procession follows on the bank when 'H. H.' takes his airing on the river. First come his rifles and guns, carefully done up in green baize covers, each carried by its caretaker; then his horses (or rather ponies) are led— poor-looking beasts with cumbersome native saddles; then the cavalry escort, a dozen troopers mounted on every sort of animal, in every sort of uniform, and with miscellaneous arms of every description; and lastly a company of infantry

dressed like our Indian Sepoys, and apparently fairly-well drilled.

The Maharajah's defunct relations (his father's soul has now 'transmigrated' into one of the large carp which were leaping round us) were being fed by pious Brahmins from the shore; they threw lumps of dough and cakes in, to secure their own salvation as well as that of their ancestors by this pious act, but we thought the food would have been better employed in feeding the bodies of their starving fellow-citizens. As the sun sank a blaze of glory in the west and the soft blue haze drew like a gossamer veil over the river, the hungry Suddick, with a sigh, dipped his hand and drank in the stream and pulled a chipattie out of his pocket, his first meat and drink since sunrise, this Ramadan season.

There was a slight shock of earthquake last night; it is often felt here, but there has not been a severe one since 1824, when much harm was done. It was a curious sensation; the timbers in these wooden houses creaked, and we found some of the plaster shaken off the walls of our room.

Srinagar, September 13.—We made a pleasant excursion to-day to the 'Nishat Bagh' (abode of bliss) across the beautiful lake. Boats were flitting about in all directions, gathering the 'singhara' (water-nut), a three-corned berry of the size and somewhat the taste of a chestnut, which grows on a pretty aquatic plant all over the lakes of Kashmir; a truly valuable food for the poor people now, as, when ground, it makes a wholesome kind of flour.

But more beautiful than anything else was the lotus.

A glorified water-lily, lifting its splendid rose-coloured flowers two or three feet above the water, each petal delicately tinted like a sea-shell and quite three inches long, forming a magnificent goblet-shaped blossom, with a crown of golden stamens inside—more like the flowers one dreams of than anything one sees. A cluster of these giant lilies rearing their grand rosy heads, which Hindoo legend relates owe their colour to the wound inflicted on Siva by the Love god, over an island of their own enormous but delicately-modelled leaves, some nearly three feet across, is a sight never to be forgotten. No wonder that Buddhism has adopted it as the symbol of sacred perfection, and enthrones its type of human perfection, Buddha, on it. But long before the dawn of Buddhism, the most ancient of all mythologies, that of Egypt, had reverenced the beauty of the lotus and regarded it as the symbol of the universe; rising from its blossom or crowned with its buds, the Apollo of the Egyptian gods typified the victory of light over darkness, of good over evil. The birth of Harmarchus from the lotus was the first sunrise. Every morning a boatload of lotus blossoms is, so we are told, brought to the Palace, with which the Maharajah does 'poojah' and decorates the shrine of the Hindoo divinities in his private chapel. The magnificent blossoms we gathered drooped and faded almost before I had time to sketch them. Buddha was right to use the quickly-fading beauty of the stately lotus to illustrate 'the impermanency of all things.'

The sacred bullocks have the best time of it in this country; one meets them walking about the town, poking

their enquiring noses into the greengrocers' stalls or trotting generally round stealing our ponies' hay, with a cheerful expression of countenance and altogether free and easy manner, very different to our European animals, whose life must be clouded with the consciousness of coming beef.

Srinagar, September 16.—Yesterday we went down the river in our boat to sketch a picturesque old mosque, the tomb of the earliest Musalman dynasty in this country, built on the ruins of a still earlier Hindoo temple; once gay with the lovely encaustic tiles the Pathan conquerors had introduced from Persia, but now falling to pieces and quite eclipsed by the Hindoo shrines, built in conspicuous places along the river by the devout Maharajah.

I sat on a tombstone, under an ancient and stunted acacia, and sent Suddick to do some commissions in the town, a young boatmen, one of our crew, remaining to keep off the too enquiring populace. But that Musalman so faithfully fulfilled Suddick's injunctions not to let anyone approach that at last I had to interfere. No sooner did any harmless passer-by come in sight than my guardian lifted up his voice and bade them 'begone in the name of the Prophet,' with much violent language. From the Sanscrit school lately established by the Mahajarah for the sons of Brahmins, hard by the mosque, issued a band of young Hindoos, who, to satisfy their curiosity as to what I was doing, came stealing across the sunny churchyard in their long white garments and neat turbans, the high-caste yellow lozenge-mark on their foreheads. But 'Ramana' shouted and screamed, and finally drove the scholars and their

Sanscrit spelling-books down the steep bank nearly into the sacred river. Irreverent conduct indeed towards Brahmins, young representatives of the most ancient religious aristocracy in the world—'the twice born,' students of a tongue of which Greek and Latin are merely modern offshoots; or, to speak more correctly, collateral branches.

Returning up the river we heard a sound like 'keening' from one of the large thatched boats, which Suddick said was 'women making row because one man going dead'; and a little further on, from the gilded dome of the Maharajah's private chapel, the sound of vespers: 'Hindoo putting his god to sleep,' as he expressed it.

Srinagar, September 18.—'The Musalman faces shine' to-day: the Ramadan fast is over, and true believers are in their bravery, for though Mohammed said that during last month the gates of paradise stood open and the gates of hell shut (and the devils inside further secured from doing mischief by being chained by the leg), still his followers find it a relief when the long fast is over. Of the seven hells believed to exist, according to orthodox Islam, the third is reserved for Christians; but whether the Prophet left it open for their benefit last month or not is doubtful.

On the Dal Lake all the afternoon; but alas! the lovely lotus flowers are faded: bright kingfishers were flitting about amongst their giant leaves, and wild grapes were hanging in clusters high up in the tall poplar-trees and making triumphal arches across the narrow channels, as our boat passed round the lake. A little further on is the village, where the 'Feast of Roses' is held annually, when all Srinagar turns out in

gaily-decked boats and makes 'Tumasha,'—a sort of rose carnival.

'Thousand, thousand years ago' (Suddick's way of beginning a story), a rich merchant's son came up from India, making the 'grand tour,' and spent his substance in riotous living amidst the rose gardens and houris of Kashmir. The prodigal's father only arrived in time to see his son die and hear his last wish to be buried in one of the fairy glades overhanging the lake where he had spent his happy hours. So we passed under the spot where he lies, this lotus-eater, with the shining snowfields above and the blue lake below. One of Suddick's late masters, an Englishman, devoted to Kashmir (where he had led a very different life to that of the poor young scamp of the legend), passing by here, told Suddick he also would like to be buried in sight of the beautiful lake; and, indeed, soon afterwards he died—some say by the Mahajarah's secret orders—and was buried in the cemetery; Suddick not telling his friends till some months afterwards of the wish his master had expressed on the sunny afternoon when he little thought death so near.

Yesterday I rode with Suddick to his house, through the long rows of poplar-trees, magnificent plane-trees, and really beautiful environs of the town, into the dirty streets, in one of which, opening a little door in the wall, he ushered me into a small courtyard, with a prettily-carved wooden two-storied house and clambering vine on one side. I had come by appointment to make a sketch of a 'Punditani' woman. The wives of the Hindoo 'pundits' are very jealously guarded from European eyes, and are

not allowed within sight of the visitors' bungalows. The Maharajah has even given orders that if they see a 'Sahib' approaching on the river, as they come down in the evening to draw water, they are to turn away their faces. I found my 'subject' in Suddick's cool clean little guest-room, with his wife and pretty daughter, and a large tray of fruit and spiced tea waiting for me; but the latticed windows were kept shut, lest prying eyes should see the 'Punditani' being portrayed by a stranger (Suddick might in that case have been heavily fined); and I really could scarcely distinguish the wonderful face and great eyes that gleamed out of the darkness. I never saw a face so like that of Domenichino's St. Cecilia, utterly colourless, with marvellous eyes that seem to haunt you; so like an old picture or a visionary being, and so unlike anything in real life. The only colour was the great scarlet caste-mark on her forehead, and heavy gold balls hanging from one ear. . . .

Srinagar, October 2.—Passing by the missionary's house to-day we found thirty of the famine children sitting in the pleasant shade of the large fruit trees embroidering the thick drugget rugs of the country. Two Kashmiri durzis were superintending, and the little fingers were busily stitching away, holding the needle in exactly the contrary manner to what we do, drawing the thread from instead of towards them; but the 'Kashmir pattern' came out all right, and the missionary readily disposes of the rugs to visitors. The little blind monitor was sitting amongst the workers, and as I laid my hand on his shoulder, I said to the workmaster, in Hindustani, 'Poor fellow! he cannot do

much.' The child could not have understood what I said, yet he guessed something of the meaning, for rising up quickly and assuming his quaint pedagogic air, he began 'Work while you work, play while you play,' and went on through the hymn, joined by the other children with suspended needles, —as if to show that, though blindness prevented his working with his fingers, his busy little brain was not idle. We were rather in a hurry home, but it was quite impossible to stop the burst of poetry, so we had to wait till 'Jack Horner' and the other show pieces had been gone through.

A Frenchman and an Englishman are here, buying the great knots on the trunks of walnut-trees, which, when cut up into slices and 'veneered,' make the pretty walnut furniture, and piano cases, so much used now-a-days.

There is now plenty of rice in the country, but to lower the prices would ruin the officials, who are storing away the grain as much as possible, in order to dole it out at their own sweet will and price. Native rulers say, that to attempt to relieve famine is 'to water the branches where the root is dead.'

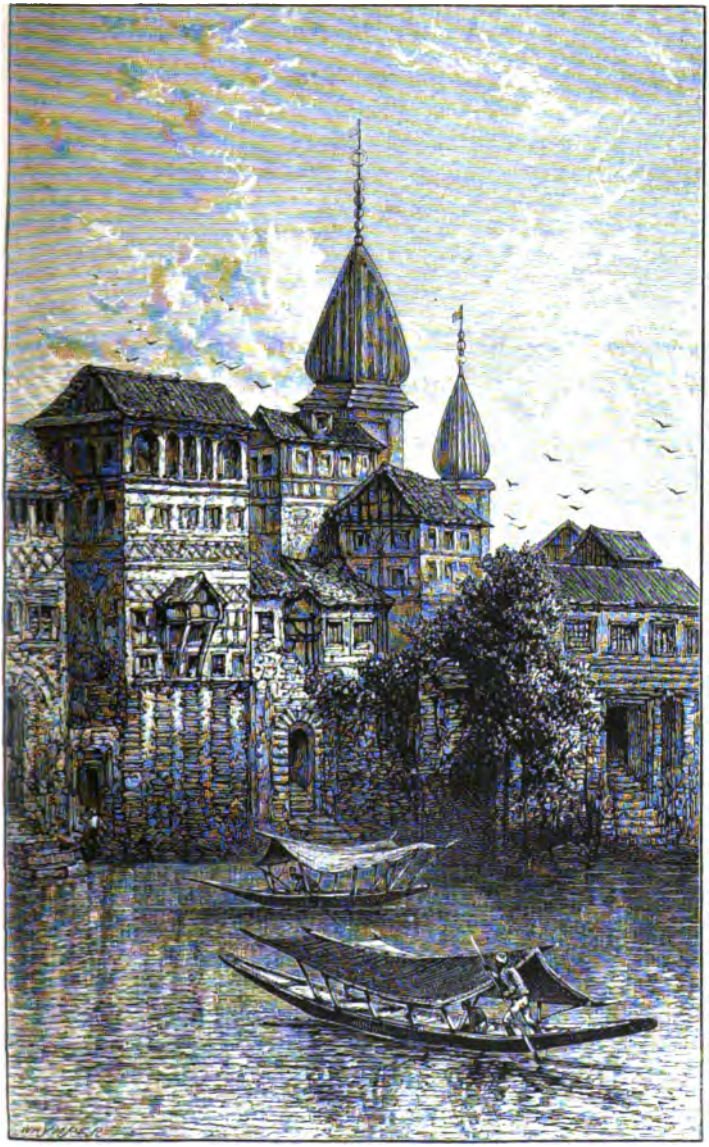
We are not struck by the 'fitness and geniality' of Native as compared with British rule, at least in Kashmir. The former seems wanting in those important elements of good government—progressive legislation, and equal-handed administration of existing laws. The 'difficult virtue of justice,' and that 'sternness of veracity,' called truth, the Oriental mind too often fails to appreciate. Our government of India has no doubt at times been faulty and unwise; but, at least, we are willing to see and correct our mistakes;

unlike the *laissez-aller* system of native legislation, adverse to reform or development, with too often no aspirations beyond that of the pious Turk—'Let us go on as we are, and may Allah send nothing new.' Some day, under happier conditions, this lovely country may be the garden of India.

Our truly kind friend, the Resident, supplies us with the now unfamiliar luxury of delicious vegetables and fruits, grown by an estimable 'molly' (when Anglo-Indians speak of 'my molly,' one understands them to mean their gardener), who is justly proud of a bed of 'stableboys' (strawberries) he succeeded in rearing this year. The Residency garden is to us a very paradise of plenty. Half an acre of tomatoes, some as large as turnips. Fruit trees borne down by their crop of splendid peaches, and trellised vines, whose luxuriance reminds us of a night we once spent in a garden at Astrakan, where, in the darkness under the hanging vines, we pulled down great cool bunches of scented grapes, and ate them with an appetite sharpened by a week's voyage in a Russian steamer, where little beyond the caviare was eatable. Some October peaches were sent to us this morning from a celebrated Fakir's garden, who cultivates his soul and his fruit trees with great ardour, near Srinagar; as these holy men are supposed to command the weather, our friend has exceptional advantages for raising prize fruit. . . .

On the Jhelum River, October 12.—Still sailing (or rather being paddled) pleasantly on up the quiet river, passing Hindoo shrines new and gaudy, with tin-plated roofs and whitewash, while the remains of grand old temples serve as landing steps at the water's edge. Nothing more delightful

than the climate, nor anything more glorious than the colour of the plane trees, backed by the snowy mountains and blue sky, could be conceived. No wonder that the 'Great Mogul' would sooner have lost all his possessions than part with Kashmir. Great barges, laden with rice, go slowly by rowed by handsome natives (men and women) as we follow the silver curves of the broad river, with masses of red and yellow foliage drooping into it. We are passing by the saffron fields, but the blossoms are not open yet; in a few weeks they will be a blaze of gold. We arrived about 4 P.M. at Islamabad, the furthest point we can reach by boat, and made an effort to reach the ruins at Martand, which, though we had already visited them on our way to the Wardwan valley in April, we were anxious to see again. But the autumn sun sank behind the valley wall of mountain peaks before we could reach Martand; so we had ten miles' ride for nothing, and very dark it was, as we groped our way back to the boat. Lussoo, the celebrated guide and servant, said to be 'the only honest man in Kashmir,' was with us, and every now and then grasped my elbow to prevent my tumbling straight into a 'paddy' field.



EVENING ON THE RIVER:
SRINAGAR.


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CHAPTER XI.

PIOUS HINDOOS—LAST VIEW OF THE VALE OF KASHMIR—ON THE MAHARAJAH'S 'PRIVATE ROAD'—CHINESE PILGRIMS—JUMMOO—THE BABOOS.

Vernag, October 13.—The first day's march is always troublesome. No one and nothing knows where to go or to pack themselves, and we have two new servants, as well as the two old ones. The Government chiprassie in scarlet belt with large brass plate inscribed with his badge of office, and long sword, goes on with the baggage, carried by eleven rather miserable ponies. About 7 A.M. we made a start, I, at all events, sorry to have finished the pleasant lazy river-travelling. We rode out of the dirty straggling town of Islamabad, through half-ruined suburbs (very different must this country have been in the Mogul Emperor's time, when 'a thief or a beggar was scarcely known'), into the rice-fields and corn-land, over rickety bridges, and by beautiful little old mosques built of carved deodar wood, and under grand walnut and pear trees, now a blaze of dark brown and gold, till after eighteen miles' march, we reached the sacred tank of Vernag, sacred long before the time of the Mogul conquest of Kashmir, though the garden round it, now going to ruin, with its kiosks and waterworks, was made by them in the seventeenth century. The Emperor Jehanghir

wished to be brought here to die and be buried, but his celebrated wife, 'Noormahal,' the 'Light of the harem,' had his body taken to Lahore. A picturesque arcaded building, with cells below for pilgrims, and fairly comfortable rooms above, runs round the stone basin filled with the clear blue water (the colour of a sapphire) of the sacred spring. We established ourselves in one of the rooms, but slept in our tents. The tank below was a curious sight, fifty feet deep of clear water, crammed with fish—carp of all sizes fattened by the devout. They have taken the place of the 'Nâg,' or sacred serpent, and are considered by the Hindoos to be very sacred.

Several parties of pilgrims are encamped below us. Just now two young men, evidently well to do, and extremely pious, are making 'pooja' below our balcony; they have taken off most of their clothing (this is always done before any act of devotion, and symbolises the casting off of all worldly possessions or thoughts on approaching God). Two Brahmins are kneeling beside them by the water's edge to direct their devotions; their long black hair is sprinkled with the yellow blossoms of the sacred marigold, and in their hands are brass plates filled with lumps of dough, also sprinkled with marigolds. A prayer devoutly murmured, and then an oblation to the fat carp who, as we look down into the clear water, form a solid, struggling black column, layer on layer of them, down to the bottom of the tank, waiting to be fed. They seem to be deeply religious young men, and go through their acts of piety with great reverence and decorum.

The god Vishnu, wishing to recover a lost Veda, assumed the form of a small fish. When the pious king Satavrata came to the river bank to make libation, Vishnu thus addressed him:—'How canst thou leave me in this stream exposed to its monsters, who are my dread?' The good king had the fish removed, but in a single night it outgrew the vase, and then the tank and lake it was placed in. As a last resource it was thrown into the sea. The king, astonished above measure, asked, 'Who art thou that beguilest me—surely thou art the great god whose dwelling was on the waves?' Vishnu, disclosing himself, replied, 'Seven days hence the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death, but in the midst of the destroying waves a large vessel sent by me for thy use shall appear. Then take all medicinal herbs, all variety of seeds, and accompanied by seven saints encircled by pairs of all brute animals, enter the spacious ark. When the ship shall be agitated by an impetuous wind, fasten it with a large sea-serpent to my horn, for I will be near thee.' In due time the flood came, and all mankind perished except Satavrata and his companions, who sailed in safety within the ship.

At last the function is over, and they proceed to bathe their faces before eating, or, rather, in orthodox fashion, cooking, their own dinner, having sprinkled with manure of the sacred cow a space in which to do so. Decidedly 'dirt' is capable of various definitions; to the pious Hindoo the filthiest liquid mud from a sacred tank is capable of cleansing from all impurity, and freeing from all stain of sin; but he would consider himself polluted, body and soul, by receiving

a drop of the purest water from low-caste or Christian hands. We are sacrificing to the goddess of cleanliness and having our bath upstairs, while these people are smearing themselves with sacred mud downstairs, and would be utterly disgusted at the thought of drinking water out of an iron kettle, or eating the unclean chicken or the unholy egg!

To follow out strictly all the Brahminical regulations as to eating and devotion would quite fill up the day and life of a pious Hindoo; it was against all this ceremonial that Buddha protested, by preaching instead thereof universal charity and self-restraint. In the Dharmapada, Buddha declares that, 'not with nakedness nor plaited hair nor dirt, not fasting or lying on the ground, not with dust and ashes or vigils hard and stern, can that man be purified who still is tossed upon the waves of doubt.' . . . 'A number of unclothed friars were assembled in the house of the daughter of Anathapindika.' She called her daughter-in-law Sumagadha, and said, 'Go and see these highly respectable persons.' And Sumagadha, expecting to see some Buddhist saints, ran out full of joy. But when she saw these Hindoo friars, with their hair like pigeon's wings, covered with nothing but dirt, offensive, and looking like demons, she became sad. 'Why are you sad?' said her mother-in-law. Sumagadha replied, 'Oh, mother, if these are saints, what must sinners be like?' . . .

No ponies to be had to take on our baggage. The chiprassie has just brought up the head-man of the village, leading him by the beard to H. to order beasts to be forth-

coming before night. We are not travelling now on the beaten track; this is supposed to be 'the Maharajah's private road,' so no doubt we shall have some trouble in getting on. At last some pony-loads were started; but in a short time Suddick came to inform us that the ropes had 'gone broke,' and his kitchen things and cooking-pots were scattered over the Pass about a mile ahead!

Dorgal, October 14.—Up betimes, to leave the Happy Valley by the Banahal Pass (9,000 feet).

The early mornings are quite lovely; the blue autumn mist hanging round the hills, the slanting rays of the sun breaking through and lighting up the gorgeous tints of the trees and dark pine-woods. But it was rather a long climb up that mountain wall, and we had with us our baggage on eleven ponies, each load perpetually slipping over each pony's tail, to the disgust of Suddick, who stormed at the drivers and rushed about frantically.

To increase the general disorder we met a caravan of 500 bullocks laden with salt and sugar and 'down-country' calico coming over the Pass; and then, indeed, there was a universal scrimmage, the cow's horns and the ponies' heels, and our Kashmiri drivers, and the Hindoos with their goods, and a party of the Maharajah's servants (the head valet and his family) travelling with birdcages and musical instruments and babies, to say nothing of a cooly-load of hookahs, all got mixed up together. The sacred bullock has a tendency to lie down in the narrowest part of a narrow 'cornice' path over the precipice; riding round a sharp corner one meets him, mild-eyed and placid, blinking at you without

the slightest intention of moving; the only thing to do is to shout at his driver in your best Hindustani. I fear we gave those sacred animals several very irreverent prods with our umbrella, and I heard our Musalman servants calling down the maledictions of the Prophet, and using very uncomplimentary language, as to the conduct of the holy bullocks' grandmothers.

But at length we got to the top of the Pass, and took our last look at Kashmir, fading now out of sight like a pleasant dream. We have certainly enjoyed our six months' sojourn in it and its tributary Ladakh. The top of the Pass is a grassy ridge, an Alpine meadow of flowers now out of blossom; where the wind is sometimes very high and dangerous for passing travellers,—'it catch him man and throw him away,' as Suddick says. So we made all speed down the rough path—too steep to ride—and descending into a charming valley, found our tent pitched under some fine old mulberry trees, and enjoyed breakfast after our sixteen miles' climbing up and down. The grey-backed crows are tiresome. They ate our luncheon to-day. We found them finishing up by pecking holes in our last cake. Not content with that, they have carried off the travelling candlestick which I rescued from the wild dogs of Thibet—the piece of candle in it was the attraction for the crows; however, I see two of them sitting on a branch not far off croaking dismally; perhaps the last mouthful of tallow was too much for them. . . .

Ramban, October 16.—Still following the windings of a pretty mountain river, sometimes climbing up rocky spurs to the pine-woods above, and then down rock-staircases into

delightful dells, with fairy grottoes of maiden-hair and hot-house ferns. The Indian trees become more frequent; mango, and even some bananas, and, by the streams, the bright pink oleanders.

We found the tent pitched in a garden belonging to the Maharajah, under four tall cypress trees—one measured eight feet round the trunk—and the gardener ready with bunches of roses and basket of tomatoes, pumpkins, and huge limes. It was a pleasant rough sort of Paradise (after Eve's stupidity, for there were plenty of thorns and thistles), with Chinese and monthly roses rampant amongst the orange trees and cypresses; reminding one somewhat, with its stiffly laid-out squares of vegetables and flowers, of a Spanish-Moorish garden near Granada or Seville.

We are very tired of tough mutton, and ordered a chicken for dinner, but were told 'how could we expect to find the unholy fowl or its produce on the Maharajah's private road?' But near the gardener's hut I had heard a furtive cluck, so made Suddick open negotiations by remarking that such a species of bird did exist, and that people were found irreligious enough to eat it, that 'baksheesh' was given on those occasions, and that the anger of the six million deities did not descend after the sale of eggs. So the result was that we had a chicken soon in the pot.

Bathwathoo, October 17.—The very loud and unpleasant singing of some bird in the tree overhead woke us early this morning; he was evidently proud of his fine voice, and attempted to do all sorts of different passages, which he had not flexibility enough to accomplish. We see numbers of

pretty hoopoes and Indian starlings, and great eagles soaring above the tall cliffs. To-day we had rather a steep climb, passing a lonely fort upon the hill, where unlucky people convicted of cow-killing are confined, and, rumour says, starved to death. We meet long files of Kashmiri coolies carrying loads of wild rhubarb, on its way to India; they have a T-shaped crutch on which they rest their load at times without taking it off, and are generally fine-looking men, descendants, no doubt, of the Afghan conquerors of Kashmir. Every here and there we pass cut stone tanks, built long ago by devout Hindoos, and carved with deities in bas-relief, the place of honour always occupied by the sacred 'Nâg' (serpent), whose worship was strangely mixed up with Buddhism when the Chinese pilgrims visited this country. If that enterprising and thoughtful traveller, Hiowen Thsang, could now, after the lapse of twelve centuries, revisit this part of the world, he would find, alas! that humanity had made little progress—had, indeed, perhaps only 'progressed backwards'—in the path of civilisation. Certainly the difficulties of the road are not much diminished, and perhaps Fah Hian's advice 'to people about to travel' was judicious. When pressed to write a full account of all that had happened to him, he said, 'If I were to recall all which has occurred to me, then persons of unstable mind would be excited to enter on similar dangers, and encounter corresponding risks.'

Now we are up amongst the deodars, and camped under their wide-spreading cedar-like branches, on the top of a hill, with an amphitheatre of mountains all round. A small

stone pillar, carved on one side, but now grey with lichens, marks where the women-kind of some defunct Hindoo paid their last tribute of respect to their lord and master by cremating themselves with him. 'Suttee' is illegal, and also out of fashion now; the other day in Nepaul, where it survived longest, it was discountenanced by Sir Jung Bahadoor's brother. But suttee has not been long out of fashion in this state; they say that 300 widows and faithful attendants of the present Maharajah's uncle joined their lord and master on the funeral pyre.

Indian widows are still sacrificed to the memory of their husbands, being shut up and not allowed to re-marry (often when only ten or twelve years old), nor to wear jewels, nor to eat more than once a-day; and altogether have a very rough time of it. How to suppress the redundant female element —now that female infanticide and suttee are abolished—is still a question in the East.

Dronthal, October 18.—A pretty ride to-day of eighteen miles, chiefly amongst 'deodars' and 'Pinus excelsa,' and 'Weymouth pines,' and ferns and mountain gentians. Once we were stopped by a bull-fight close to a serpent tank. Two pretty little black bulls clashed their horns together, and pushed and pushed till one tumbled the other head over heels into a bank of long grass, and there left him helpless on his back, till the villagers, who had vainly tried to separate the combatants, set him on his legs again. The people here seem to take no pleasure in fighting themselves, or seeing anything else fight, and the animals are curiously tame and good-natured. Our tent poles not having

come up we found one of the Maharajah's tents ready for us, and the unfailing armchairs; two hard-backed, cane-bottomed pieces of furniture with rigid arms and straight uncompromising backs of the ancient English type are always forthcoming, and set out for us to rest our weary bones in after the day's march. Some of the Baboos who affect English manners have them in their boats at Srinagar, but wisely sit on Oriental cushions on the deck, with the chair as an emblem of European civilisation behind them.

Jummoo, October 21.—A long hot ride this morning, eighteen miles over bare sandstone rocks, through which the rains had worn deep channels. Following one of these gullies H. stuck fast, and had to slip over his mule's head and back the animal out. As we get nearer the plains of India the heat increases, and it was very hot, when after following the wide bed of the Tavi river for some way, and passing by many Hindoo shrines, we wound our way up the hill and through the tolerably clean streets of this capital. Jummoo is said to have been the seat of a Hindoo dynasty of the Rajpoot caste for the last 5,000 years. We saw no traces of antiquity in the modern town of one-storied, plastered houses. Gholab Singh (father of the present Maharajah), a relation, but not lineal descendant, of the old ruling family, carved his way to fortune with his sword, and Kashmir was handed over to him by our Government in 1846 for the sum of 750,000*l.* An eye-witness described to us how the money was collected;—the silver ornaments he saw, still stained with blood, wrung from the poor peasant women by Gholab Singh's soldiers. We passed the palace, an irregular

pile of buildings overhanging the river, and the square or 'place' where the curious religious festival 'Lori,' a burnt sacrifice peculiar to these Punjab hills, is held every year. A fire is lighted, round which the Maharajah and his people walk, throwing in rice; and finally a white kid is beheaded and the head thrown into the flames. We found the bungalow, built for visitors by the Maharajah (we are his guests while in Jummoo), clean and comfortable, and after tent life one rather enjoys being again under a roof and having a looking-glass—the latter a survival of the extensive preparations made for the royal visit here some time ago.

Sealkote, October 22.—There is little to see at Jummoo, and time did not permit of our visiting the interesting remains of old buildings in the neighbourhood. Modern palaces are unattractive, the 'House of Miracles,' built in three months for the reception of the Prince of Wales, contained nothing of any interest beyond some ancient arms and a few sculptured stones, one of which was carved with the Hindoo version of the legend of Orpheus. An official came, borne on a silver tray on the top of an elephant, to put himself at our disposal; so, accompanied by him and two Baboos, who spoke good English and were much interested in tracing out our tour round the world on a globe, we saw Jummoo. But that any sane person should make any unnecessary exertion whatever, except to advance personal interests in this world or the next—to make money, or save their souls—seemed to them difficult of comprehension.

A Persian gentleman paying a visit to a European friend, with whom we were staying the other day, asked to be

presented to the extraordinary people who, he understood, were actually going round the world merely for the sake of seeing what was therein. He was of an enquiring mind, especially as regarded matters of religion, and asked us whether it was (as his experience had led him to believe) the invariable rule of Christians only to pray once a week? Allah was great and merciful even to the unbelieving, and we English were a wonderful race (even the women could write letters without the aid of a Moonshee), but he could not help thinking that our religious observances left much to be desired. We agreed with our friend that such was too often the case, but remarked that the most devout were sometimes guilty of carelessness, and hinted that the rosary he held in his hand had not the orthodox number of beads on it, which he acknowledged, and shortly afterwards retired into the verandah to make his evening devotions. . . .

We came back to breakfast, having declined the offer of seats on the silver tea-tray, and, passing in front of the new temple being built by the ladies of the Maharajah's family, reached the bungalow.

There is no road, only a track from the city down to the river-bank, nor any bridge across the wide bed of the Tavi; but on the opposite shore you meet the highway to British territory. Suddick had already preceded us with the luggage on five 'eckas,' and we were to follow in another. We found elephants waiting to take us down hill, and across the river to where the 'ecka,' a small bamboo cage on long shafts and two wheels, drawn by one horse, was waiting for us. We have tried a good many modes of conveyance;

that 'ecka' was the most uncomfortable of all. Four natives sit in it with the greatest ease, but H. and I could not dispose of our legs anyhow, and finally undid the back of the cage to let our feet out behind. At first the road was only a sandy track through a jungle of tall grass and brushwood; but the nearer we got to India proper, the better it became, till, after about fifteen miles, we crossed the border and entered British territory, and found ourselves on an excellent road bordered by sweet-smelling 'sont' trees, and, better than all, among a people with happy faces and well-fed legs. A well-cultivated country, perfectly flat, the blue Himalayas fading away in the distance into the familiar dusty haze of India,—'the dusty horizon meeting the dusty sky.' Not exactly 'smiling' villages, for the gigantic ant-heaps, formed of monotonous mud-huts, can scarcely be said to have any feature; but the fat brown babies and comfortable oxen and cows round the village tanks, told of prosperity in Eastern fashion, and that we were no longer in a land whose princes 'withhold bread' and 'grind the faces of the poor.'

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE RAILWAY — BENARES — ANIMAL-WORSHIP — AN IMITATION FETISH — UP IN THE CLOUDS — DARJEELING — THE CROWNING JEWEL IN THE WORLD'S DIADEM.

On the East Indian Railway, October 29.—Flying through the rich country round Delhi. The standing crops of a tall kind of Indian corn, and grand castor-oil plants, fields of green sugar-cane, and mango trees dotted about, give almost a park-like appearance to the flat country, where the maize is being reaped and the spring crop of corn sown side by side, by the aid of artificial irrigation, in many cases worked on the old lines of the Great Mogul's canals.

It is amusing to watch the ways of the natives, who travel in crowds. They have a notion that a 'fire-devil' is imprisoned in the engine, and bribed to do his work by a draught of cold water at every station. Peeping into the carriages, one sees them perched in rows on the benches of the two-storied compartments solemnly hugging their bundles, long pipe and brass cooking-pot, their feet tucked up under them and their shoes left on the floor below. Strange fruits and sweetmeats go by the window, and a melancholy voice calls out, 'Custard-apple!' in queer English, or 'Pi-o-neer' (the newspaper), or a bright-faced brown boy says in a persuasive tone, 'Mem Sahib buy him

one sweet orange?' and offers me a very sour green one. A very old man has just been carried into one of the carriages set apart for natives, making his last journey to Benares, to die on the shore of the sacred Ganges; pious relatives bear him gently, but it seems as if the winged messenger 'Death' would carry him away to the land of shadows before even this express train reaches Benares.

Benares, October 30.—It is difficult to realise that we are in one of the oldest and longest esteemed sacred cities in the world.—'Twenty-five centuries ago, when Babylon was struggling with Nineveh, and Athens was growing in strength, and Rome was unknown, and Jerusalem was in its glory, Benares was famous.'—The railway of modern days brings hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to visit its ancient sanctuaries; but Gothic buildings, modern colleges and public gardens have in these latter days changed the aspect of Benares.

Life and death do not change: a child's corpse, surrounded by sorrowing relatives, was carried by, recalling the parable spoken by Buddha, who preached his law in these streets more than two thousand years ago.—A young mother came to him, the great teacher, with her dead baby, asking him to cure it, and he, seeing her great and unreasoning grief, bade her fetch him some mustard-seed, as medicine to raise up her child, only saying that the seed must come from a house 'where neither parent, child, nor servant had died;' and how she set out joyfully with the baby still clasped to her breast to ask her friends for some mustard-seed. And she wandered amongst them till the

sun went down, but they all answered her, 'Alas! lady, the dead are many and the living are few: we have lost in this house either parent, or child, or servant.'—Then she perceived that death enters everywhere, and she returned to the Buddha and began a religious life. . . .

We have been this afternoon to see the 'Monkey Temple,' and were received by the Brahmin in attendance on the sacred monkeys, who scampered over the shrines of the deities, and perched on the sacred tank, or clambered up the sacred poplar trees, or watched their opportunity of jumping into the flower-baskets of the sellers of marigold-blossoms and scattered the yellow flowers far and wide, and made themselves as generally ridiculous and hideous as monkeys always do.

Perhaps animal worship is a survival of the fetishism of the ruder primitive races incorporated into the higher religious system of their Aryan conquerors. At all events, the representatives of the monkey General Hanuman, who with his army of baboons came to the assistance of the great Rama, and is therefore reverenced by modern Hindoos, lead a pleasant life in the forests of India. The other day we caught sight of what looked like a big boy seated on the top of a rock, but to our surprise he had a tail; so we scrambled through the jungle and found a family party of very large monkeys at afternoon tea under a tamarind-tree; the father of the flock stood quite three feet high, and was not much disconcerted by our appearance—merely whisked his long tail and grinned at us.

Verily this city of Benares seems wholly given to idolatry,

or, at least—(for a Brahmin or learned Hindoo disclaims the idea of worship being due to the hideous stone figures we visited, looking upon them only as symbols of divine attributes)—to adopt the charitable definition of image-worship given by St. Paul, to 'be in all things too superstitious.'

In these days of critical enquiry into the origin of religions, it is perhaps difficult to find a *bonâ fide* 'fetish' anywhere. That all objects of worship of apparently the most meaningless character should on closer inspection be found to symbolise or shadow forth the attributes of that power higher than himself, to which man in all ages has instinctively turned in his helplessness, is not to be doubted. Still, standing, as we did a short time since, at Jeypore, before the shrine of a much-adored and altogether hideous deity, the blood of whose latest victim—a poor little goat sacrificed that morning—still stained the altar of the grinning image, we thought that here at least we had found an undoubted fetish; not an 'incarnation,' or a 'sun-myth,' or a 'misunderstood poetical expression,' or 'a deified power of nature,' but a genuine false god that did not pretend to be anything but its own hideous self, such as one's childhood had pictured the 'poor blind heathen' as worshipping. Our satisfaction was diminished on learning that this modern-looking idol was a symbol of the 'Great Mother' nature, 'the excellent protectress of the earth,' and could trace back her descent from one of the 'strong ones' of the Vedas. We turned away disappointed with Kali or Durga.

We threaded our way, following our guide and a native

policeman, through the narrow streets between the tall stone houses, thronged with crowds of devotees and Fakirs with dust-besmeared faces and yellow rags as garments, begging-bowl in hand, and 'Brahmini' bulls walking about, or calmly reposing, and thereby blocking up the narrow street entirely. One temple was full of the sacred creatures who are, as a French traveller described them the other day, 'des véritables blasés de cet Olympe oriental, promenant leur ennui d'une mangeoire à l'autre;' for everyone makes it a point to feed the holy animal when he pokes in his nose into the little shop. We floated down the broad river watching the sun set behind the domes and spires of the sacred city, passing the 'burning ghât' (the place of cremation for all pious Hindoos), from whence the happy spirit goes straight to Heaven; let us hope that souls were ascending to Paradise on the thin columns of blue smoke we saw rising in the evening air from two funeral pyres as we passed by. But it does not do to make a mistake in the locality for the ceremony; if cremated just opposite on the further bank of the river, the soul transmigrates into a donkey. And then we peeped into the 'Well of Knowledge,' of which whosoever drinks is wise for ever; but not even the most ardent thirst for wisdom could persuade one to drink that filthy water.

Benares was once the centre of Hindoo learning; but the only students we saw were unclothed Fakirs, apparently studying the art of making themselves and their religion hideous. According to the last census there are 85,000 women in Benares—one of whom can read; but we hear that

a school has lately been established by a native Rajah for the education of high-caste ladies. . . .

On the way to Darjeeling, November 4.—We left Calcutta by railway at 1 P.M. to-day, and sped on through the rich plains of Bengal; a real garden of brilliant green rice-fields, great bananas, and graceful coco-palms, underneath which the tiny Hindoo huts nestled. In this climate nothing but a place to sleep in is required, and the happy brown babies play about in the shade of the tall feathery bamboos; if indeed they can be said to 'play'; philosophy and not fun is the characteristic of even the baby Hindoo. To build little mud shrines and contemplate them in a placid manner seems their idea of a 'game of play.' Hindoo women are, to our eyes, very ugly, but, of course, every race has its own ideal; and to us, 'hair like the clouds, deer's eyes, parrot's nose, dove's throat, tiger's waist, and the gait of an elephant,' does not perhaps seem a very taking description of female beauty.

Clouds are the great feature of these regions, and very beautiful they are; looking down into the deep valley below, one sees little lonely mist-wreaths almost like snow drifts (we are 4,000 feet above them) forgotten by the grand masses of vapour now rolling up Kinchingunga. We who have not seen a cloud for so long enjoy watching them. We started on an expedition down the valley on one side of the ridge on which Darjeeling is built, to the river which forms the boundary of British territory. The ponies here are famous for their evil tempers. H.'s animal yesterday was anxious to go every way but the right one, and bolted whenever

he found a convenient bullock-cart to run into; they are also extremely ugly; in fact, have no virtues and many vices.

We passed through the native village of huts roofed with bamboo matting, and felt quite at home in the little Lamasary, where service was being performed by three depressed-looking Lamas chanting out the prayers to the music of three drums, and a horn made out of a human thigh-bone, the orthodox instrument for church music here. In old days graves had to be watched lest the 'trumpet-bones' of the deceased should be purloined for making sacred musical instruments. A large prayer-wheel was going in one corner, and flags with prayers printed on them are to be seen tied on to poles. Still Lamaism here has not nearly as much hold over the people as in Ladakh. We saw no boy Lamas or nuns; the rising generation of Thibetans are of a practical turn of mind, and prefer tea-picking to devotional exercises. The 'Almighty Rupee' is appreciated, and we find them quite ready to part with their religious instruments, which they were unwilling to do in Leh. We bought a silver prayer-wheel and one of the handsome Goorkha knives this morning. Everybody and everything looks thriving and prosperous. We turned into a tea-garden and watched the process of picking the tea; pleasant easy work employing the whole family; quite small children picked off the young shoots, and threw them into baskets strapped on to their shoulders. We did not wait to see the further process of bringing the basket full of leaves in and rolling them on large tables.

No description could give any idea of the glorious view we had from the Observatory Hill this morning. Since our

arrival we had been looking on apparently a cloud-capped range of blue mountains, melting softly into wooded valleys below; the cloud wreaths still crowned the heights, but above them, to our astonishment, rose soaring into the clear morning sky another range,—another world,—Kinchingunga, with its 10,000 feet of eternal snow; we scarcely believed our sight at first, and expected to see the silver cone fade away into a cloud vision; but no,—peak after peak of the range stood out sharp and clear, and we hurried down to start, H. on foot and I in a 'jampan,' a sort of armchair on poles, carried by four men, for Senshal, a hill about five miles from here, hoping to get a view of Mount Everest. My bearers were 'Lepchas,' sturdy little fellows, with Tartar features, a striped cloth of native manufacture rather gracefully fastened over one shoulder, and a long straight knife, called 'ban,' hanging from their girdle.

It was a lovely path, leading us amongst the tall trees, which in this damp climate are covered with moss, hanging in festoons sometimes eight or ten inches long, making them look like giants muffled in fur garments. 150 inches of rain fell here this season; in Assam, at one of the hill stations, the rainfall has been 600 inches. We met a comely Lepcha woman, also in striped garments, with a sort of fillet, decorated with coral beads, round her head. She was quite ready to let us admire her handsome silver belt and chains, and box worn like a breast-plate containing a defunct Lama's tooth, and long turquoise earrings. Altogether she was worth 40*l.* as she stood, and we met many peasant women with quite 20*l.* worth of silver on. Wages, since the tea

planting began, are high here, and the population small and prosperous.

On the top of the ridge, which we were ascending, stood long lines and groups of what seemed gigantic and ancient monoliths; but, on coming nearer, we found they were chimneys; all that remains of the large Sanatorium built here twenty-five years ago. An expensive blunder of the Indian Government, who imagined that cold fogs and icy blasts would be a grand restorative for fever-stricken soldiers, but the number of suicides, which were the result of this tonic treatment, obliged them to move the hospital a little lower down.

We sat on 'Tiger Hill' under the shelter of some stones (the air was extremely keen), and gazed at the grand cloud diorama going on before us. On one side, far down below, stretching away to the horizon, were the sea-like 'plains of India,' with the distant Ganges winding like a silver thread through them; on the other, the valleys of the Himalayas, green with the dense foliage of a tropical jungle, and beyond, the cloud region, the wonderful snow range, twelve peaks over 20,000 feet and six over 22,000, while above all rose the giant Everest in supreme majesty to a height of 29,000 feet. The outline of Everest is something like that of an old man, with head and shoulders bowed in prayer—people here call him 'Father Everest.' Perhaps it is fitting that the highest thing in this world should have taken an attitude of adoration. Kinchingunga is far more beautiful in shape; indeed, Everest is seldom visible, and there are whispers that science, represented by the survey

officers, has not yet decided which peak of the range is the real crowning point of the world.

Then we descended, feeling, for the first time for many months, really cool. In these Himalayan regions the climate and foliage seem to change at every step; yesterday we were down amongst the tree ferns and orchids, and tropical vegetation; and to-day we are in a Scotch world of bracken, club moss, lichens and blackberries. My bearers took us back to Darjeeling by another road; I believe, that they might see the athletic sports going on in the barrack square. Strange in the Himalayas to find oneself suddenly amongst one's own countrymen, jumping hurdles and running races, and English children playing games and having tea and currant buns. But surely no school feast ever had such a magnificent playground.

The sun had almost set, but the after-glow remained, and Kinchingunga lifted its diadem of frosted silver against an opal sky; then all at once, leaving the valleys in blue mist and shade, and the cloud-belt a sea of fleecy foam, the last rays of the setting sun turned the silver crown into a blaze of red gold, to glow against the pale sky for a few moments, while everything else in the world lay in twilight. The wonderful vision,—our first and last view of the entire range of the highest Himalayas,—faded away, and we continued our homeward journey in the twilight, feeling that never again in this world should we see anything to compare with it in glory.

Kursong, November 9.—This (Sunday) morning, before starting on our return journey to Calcutta, we went down to

see the 'humours of the fair,' held weekly in the bazaar. The tea-planters kindly and wisely give a Sunday holiday to their workpeople, who come flocking in, a cheery crowd, very much 'endimanchée,' with silver ornaments and well-greased pig-tails, and flat-nosed babies, to sell or buy yellow bananas, scarlet Chilis, and various strange fruits and vegetables, and milk out of bamboo joints slung on the backs of shepherd boys, together with English matches, false pig-tails, and other luxuries. The costumes of the mountaineers were very quaint; one man's Chinese garments and flowery petticoats were surmounted by a real Irish 'caubeen,' a perfect specimen,—only Donnybrook would not have recognised his turquoise earrings.

Glorious butterflies flitted about, and enormous crickets, which live in the trees, made a sound like distant church bells; but there are no singing birds in this country. Some of the leaf butterflies were wonderful examples of 'protective imitation,' nature having fashioned their wings exactly like half-withered leaves to deceive greedy creatures who might prey on them. We reached the belt of swampy jungle known as 'the Terai,' which skirts the foot of the Himalayas, and is so unhealthy as to be almost uninhabitable, except by all sorts of wild beasts and creeping things, from the tiger to the mosquito,—a dense mass of tall trees and giant reeds, twenty feet high, through which our road, a raised causeway, ran for about five miles.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE VOYAGE TO BURMAH—RANGOON—ELEPHANTS IN A SAW-MILL—THE PAGODA—A BURMESE LADY AT CHURCH—LIFE IN A KIOUNG—THE POONGHEES—A PROSPEROUS PROVINCE.

S.s. Comilla, November 19.—This morning we sailed into the little port of Akiab, capital of Arican, a province of British Burmah. It is very hot; the dearest wish of one's heart is to sit and do nothing with the smallest possible amount of clothing on, all day long; but we went on shore at 7 A.M. and drove to the Point, the only place where a breeze is to be had round here. Large mango trees, and thickets of allamanda covered with golden blossom, and spreading rice-fields, and natives in large flat Chinese hats, and coolies with Chinese umbrellas abound.

We have been conversing with one of the passengers, a half-caste gentleman, King Theebau's agent, who has been to Calcutta to buy 700*l.* of mirrors for his royal employer. He is a British subject, speaking English perfectly, and declares that Theebau does not drink, but is merely a stupid young man; and that the massacre was a *coup d'état* made by the ministers quite according to Burmese political ideas and time-honoured precedent.

Two monks, Lamas, or, as they are called here, 'Poongees,' in their yellow robes, with the right arm bare, in orthodox

Buddhist fashion, and attended by two disciples, came on board at Akiab. They have their begging-bowls—Buddha does not allow his followers to provide either scrip or purse—with which they beg for their daily food, and are rather intelligent-looking men, arrayed in the 'orange shirting' made at Manchester expressly for the Buddhist monks of this country.

Government House, Rangoon, November 24.—We are seeing British Burmah, the most flourishing province of the Indian Empire, to very great advantage, while enjoying the society of our kind host here. We visited a large steam saw-mill on the river to see the elephants at work. It was curious and amusing to watch the great beasts pile up the teak-trees,—curling their trunks round a plank 40 feet long, they lift it carefully to the top of the pile, which they insist on keeping perfectly square (people say they shut one eye and squint along the side to see that every log is level). By a motion of the mahout's foot behind their ear, they understand exactly what to do—the noise is too great to hear his voice,—and threading their way through the machinery, they lift the outsides of the teak-trees out of the way as if they were chips, or untie a chain or rope, and bring another log into position, quite at their ease, among the whirling cog-wheels and bands and huge steam-saws. Very handy carpenter's boys the greatest of beasts make, to the still greater giant 'steam-power.' But it does not do to annoy them. A few years ago an elephant in this yard singled out an English overseer, who was in the habit of teasing him, as he sauntered by with his friends one Sunday

afternoon, and, catching the poor man round the waist with his trunk, crushed him to death.

This afternoon we have been to the foot races—the Burmese delight in racing, or in anything on which they can gamble or bet—an English racecourse with grass and large trees all round; but the names of the competitors on the racing-card were certainly not English; 'Paul Kzah Gzee,' or Paul the Great Tiger, was a Christian; but 'Wet Shoung,' or the Unlucky Pig, and a number of others (children here are called after certain constellations and signs in the Burmese Zodiac) were not. Very bright intelligent young fellows they looked as they stood near us; their tatooed limbs seemed as if clothed in wonderfully fitting garments, and their hair brushed up into the funny little chignons in the centre of a ridiculous wisp of turban. But, though 'The Unlucky Pig' led bravely at first in the flat race, a young British tar soon gained on him, and our friend the Pig was nowhere at the finish. However, we were glad to see 'The Great Tiger' come bounding triumphantly over the last hurdles in the next race, especially as the other night this Tiger very pluckily captured a thief who had stolen in to rob the school.

This evening we met the Roman Catholic Bishop, Bigandet, a Swiss by birth, who has been in this country forty years, and is much esteemed for his liberal-mindedness and learning. He is a Sanskrit scholar, and has translated the Burmese legend of Gautama, and some of the holy books brought into this country from Ceylon in the fifth century. He is of opinion that little is yet known of the early history

of Buddhism, or the historic Gautama; but looks forward to the time when, through the patient investigation of scholars, and the sifting of the various legends of the life of its founder, the present uncertainty as to dates and events may be cleared up, and the beginning of a religion numbering more votaries than any other creed in the world better known. But when I asked how a religion without a God, or belief in any providential power, an 'ascetic atheism' as it has been called, should have taken strong hold of a large portion of humanity? the Bishop, lifting up both hands, replied, 'Ah! madame, je ne saurais pas vous répondre; voilà ce qu'on se demande à chaque pas.'

November 27.—We have been to the great Pagoda again this morning. It was full moon, the Buddhist Sunday; for like Christians, Jews, and Musalmans, the Buddhist keeps noliday one day in every week, regulated by changes in the waxing and waning of the moon.

We followed the gay crowd: women in their 'Sunday best,' consisting of a striped silk petticoat, or rather long scarf, wrapped tightly round the figure and reaching to the ground (it is not etiquette for a Burmese lady to show her feet); white linen jacket and bright-coloured silk handkerchief over the shoulders, and shiny black hair brushed up into a chignon at the very top of the head and decked with a pretty pink blossom of spirea, or else with delicately cut flowers made of pith. The face is duly powdered, or painted slightly, large cylinder-shaped earrings, generally made of amber or jade, stuck through each ear and filigree gold chains on the neck.

Altogether, with her basket of flowers and fruit to offer at the Pagoda, the Burmese lady is a pretty bright-looking little body, as she waddles along up the steep flight of steps, turning her elbows and palms of her hands back—we should say, inside out—in approved Burmese fashion, and, of course, smoking a long cheerot made of native, almost green, tobacco.

On each side of the way sit beggars, or rather 'receivers of alms,' for they never begged, only took contributions of rice or coin, given by passers-by who wished to 'make their souls,' or, in Buddhist phrase, 'acquire merits;' a sufficient store of which will be of use in the various transmigrations to be passed through before arriving at the 'Land of Great Peace,' the final rest 'from all evil desire.'

We crossed the drawbridge and fortifications made by our troops round the Pagoda, where the last struggle took place in 1852, and ascended to the broad platform, from which, amidst graceful palm trees and many smaller shrines, the great Pagoda rises tall and stately. 'This Pagoda, like all the more important ones, is fabled to have commenced about 2,300 years ago, or about the era of Buddha himself; its sanctity, however, is owing to its containing relics, not only of the last Buddha, but also of his three predecessors, Buddha having vouchsafed eight hairs of his head to two merchants on the understanding that they were to be enshrined with the relics of the three former Buddhas where and when found.' After numerous miraculous indications, on this spot were discovered the staff of Kakusanda, the water-dipper of Konagamma, and the bathing garment of

Kaszapa, which, with the eight hairs above mentioned, are enshrined within this great Pagoda—'almost as high as St. Paul's.' A solid building, without staircase or storeys; at the base are four principal shrines or porticoes filled with marble Buddhas, huge placid-looking figures; but the merry and laughter-loving Burmese have managed to turn up the corners of the marble mouths, and give a faint sort of twinkle to the long eyes even of the holy Gautama.

Candles and incense-sticks were burning, and worshippers were placing fresh flowers in the hands of the gilt Buddhas (the gold colour represents the yellow robe of the monk), or kneeling down holding flowers in their uplifted hands, to make the Buddhist invocation—the nearest approach to what we should call a prayer—'I adore Buddha, who has gloriously emerged from the whirlpool of endless existences, who has extinguished the burning fires of anger and passion, illuminated the fathomless abyss of ignorance, and is the most excellent of all beings.' Bishop Bigandet says that Gautama is never appealed to as having superhuman powers, and that his statues are honoured, but not prayed to. Then the worshipper would pick up his cigar, and hurry away to join his friends sitting in groups round the platform, engaged in merrily setting out their breakfast on plantain leaves.

We wandered in and out amongst the bright-coloured cheery crowd, or stopped to watch little picnic parties, who would look up and smile at our curiosity, not frown us off lest our shadow should pollute their food, as in India. Small and very musical gongs were being struck by devout old gentlemen, who, for the benefit of humanity, were recit-

ing passages from the sacred books ; and religious-minded old ladies clad in white—symbol of their having left the world—were telling their beads ; that is, repeating the formula, 'Transitoriness, misery, uncertainty ; Buddha, the law, the Church ' over fourteen times, looking extremely cheerful about it, and stopping every now and then to play with the children, who toddled about dressed in flowers and a pig-tail, hugging great paper elephants and other quaint toys sold in the booths at the entrance. The air was full of the cries of crows and cocks, and pigeons hovering overhead, or crowning the pinnacles of the pagodas, who were duly fed (a religious duty, as Buddha includes the fowls of the air in his almsgiving) on rice or fruit by the picnic-makers, some of whom were buying gold-leaf in small books and laying it on the Pagoda—or running off to strike the great bell, thereby giving notice to the four Buddhist worlds of men and spirits that they had performed their devotions.

Bells are a feature in this country—very graceful in shape and sweet in tone ; usually they have no clappers, but are struck with a piece of wood or horn. The bell which we saw in the Pagoda is about fourteen feet high, and after the last Burmese war it was intended to carry it off as a trophy to Calcutta, but its great weight was too much for the English engineers, and it sank in the mud while being shipped. The Burmese asked and obtained permission to recover their sacred bell, and in one night they had replaced it on its stand in the Pagoda.

The language (like Chinese) is 'monosyllabic,' so that many words are required to express an idea. A carpenter is

'man skilled in the use of hands,' the evening is 'children feel sleepy time,' 'daughter' can be expressed as 'spend-money-goods,' and our host has just been showing us his private telegraph by which he gets what are here called his 'iron wire letters.'

This evening we drove through the jungle—magnificent trees, with acres of pineapples underneath them—and then round the palm-fringed lake. The lunar rainbow was beautiful, and the moonlight turned the graceful gilt Pagoda into a golden lamp, which appeared to hang in mid air over the tall bamboos and still water.

This morning the photographer, while we were choosing photos, asked if we would like to see his Burmese wife's jewellery, so we went into a pretty sitting-room, and the dainty little Burmese lady brought us on a tray her pearl necklaces and really splendid diamond earrings and necklace, value 600*l.*

Government House, Rangoon, November 26.—We drove down this morning to the Municipal Market, where the fruits, vegetables, roots, and leaves of trees of all sorts eaten here, were dispensed by neat little Burmese girls, sitting up on their stalls smoking long cheroots—we measured one nine inches in length. At this hour in the morning one scarcely sees a Burman without a long cigar in his or her mouth, or if removed it is stuck into the large hole made for the wedge of amber worn as an earring in the ear—while the favourite 'Pan' (betel nut) is prepared and chewed.

Of course rice is the staple food, but instead of the Indian curry, it is generally flavoured with 'Ngapa,' that is

fish in a very high condition pounded up into a sort of cake. The smell is truly 'unspeakable,' and takes the place of the ghee perfume of an Indian bazaar. Caste being unknown, everything—even a snake if handy—is eaten, but the grand delicacy is pickled tea-leaves, made up with oil into a sort of salad and eaten with rice.

It is a peculiarity of the Indo-Chinese races not to eat milk or butter; but they make what looks like thick cream with ground rice sweetened with molasses, and when we came near to inspect their little breakfast bowls, kindly offered me some. We wandered about amongst the piles of golden bananas, and stalls where cardboard toys, and flowers (roses and allamandas, chiefly) were sold, and then went on to see the 'soft goods' department, conducted round it by the English official in charge of the market.

Lengths of silk for the Burmese kilts, made at Mandalay, of bright colours, but commonplace square and cross-barred designs, were expensive; a piece of about eight yards sometimes costing 10*l*. We did not admire the native sarongs, and felt much more inclined to buy the very pretty silk shawls or large handkerchiefs—all Manchester goods—made expressly for the Burmese, of their favourite colour, a bright rose or a maize shade.

A busy scene it was, and pleasant to find women (who here in Burmah seem to transact all the business) looking up at you with bright cheery faces, not huddled up into a corner, or shuffling along veiling their sacred noses, with a generally suppressed look, as in most eastern countries. Polygamy, though not forbidden, is not much the fashion here,

and officials tell us that the wife is generally 'the better man,' and states the case to the English magistrate while her husband takes up a strong position in the background.

On board s.s. 'Pemba,' November 28.—We had not been inside any of the 'kioungs' (monasteries), so this morning we drove to a large one in a pretty village two miles from Government House. A group of pagoda-shaped teak houses, carved in the rich and rampant fashion of Chinese wood-work, under the pleasant shade of tall coco-palms, with great datura blossoms and tropical creepers trailing round—the monastery certainly did not suggest 'monastic gloom,' or seclusion. Young yellow-robed monks flitted about, bringing in the morning meal in their alms-bowls, brightly-painted bamboo boxes into which, as they stand silent—they may not ask—at the cottage door, the housewife pours her contributions of cooked rice and curry; for by the law of Buddha a monk must neither sow nor reap, nor provide anything for the morrow; he must live on charity and not eat after midday. One of Buddha's mendicants, being reproached by a farmer for idleness, 'toiling or spinning not,' gently answered, 'I, too, plough and sow, and from my ploughing and sowing I reap immortal fruit; my field is religion, the weeds I pluck up bad passions, my plough is wisdom, and my seed purity.'

Neither ought they to wear anything but garments pieced together of old patches; but devout ladies sometimes present 'ritualistic' vestments in the shape of yellow silk robes, on which in one corner a patch must be sewn to fulfil the law. We mounted a wooden staircase adorned with grinning

griffins, and, guided by the sound of many voices, entered a large cool room, where about twenty boys were lying on mats in a circle on the floor, their feet carefully tucked up in their petticoat; for should a superior enter, it would be an offence to show the sole of the foot. Each boy held a black-board, from which he recited at the top of his voice the letters of the alphabet.

Almost every Burman boy assumes the yellow robe, and enters a monastery for a short time, during which he learns to read and write—arithmetic is looked on with suspicion as savouring of the black art; witchcraft is much feared here. It is certainly to the credit of Buddhism that it thus instructs in an elementary fashion the young Buddhist, though it does nothing for his sister. We wandered on through shrines with recumbent Buddhas—in the attitude of Nirvâna—and other monastic buildings; more boys and more Buddhas; but we were never asked for 'baksheesh,' or followed by a staring crowd, as is usually the case in the East, till, in a building decorated with holy poles, we found a monk seated on an English hearthrug; who, with the aid of a large teapot and any amount of betel-nut, was engaged in religious meditation.

The abbot, a mild-looking man, bareheaded and barefooted, in bright yellow robes, which he wound round him, leaving the right arm bare in orthodox fashion, came forward to meet us. The quaint S-shaped palm-leaf fan, with which when he goes out the 'Poongee' protects himself from the gaze of women, was hanging on the wall; however, our friend did not arm himself with it, but conversed

discreetly through our interpreter, and called our attention to the American clock which decked the shrine of the gigantic Buddha at one end of the room. In the verandah were seated three 'Poongees,' transcribing on strips of palm leaf with pointed style, verses of the Buddhist scriptures; on my expressing a wish for one of the verses, the monk immediately gave it, having first rubbed the writing with petroleum (of which there are wells in Upper Burmah) to make it distinct. What was the modern invention of printing to this old monk with his palm-leaf page and iron pen? Later on in the afternoon he will sit down under the cocoa-palms and read what he has written of the life and doings of 'Bhagavat,' the blessed one, for the benefit of the villagers assembled for gossip and religious instruction.

A pleasant, simple sort of existence these Poongees lead, the village life going on around them, and the cheery voices of their pupils ringing through the house. They are perfectly free to return to the world and discard the yellow robe whenever they like, and the slightest misconduct on their part would oblige them to do so. And their death has also a cheerful character, for Buddha has forbidden tears and lamentations at the loss of friends, saying to his favourite disciple, who was overwhelmed with sorrow at the death of a companion, 'Ananda, I have on various occasions endeavoured by my teaching to shelter your soul from such emotions; can any occurrence, however painful, warrant wailing and lamenting?' So 'the Poongee's return to his country' (that is, world of spirits) is celebrated with much joy, and his funeral made a village festival.

The account of King Theebau's doings (to-day news has come in of the murder of two more unfortunate Princesses) has decided us to give up with great regret our visit to Mandalay. In British Burmah, however much the question may still be open to debate in other parts of India, there seems little doubt of the superiority of British over native rule. 'Progressive decay' marks the condition of the dominions of the Lord of the White Elephant; emigration is constantly going on from Independent to British Burmah. 'Here,' say the immigrants, 'your villages are becoming towns, but with us in Upper Burmah our towns are becoming villages.'

We took leave of our kind hosts and drove down to our ship, passing the modest habitation, opposite the gaol, of the lineal representative of the Great Mogul—a rather stupid young man, who occasionally pays a visit at Government House. How are the mighty fallen! The descendant of the fierce 'Timour the Tartar' and Ghengis Khan, at whose name Eastern Europe once trembled, and whose dominions extended from the Great Wall of China to the shores of the Volga, is now a sort of ticket-of-leave prisoner in the hands of the Power which about two hundred years ago humbly craved permission to trade on the coast of India from his forefather Akbar—the greatest of all the Moguls who ever sat on the Peacock Throne, or wore the Koh-i-noor. . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

STRAITS OF MALACCA—THE LOST TRIBES—THE DURIAN—SINGAPORE—CHINESE CITIZENS—TAPIOCA PLANTATION—VOYAGE TO JAVA—MYNHEER VAN DUNK—DUTCH RULE IN JAVA.

S.s. '*Pemba*,' *Penang*, *December* 5.—Since leaving Moulmein on the 1st, we have been sailing over 'summer seas,' generally in sight of the coast; low hills covered with jungle vegetation to the water's edge, with here and there a strip of silver sand, and inhabited only by wild mountain tribes and some colonies of Chinese coolies, attracted by the tin mines. These tribes, among whom the American missionaries have done much good work, are the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of these hills, long before the races we call 'Burmese' or 'Siamese' invaded the country and drove them back into the mountain valleys. They preserve many curious 'non-Aryan' customs, and are just now giving us some trouble in the Naga hills.

That indefatigable traveller, Marco Polo, mentions one remarkable custom (said to exist still amongst the Basque people in the North of Spain), that when a man's wife presents him with a child, he retires to bed for forty days and remains an interesting invalid, while the wife gets up and does the work. The 'Kahyens' (one of the tribes) will have

nothing to do with doctors, as they say that 'in the beginning God gave all the natives medicine-seed, but the buffaloes ate up all that their tribe sowed in the hills, and the fish on the river bank, and the pigs in the plains;' therefore when a person is ill the priests are applied to, who find out what animal's ancestor ate the particular medicine good for the disease of the sick person, and sacrifice some of the species—they being held responsible for the want of the necessary medicine.

At Moulmein, where we remained some hours, and were most kindly taken to see the town and its beautiful environs by the Commissioner, we were amused by the Chinese ship's carpenter, coming up to our captain pretending to be ill, and wanting to be discharged in order to secure the very high wages given in the docks here: 'Very well, John' (every Chinaman is 'John'), 'you get one piecey certificate from the doctor and you can go;' but a few hours afterwards we saw our friend of the pigtail return, looking rather crestfallen and declaring 'that one piecey doctor not proper.'

This morning we anchored in Penang harbour, steering our way between charming little islands, covered with trees and creepers, whose lovely blossoms float out to us on the tide in golden drifts; and at 9 A.M. went on shore.

Quaint Chinese 'sampans,' always with eyes painted on the prow ('when I no givey eye he no see,' says the Chinaman), paddled by Celestials in mushroom hats made of varnished bamboo, useful as protection from sun and shower, flitted by. Generally an English name is painted on the stern—ours was 'London Joe.' Laden barges pulled

by Madras men, who flock over here in great numbers, surrounded our ship. And through them all, making her way with majestic grace, came the great *Kaiser-i-Hind*—the largest P. & O. steamer.

S.s. '*Pemba*,' *December* 8.—We are lying outside the picturesque old town of Malacca, once the port of the East, but now that the river is silting up only approached by very small ships. The ruined Cathedral stands well on the hill over the town, which fringes the coast for some way amidst palm-groves and gardens. Beyond it again rises 'Mount Ophir,' 4,000 feet above the sea, the abode of birds of paradise, and strange beautiful orchids, and 300 different kinds of ferns. Some wise men believe it to be the 'Ophir' of the Bible, from whence Solomon's ships brought gold; the precious metal is still washed out of the sand of its streams, and the 'apes, ivory, and peacock' are still represented by the ourang-outangs, elephants, and wonderfully-plumaged birds found here. We bought some of their skins and also an 'Argus pheasant,' with tail-feathers four feet long, from a funny old Portuguese, who told us he was 'all Christian.'

Three hundred years ago the traveller Linschott called Malacca the 'market of India,' and said that the natives 'were reckoned the most courteous and skilful at making verses and compliments of any in the world.' No doubt he spoke of the old Portuguese Dons, accomplished alike in the arts of peace and war, who once sailed over these seas, and brought the Christianity and civilisation of the middle ages with them, and who now lie under much emblazoned tomb-

stones, grey with moss and lichen, beside their old enemies and successors the Dutch, in the ruined 'Church of our Lady,' on the hill. But the memory of Solomon's commercial enterprises and the chivalry of Portuguese sea-captains (we saw the black Spanish 'manta' still worn by a few women), and the spice-growing of the thrifty Dutchmen, have alike passed away. England took the place from Holland in 1825; and Singapore, a better and more central port, sprang up. Malacca now only exports a little fruit and some birds' tails.

A gentleman just come on board would have us believe that we English are the descendants of the 'lost ten tribes of Israel,' and ought to revive the commercial prosperity of this port, patronised by our illustrious ancestor. We were not aware that this question of our Israelitish ancestry had been definitively settled, and ventured to remark that there were some philological difficulties in the way; but our friend, who seems a very learned man, tells us that he and some other distinguished philologists have discovered two hundred words in Anglo-Saxon with purely Semitic roots. One certainly learns much while going round the world.

Perhaps the theory that these shores were colonised by Israelites arose from the tradition, curiously similar to the Mosaic account of the Fall of Man, found amongst the Karens by the American missionaries—

Formerly God commanded—but Satan appeared deceiving unto death,
The woman Eu and the man Tha-nai pleased not the eye of the dragon,
The dragon beguiled the woman and Tha-nai,
A yellow fruit took the great dragon and gave to the children of God,
They transgressed the commands of God, and God turned his face from them.

We are taking in quaint cargo: yesterday 150 slabs of tin and 300 cocoa-nuts; and to-day, some poor maniacs with their keepers, and 200 durians. Now this same 'durian' is supposed to be the most evil-smelling and best-tasted fruit in the world. Opinions as to its merits are greatly divided, and party spirit on the subject runs high; in fact, here in the Straits of Malacca (to which the fruit is peculiar), society may be divided into those who do and those who do not eat durians. We found on our return the ship pervaded with the odour of bad onions, and our captain vowing that he would 'charge each durian a dollar freight.' But were there not three Europeans downstairs eagerly devouring the fruit of evil smell? ('rotten filth,' as the captain called it in his disgust). As globe-trotters we felt it our duty, putting our noses out of the question, to judge for ourselves of this fruit, which Linschott, the oldest traveller in these parts, says 'is of such an excellent flavour that it surpasseth all other fruits in the world,' and the latest traveller, Wallace, declares is the 'emperor of fruits,' and 'worth a voyage to the East to taste.' So, braving a lady passenger's horror and the captain's disgust, we had up a durian, something like a large cocoa-nut covered with spikes, and cutting out a slice, proceeded to taste the custard-like interior in which the large seeds are imbedded; but the smell was truly appalling. The Thames at its worst, together with a whiff from a garlic scented posada in Spain, gives a faint idea of it. H. and I valiantly seized spoons and, taking a long breath, swallowed a mouthful of the rich-looking custard. It was certainly what a Scotch parson would call a 'novel experience,' a com-

bination of flavours, beginning with sweet onion-sauce and a dash of escaped gas flavour, developing into brown sherry and bad fish, but ending pleasantly with burnt almonds. Altogether, having satisfied our curiosity, we declined further durian; however, I made a sketch (by getting to windward) of the strange fruit—frequently sold at three or four shillings each, so highly prized is it by natives and some Europeans.

Alligators abound, and are paid for by the foot when brought in to the English officials by the natives. The horrid animals would indeed increase rapidly, as they lay 100 eggs in one nest, had not the lady-mother alligator a providential predilection for gobbling up her children as soon as hatched.

Government House, Singapore, December 13.—Seeing how a colony is governed is interesting; a prosperous one especially. We drove to-day through the Chinese quarter of Singapore,—street after street of small well-built two-storied houses; and from the carriage could see into the tidy sleeping-rooms upstairs, often furnished with mosquito-nets, looking-glasses, pretty mats, and little objects of Chinese art. A long label above, sets forth in Chinese characters that Wung Chang is 'English tailor.' Below in the shop sit rows of Celestials stitching away, and working a sewing-machine with nimble fingers; and very well Mr. Wung Chang is making some shirts for H. Give him a pattern, which after considering carefully for a moment, he looks up and says 'can do,' and verily these cheery, industrious colonists, of whom there are nearly two hundred thousand in the Straits Settlements, 'can do' most things. Faction

fighting and too much opium are their weak points; but on the slightest sign of a 'row,' a strong police force is quartered on their part of the town, and the head-men of the local societies, to which every Chinaman belongs, are made responsible. Almost all the artisan-work and ship-repairing in this large port is done by them.

Before we had anchored in this harbour the other day, parties of energetic Chinese merchants had endeavoured to climb up the ship's side, two of their boats being swamped in the process, to offer goods of every description for sale; followed by a portrait-painter, dragging a life-size picture of a gentleman in broadcloth and whiskers; a specimen of his highly realistic style of painting, considered no doubt 'a speaking likeness' by the Chinese artist and his European sitter. It seems to be a settled conviction in the Eastern mind, that on leaving or arriving at any place, the Western traveller must be in need of everything and prepared to pay recklessly for it. At Calcutta enterprising natives would run after our carriage and thrust in mirrors, carpets, window-blinds, fire-screens, and, just as we were starting in a great hurry to catch the ship, some small dogs—everything in fact which they consider indispensable for travellers.

One is sorry to see the opium dens, dark, horrid-looking places, with 'licensed opium shop' in English over the door; but those who have had experience in the matter say the Celestials could not do without a few whiffs of the nasty sticky-looking stuff made from the beautiful white poppy we saw in India, and that it is only the abuse of it which is mischievous. Still, we find that English rulers out here gene-

rally end by admitting that opium is the cause of most of the crime committed in their provinces.

Our host considers the law of 'kindness' the best way of managing the Chinese colonists. Some time ago Government were anxious to build a new gaol on ground taken up by an old cemetery (they are fanatically attached to the memory of their forefathers), but were afraid to move in the matter. However, by the advice of a wise old Chinaman, General A. called together a council of elders, gave them a feast, during which libations to the spirits of the defunct ancestors were freely poured out, after which it was explained to the said departed ancestors, that their present situation in the cemetery was extremely unhealthy, and that a new and more cheerful resting-place on the other side of the hill had been provided by the British Government. The bones were 'shunted,' and the gaol built.

Government House, Singapore.—After a cup of coffee and bread-and-butter (the latter Australian, very little of anything is produced in this island of Singapore, which is chiefly an emporium for the produce of neighbouring states, and the 'half-way house' of the world), we drove by a pleasant shady road to the Botanical Gardens. Very prettily laid out they are, and it was interesting to see the names —when legible—of the beautiful tropical trees and shrubs.

An allamanda had climbed up a tall magnolia tree and covered it with a shower of golden blossoms. But this country is all a garden; bread-fruit trees everywhere,—the large fruit, which is quite wholesome but rather insipid, hanging from the branches—and the curious 'traveller's-palm,' a sort

of catherine-wheel of huge leaves, which, on tapping the axle, yields a pint of cool water.

It is raining as if it would never stop, and the heat is great; 100 inches of rain fall here yearly, hair-pins rust in one night, starched collars and cuffs are a mere delusion, boots mildew if left unpolished for a few days, and yet the place is decidedly healthy and the population seem active and cheery.

We have an intelligent native servant; indeed these Malays are quick and teachable, and not merely 'a blood-thirsty set of pirates inhabiting a malarious coast,' as they were described some years ago. 'Courteous, religious, hospitable, and kindly, when his passions are roused the Malay loses all control over his doings,' and the murderous frenzy called 'amok' (hence our expression 'running a muck') gets possession of him.

In the native states every man wears a cruel-looking dagger, a long wavy-bladed knife in a wooden sheath, stuck in his girdle, called a 'kris;' here our Government have forbidden their use. A few years ago one of the sons of the present ruler of Perak, a young fellow of twenty-two, was seized with a fit of this strange and terrible excitement; rushing out with drawn kris he struck everyone right and left, killing six and wounding two persons, and finally escaped into the jungle. The police are provided with a large wide-pronged pitchfork, wherewith to catch the murderer by the throat and pin him to the wall, when the terrible cry of 'amok, amok' is raised, and the whole population turn out with guns and sticks to hunt down the

maniac like a mad dog; but two or three lives are generally sacrificed before he is secured.

In the afternoon a friend called and took us to see her pet Chinaman,—a well-to-do banker, and member of the Council here. We drove to his pretty villa and found the old gentleman waiting to receive us, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. A three-cornered Chinese face, pleasant and intelligent, and gentlemanlike manner, had the Celestial, who conducted us through his rooms filled with 'curios,' Chinese and European.

It was strange finding a real Chinaman pointing out the beauties of old blue Nankin ware, and prizing ancient teapots, 'because they were made 500 years ago,' just as we should in England. Then we went into the quaint garden, laid out much like that depicted on our willow-pattern plates, and our host gathered his skirts together and conducted us across miniature bridges, and parterres, decorated with soldiers, and steamboats and teapots, all cut out of a shrub something like the cotoneaster. But his special delight was his green rose, which was certainly more curious than beautiful; the Celestials like everything grotesque, and the old gentleman's chief amusement is making ingenious puzzles, webs of many-coloured threads inside large glass bottles. Driving back to the hotel we passed the hospital for lepers, which seemed to be well kept; the terrible disease is not as frequent as formerly, and Government wisely make provision for not allowing it to spread, or rather be transmitted.

Singapore.—A pretty drive this morning along good

roads, the hedges full of pine-apples (delicious they are here), took us to a tapioca plantation to whose owner we had a letter. Turning off the main road, and passing through a mangrove swamp—the mangrove is a handsome evergreen tree, which makes itself a stand of roots above the reach of the tide, to grow out of—we reached a bungalow, shaded by coco-palms, and were received by the planter's wife, who sent for her husband and asked us to stay to luncheon. The sturdy planter and his son came in, and having made their toilette after the morning's work, we joined the family repast, and ate excellent wild-boar cutlets. Very glad the planter is to eat the wild pigs who do so much damage to his tapioca, and for the latter reason rather encourages the tigers, who keep down the pigs. Formerly the tigers ate a Chinaman a day at Singapore, but now they are much fewer in number.

Afterwards the kindly planter took us in his buggy over his estate, to see 1,000 acres of tapioca plants—a shrub somewhat resembling the castor-oil plant, with roots like large parsnips. The view over the undulating ground, cleared from the jungle and neatly planted, and the background of primæval forest, was pretty; tapioca-planting is, we are told, profitable, and ought to be a pleasant occupation for gentlemen emigrants. Chinese contractors clear the jungle, and Chinese clerks keep the books. I am glad to say that, having minutely inspected the manufacture of tapioca, from the first process of carting in the roots, which, when pulled, are washed and mashed ever so many times, to separate the starch which we eat, from the pulp,—to the last stage, when it is granulated in copper pans kept

moving over fires, I can vouch for its being an extremely clean process—which, perhaps, is not to be said of all articles of food prepared in the East.

December 20.—We are having a calm voyage in a small but comfortable French ship, which runs between Singapore and Batavia in connection with the 'Messageries Maritimes.' Our captain, a jolly 'gros bonhomme,' more like a retired grocer in appearance than a sailor, has been trying to arrange his passengers' places at table to his own satisfaction, all the morning. Quite pleasant to have bright intelligent French garçons to wait on one; the cooking is excellent, the cabins airy, and we have beds, little cots, not berths, with spring mattresses.

We are *en route* to a land ruled by the owners of 'wooden shoes and brass money,' and 'Mynheer van Dunk' is very much on board. He appeared on deck this morning at early dawn in 'pyjamas' of huge dimensions and astounding design; a loose white shirt-jacket and enormous cigar completed his costume. He talks very loud and drinks deep draughts of Batavian beer, speaks almost always some French and English, and is a good-natured intelligent fellow, though mind and body are somewhat of Dutch build. His wife, 'Myn vrou,' also attires herself in the mornings in the Malay costume, a sarong girt about her, surmounted by a bedgown, her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, and feet thrust without stockings into high-heeled slippers. This extremely simple costume is very becoming to the pretty young Dutch lady, who, with her newly-married husband, sits near us at breakfast; but Dutch ladies are

inclined to grow very fat, and it is then rather trying, not to say at times extremely alarming, to a stranger,—especially when you meet the legs of the fat wearer coming down the cabin stairs.

Marine Hotel, Batavia, Java, December 22.—Twice last night our ship had to stop, the blinding rain coming down in such torrents, thunder rolling, while the intense 'darkness that might be felt' was apparently cut through by the darting lightning. Luckily for bad sailors like myself, there was no wind; but not being able to see literally one yard before him, the Captain stopped the engines for a few minutes. Early this morning we anchored off Batavia; a long sweeping curve of coast line backed up far inland by picturesque ranges of volcanic hills. There is no harbour, none to be found on this side of the island, which is as long as England and Scotland together, but narrow (from 50 to 150 miles wide). At great expense the Dutch are making a harbour; but meanwhile we anchored in the open roadstead, and were taken on shore by a tug steamer, after it had hauled about several barges in various directions, much to the disgust of the passengers. Very little trouble at the Custom House, except about our deck chairs, which an imbecile official wanted to make us pay duty on, being convinced that they were 'merchandise.' We, however, resisted, and finally offered to make them a present to the Netherlands Government, which, touched by this noble offer, let our chairs pass. Curiously enough, we had not been half an hour at the hotel before a worthy Dutchman offered us 'a price' for the chairs, standing outside our room—but we declined financial transactions.

A drive of two miles brought us up from the low-lying and unhealthy waterside town, to the neatly laid out and pretty European quarter—bungalows standing in charming gardens, large trees planted along the streets, through which run in Dutch fashion canals, and low whitewashed walls. Luncheon, or as it is here called 'dinner,' or 'the rice-table' because rice is the foundation of the meal, was going on in the verandah, so we sat down. Dutch officers and sturdy sugar-planters and Dutch ladies in kilt and bedgown without shoes or stockings, and with their hair down their backs, were chatting away pleasantly, and eating, I really do not know what, for the number and variety of extraordinary dishes handed to us was bewildering. However, the sooner one falls into the ways of a country the better, and so we had our plate filled with shovelfuls (the shovel was a large shell carved out in spoon shape) of cold boiled rice, which was then saturated by some remarkably peppery sauce; on the rice foundation we proceeded to build up, following the example of our neighbours, cold pork chops, dried fish, hot chicken, slices of almost raw buffalo meat, and entirely raw ham, and fried cocoa-nut, the whole garnished with great lumps of green pickled cucumbers.

I only mention the dishes which we could recognise, but there were quite as many more which resembled nothing ever dreamt of by anyone but a Javanese cook, and which, when the plate was quite heaped up, were consigned to a sort of supplement of smaller plates alongside the main one.

Our landlady (reposing meanwhile in her 'sarong' under the large trees) speaks a little French and English, so we

were able to succeed in inducing some of the native servants to bring towels and sheets before they and all the rest of the Batavian world retired for their siesta at two o'clock.

Hotel Bellevue, Buitenzorg, December 24.—Not very much is known of the early history of this beautiful island of Java. The most ancient account begins: 'In the beginning everything was at rest and quiet. But during the first years kings began to start up, and wars arose about a woman;'—and so the old story goes on to relate that things went gradually to the bad. All tradition and historical accounts agree that Java owed its first civilisation to 'strangers from India,' and the splendid ruins of temples and works of art still remaining are entirely Hindoo in character. About the fourteenth century the island was converted to Islam by Arab missionaries, and is now entirely Musalman. In the smaller island of Bali to the south, a form of Brahminism still exists.

The Dutch first got a footing in Java in 1603, and gradually, by treaty and conquest, established themselves firmly in the island, of which they entirely monopolised the trade and produce, not allowing the natives to sell except to themselves at their own terms, and destroying the surplus crop of spices so as to keep up the prices in European markets.

In 1811 the English conquered the island, and Sir Stamford Raffles, the popular and enlightened Governor, abolished the Dutch monopolies, and introduced what was comparatively Free Trade. He freed the people from the unjust yoke of their native princes, whose serfs they had

hitherto been, and made them tenants of small holdings directly under the Government. But his new system had hardly time to work (though during the five years he governed Java the revenue and population rose enormously), for in 1816 we handed the island, no one quite knows why, back to the Dutch.

They did not altogether return to their antiquated plan of feudal tenures under native princes and strict monopolies, but say that, had they continued the Anglo-Indian system of land-tenure, the fertile island would have become a burden on the mother-country; in fact, hint politely that a state of 'Indian finance' would have been arrived at. The unthrifty and indolent peasant mortgaged his lands, and persistently got sold up for debt by the Chinese money-lender; or he scraped the ground and grew just enough rice for himself and his numerous family, much like the Irish peasant before the potato-famine. Things were going rapidly to the bad, and Java was one-and-a-half millions in debt to Holland, when in 1830 General van den Bosch, the Governor, introduced the 'culture system.' The results of the first twenty-five years of this system were, the revenue raised from two millions sterling to eight-and-a-half millions, a surplus annual revenue of three-and-a-half millions, and the population raised from six millions in poverty to eleven-and-a-half millions of rich and contented peasantry.

Truly a wonderful result; would that we could effect the same in Ireland or India! To make a long story short, the pith of his system was, to force each landholder or village to plant one-fifth of their ground with the 'colonial pro-

ducts,' sugar, indigo, coffee, spices, in demand in Europe, and best suited to the soil. This produce the Dutch Government buys from the cultivators at a certain small fixed rate, and sells in Europe at an enormous profit.

Early this morning we went to the very large and beautiful 'Jardin Botanique.' A Government institution, where the trees and flowers of 'the Netherlands India' (one has to speak of Hindustan as 'British India' here, as the Dutch call Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Spice Islands, the remnants of their once splendid eastern possessions, 'India') are collected, and horticultural experiments, chiefly in improved species of coffee and spice-trees, made—for though 'Nature will not alter her laws,' she will 'accept a suggestion.' We passed through a splendid avenue of lofty upas-trees (Java and not Ireland has always been recognised as the home of the deadly poison-tree); but botanists are not decided as to which particular plant the well-known fable belongs; no tree in Java, or anywhere else, is deadly to sleep under, but the milky juice of the gigantic stems under which we stood this morning has been used by the natives from time immemorial for poisoning their daggers. 'Upas' simply means 'poison,' and the celebrated 'Gueva upas,' the 'Poison valley,' is an extinct crater, an object of terror to the natives, into which whatever living thing penetrates dies, killed by the copious emanations of carbonic acid gas accumulated in the hollow of the valley from an invisible but deadly lake. Each tree was festooned with garlands of greenhouse ferns and orchids and strange parasites up to the very top; most graceful and beautiful the avenue was.

Groves of cocoa-trees, from the long pod of which chocolate and cocoa are made, and nutmeg trees, the fruit like small peaches which, when ripe, bursts and shows inside the dark brown outer case of the nutmeg covered with lovely crimson mace, shining amongst the dark-green leaves, led us to a pond covered with the 'Victoria Regia' lily, and splendid crimson water-lilies, amongst which black swans floated. And so we passed on through what must be a very good imitation of the Garden of Eden, to the shady nook, under some tall trees, specially devoted to orchids. 'But this place is too hot for orchids,' lamented the civil and intelligent superintendent who was directing the planting of what he called 'a seldom plant.' 'We have to send our orchids up to our garden on the mountains.'

He then took us to see a bud even now as big as a child's head, though it would not be in full blossom for a month, of the gigantic flower-fungus, found by Sir S. Raffles, and named after him, 'Rafflesia grandiflora.' It is a parasite on the roots of a climbing 'cissus,' and grows without leaves immediately out of the root. The flower measures one yard across, and the centre cup (nectarium) holds one-and-a-half gallon of water. The colour is a rich yellow-brown and crimson, with flecks of dark purple, and the blossom weighs fifteen pounds. We were very sorry not to see the great bud fully expanded; it has never been grown in European collections.

A friendly botanical interchange is kept up between these gardens and Kew. Liberian coffee-plants were sent out here from England last year, and were supposed at first to be

a great success; 2*l.* a plant was paid for what now sells at 2*s.*

Of course in these spice-producing islands one expects to eat the produce of the country, and no doubt 'nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves' are very nice; but when you begin dinner as we did to-night with nutmeg-soup, and then have fish fried in rancid butter powdered with nutmeg, and then a course of French beans flavoured with cinnamon, and almost raw beefsteak with pounded cloves, it is, perhaps—too much spice.

CHAPTER XV.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN JAVA — DRIVING THROUGH THE ISLAND — A THRIVING COUNTRY — A DUTCH LADY AND THE BRIGANDS — BRAMBANAM — NATIVE RAJAHS — A DIFFICULT DRIVE — BORO BODOR — THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Java, Christmas Day.—We left Buitenzorg in a 'kaha' (small phaeton) this morning to make a short tour through the island. Coffee plantations and tropical fruits and lovely climbing plants all the way; the road almost lined on each side with little bamboo houses, standing generally in their own gardens, with neatly kept bamboo fence in front. The Dutch have made untidiness actionable, and cleanliness compulsory—we saw even the ancient tombstones in a churchyard whitewashed the other day—and the result—tropical luxuriance and Dutch neatness—is very satisfactory. Our road, the main one through the island, was crowded by natives carrying small loads of fruit or merchandise slung on light bamboos. The Government coffee-carts were the only things on wheels we met. Everything, from four eggs tied on to a stick, across a man's shoulder, to half a dozen large arm-chairs and a sofa borne by another native on a pole, is carried in this country.

The population must be enormous. The road for some miles resembled a crowded street, and every woman had a

baby tied on somewhere, generally under one arm. All look well fed, healthy and happy; a careless, cheery, indolent, and good-tempered people, without arts, without religion, and almost without education or clothes, life comes to them very easily; no need to take care for the morrow in these equatorial regions, where drought and famine are almost unknown.

We have heavy showers, the damp and heat are intense; indeed, one almost always sleeps in a damp bed; but it is difficult to catch cold when one never feels a chill. We arrived at this little hotel after a pretty drive of thirty miles, not doing more than five miles an hour. Sometimes a pair of buffaloes, sometimes four men, pushed our carriage up the hills; twice we had to cross narrow but swollen rivers on bamboo rafts, this being the rainy season; the bridges are frequently carried away, and once our carriage was extricated from the mud by twenty laughing Malays and a friendly postmaster—a Chilian who spoke a few words of English, and came to our help.

Our American travelling companions soon arrived, and so this Christmas evening we all sat in the verandah watching the tall palm-trees waving against the sunset sky, and listening to the 'landlord's tale,' a very curious one, of the earthquake which a few months ago destroyed every brick or stone building round here. Our landlord apologised for having no wine on view (generally one sees the bottles ranged in tempting display), having lost all in the earthquake, he lets the new stock 'sleep in my cave' in safety. An active volcano is rather too near at hand to be pleasant;

but all the furniture and bedding is delightfully new and clean, owing to the general demolition and consequent renewal of everything after the last earthquake.

December 26.—Here in Bandong, about the centre of the island, and 2,400 feet above the sea, one feels tolerably cool. A lovely drive through a garden of tropical vegetation along a good road brought us here at 2 P.M. to-day. Each small town, and they are pretty frequent in this populous country, has its village green surrounded by noble trees, drooping with orchids, the mosque on one side and the native Regent's and European officials' houses on the other. The Regent is, of course, under the control of his 'elder brother,' as the Dutch Resident of the district is called; but the latter never shows his power; if the 'younger brother' does not behave himself discreetly, he is quietly deposed, and another member of his family fills his place. Indeed these villages, each family living in a neat bamboo hut under its own coco-palm, are quite Arcadian; it is pleasant to see the happy—and very ugly—population so prosperous and contented.

On the whole, we think them the stupidest and cheeriest race we have seen. 'Civilised apes,' a Dutch lady at this hotel calls them, and certainly in appearance (no nose to speak of, and protruding lips, made still more so by having a lump of tobacco or betel-nut held between the teeth, small glittering eyes and high cheek-bones) they frequently resemble monkeys. They chatter and laugh, and sit on their heels, and sometimes have a pathetic look in their faces like good-natured apes. No doubt education, of which

they are quite capable, would do much to alter their silly look, and the Dutch have been wrong to withhold it; but really they are such happy, and, we hear, peaceable folk, with no 'requirements' except a little rice and fruit and a few bamboo mats, that it seems folly in their case to be wise.

Unlike the English in India, the Dutch in Java seem to have adopted the costume and cooking of the natives, as well as in a measure their habits of life, and perhaps a kindlier feeling exists between the races than with us. We see few soldiers; none of the large Indian 'cantonments.' The guard-houses, little sheds where the villagers take it in turn to be on duty night and day, unarmed except for the wide-pronged fork for catching 'Amok' runners, are the only police establishments one sees. A large wooden cylinder, the hollowed-out trunk of a tree, is hung up in each guard-shed, on which in case of fire or 'Amok' the villager on guard strikes with a heavy stick; this is repeated at the next guard-house, and so news is quickly conveyed to the nearest town, or, if need be, right through the island.

A living tree, which bears a species of cotton, almost invariably makes the telegraph posts; convenient in a country where white ants and damp so soon destroy woodwork. The trees are easily transplanted in this wonderful climate, where, as someone said the other day, 'if you stick down a brass-pointed walking-stick, it will grow.'

English Consulate, Samarang, January 1, 1880.—This being New Year's Day, there is an exuberance of hospitality everywhere; indeed the Dutch are a most kindly people after a somewhat clumsy fashion of their own. This morn-

ing on board ship at 7 A.M. large glasses of champagne were handed round, which we had to decline with many thanks at that early hour; but the worthy Hollanders (gentlemen and ladies) seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. The hotel-keeper would not make any charge for rest and refreshment to-day, 'because it is the New Year's feast.' Our hospitable host, the Consul, was sitting in his spacious white marble vestibule surrounded by friends, champagne bottles, and cigars. As we alighted, 'Mynheers' laid aside their fat cigars and made solemn and stately greetings.

Last night, after dinner, we drove with our host to the Club, and sat in the open carriage in the balmy air, watching the colonists 'dancing in' the new year. Sensible folk, they go in cool morning costume, muslin, or light material, and gentlemen, if they please, in white 'duck.' Then we drove to the Residency, where a rival ball was going on, and looked in from the carriage (the dancing was being done in the verandah) on the merry scene. But just now there is a very bitter feeling on the part of the Dutch and other Europeans here against the Government, in consequence of the new income tax levied to pay for the Acheen war. Java yields to Holland about six millions sterling net revenue, which hitherto was employed in building Dutch railways, but, since we ceded to Holland the province of Acheen in return for territory on the Gold Coast—which resulted in the Ashantee war for us, and the long campaign in Sumatra for the Dutch—all the available surplus has been swallowed up.

This evening a fine-looking old Dutch lady, owner of a

large property in this part of the country, drove up her four spirited ponies, and, striding into the verandah where we sat, grasped my hand and welcomed us to Java in vigorous Dutch—the ugliest of European languages. She sat in a rocking-chair, attired in a gaily-coloured sarong (long kilt) and white bed-gown, with no stockings on, only smart slippers, and no covering on her neatly-dressed grey hair, giving us an account of how, on her way to a mountain farm a short time ago with a large sum of money, her carriage was attacked by brigands, whom she, jumping out and laying about vigorously with her four-in-hand whip, dispersed, and then drove on her team triumphantly! Pretty well for a widow lady aged sixty?

It is pleasant seeing something of Dutch colonial life, and hearing from our host how this wonderfully productive and beautiful island is governed, and discussing the merits of the 'culture system,' whereby, under a truly paternal despotism, the population and revenue have nearly doubled in eighteen years.

Hotel Slier, Solo (Soerakarta), Java, January 3.—Early this morning we left Samarang by railway, and passing through a rich, low-lying rice country, and afterwards through undulating hills and teak forests garlanded with creepers, reached this town of Solo in about three hours. Tropical rain all the afternoon prevented our seeing very much of this, one of the ancient capitals of Java, still nominally governed by a native Sultan, 'the Kaiser,' who has just passed by in a queer old carriage and four, with any number of retainers holding the gilt umbrella, the emblem

of state, over his head. So we sat in the verandah watching the humours of the town as they go by; first a native funeral—light-hearted and entirely thoughtless Malays carrying by a corpse, with English spades to dig the grave, laughing and chatting together; the only religion the Dutch have taught them is that 'Labour is worship,' and if they have any religious feeling left, it is for their old fetishes and idols, which they in some places still secretly worship, though nominally converted to Islam.

Djoko-kerta, Java, January 4.—Up at 5.30 A.M. and pursued our journey for nearly two hours by railway, to the small station of Brambanam, from which, with a native guide and in pouring rain, we started on foot for the ruins in the neighbourhood. About half an hour's walk along the railway and through rice-fields and palm-groves, brought us to the first group of temples. The central building, now almost a confused pile of stones, must have been once ninety feet high, and was a cut-stone, pyramid-shaped shrine, with Hindoo many-armed gods sitting inside. Evidently our old Indian friend, the four-armed goddess 'Durga,' is still worshipped; her image was decorated with paint and flowers, as was also the elephant-headed god 'Ganesh.' The Hindoo strangers from far-off India who built these temples did not take into account the volcanic nature of the country. The beautiful blue mountains rising round us over the palm-groves are fire-breathing monsters; there are twenty active volcanoes in Java. A few years ago some hundreds of the population lost their lives during an earthquake in the town we slept in last night. So the temples round here are chiefly

piles of ruin, making glorious rock-work, whereon grow all sorts of lovely ferns and creepers.

Then we went on to the 'Thousand Temples,' a graceful cruciform centre building surrounded by 296 smaller shrines, all of cut stone without mortar, and beautifully carved, guarded at the entrances by huge stone monsters of the Gog and Magog family; the whole effect of these temples standing alone in a country of bamboo huts and palm-leaf sheds is very striking. No modern Javanese would be capable of even conceiving the idea of their erection. Their date is still somewhat uncertain; but 'probably they were erected by Jaina colonists from Western India about the ninth or tenth century, at which time the Jains, to whose religion these temples appear to belong, were making great progress; and their strange faith, a mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism, was supplanting the earlier and purer doctrine of Sakya Muni.' We returned to the little roadside station (the sun had by this time dried our things) and waited for a train to take us on. The station-master—only speaking Dutch and Malay, of which we know nothing—made us welcome with coffee and armchairs and picture newspapers, and set a native girl to work to free my dress from the spiky grass seeds one's garments collect here, and then—all, of course, by the language of signs—invited us to luncheon, which we, having our own biscuits, declined; but the hospitable man, taking H. by the hand, insisted on conducting us into his little office, where a buffalo steak and fried potatoes and Dutch 'bowler' cheese had been prepared, evidently with much care and trouble on his part. After

that he took us into his garden to admire his pot-herbs and pigeons, and finally appeared, aided by two natives, dragging in half a statue (life size) of Buddha from a neighbouring temple, which he wished us to carry off as a small mark of his esteem and regard!

Djoko-kerta, Java, January 5.—An interesting drive round this quaint town, another of the ancient capitals, this morning. The streets are avenues of magnificent jungle trees, under which cluster the native sheds of fruit-sellers and small wares of various kinds; but there is a large quarter of Chinese shops and pretty Dutch villas standing in gardens, and a large 'Place' surrounded by trees clipped in Dutch fashion. The strangest sight is to watch the native Princes taking their morning walk, in gaily painted sarongs, with a long sword stuck between their shoulders into their girdle, and a jockey cap bound with gold lace on the top of their turbans, followed by a bodyguard of servants carrying the gold umbrella of state behind, so that the rain may just trickle off it on to the princely nose. A host of more or less ragamuffin guards follow, carrying the betel-box and various emblems of royalty, and always (though it be 8 A.M.) an English lantern, which no man of fashion appears without; also a few old rusty lances or pikes borne by retainers are looked upon as a sign of respectability. Most of these nobles are mere pensioners of the Dutch Government, who, taking from them all real power of oppressing the people, and forcing them to pay a large tribute in coffee, are careful to leave them all those marks of outward show and authority so dear to the native heart.

Here in the centre of the island the original Javanese race remain distinct from the Sundanese and Malays; they are a tall, slightly built but graceful people, with rather more nose than natives of the Mongolian stock. The Malays do not possess the feature, having merely a ridiculous knob on the face.

This afternoon we spent looking into the quaint native shops and bazaars, which are well furnished with stacks of Delft ware, Dutch linens, English biscuits, and the sea-swallow's nests, of which soup is made; the latter a great Chinese delicacy, for which more than their weight in silver is often paid. The nest looks like a lump of isinglass, and the soup tastes like chicken-broth thickened with vermicelli.

The people wear no national ornaments, and except in painting their sarongs—an ancient and laborious art, the cloth being first coated with wax on which the design is traced, and then put into the dye, separate tracing and another dyeing being required for each colour—show no artistic feeling. Seeing a number of krisses (native daggers) hanging up, H. wished to buy one, but was made to understand, by the proprietor taking off his coat and going through a pantomime performance of pledging it, that we were standing before a pawnbroker's depôt, and that the things were not for sale. The Malays gamble frightfully, will often stake themselves—that is, their labour for a certain period—when everything else is gone. The paternal Government farms out the right to keep gambling stalls.

Hearing a sound of music, we turned down a side street

and met a grand bridal procession on its way through the town; boys in particoloured calico jackets and jockey caps, mounted on small ponies, led the way, followed by men-at-arms carrying long spears; and wedding guests, each attended by his retinue. Then the bridegroom, his head and legs gorgeously adorned with tinsel trappings, and with jewelled earrings down to his shoulders, but nothing on his body except a thick coating of yellow paint. Then came a sort of glass case carried by four men, containing the mother-in-law—who really seemed to be the chief personage on the occasion—and some other glass cases in which sat the bride and her maidens, all painted bright yellow, and covered with jewels, followed by the curious 'Gamelan,' Javanese musical instruments made entirely of hollow bamboos, and small gongs set in bamboo frames, with which simple orchestra the natives produce not inharmonious music. We were to have gone with the master of the hotel to the wedding feast last night, but the rain came down in torrents, and we did not venture out, but had a 'nautch' on a small scale. A native woman danced for us in the garden to the music of a curious instrument—a set of organ pipes of bamboo, and a sort of one-stringed violin: her movements were graceful enough, her figure good, and she managed her drapery, that is, one end of the sarong allowed to trail on the ground, prettily—but her voice was frightful, and her mouth and black teeth discoloured with betel-nut were hideous.

Boro Bodor, January 7.—We left Djoko-kerta at 7.30 this morning, in a postchaise and four ponies, and galloped along a road much cut up by the present rains; but, bad

or good, our driver with his long whip in front, and his assistant with a long whip behind, both screaming at the top of their voices, made the ponies fly, regardless of our bones. About every five miles the panting steeds drew up under a sort of *porte-cochère* built across the road, and fresh ponies were put in, while our driver lights a cigar, and chatters with the women keeping the numberless little fruit or sweetmeat stalls along the road. The country, as usual, was quite lovely, but it took us six and a-half hours to do about eighteen miles, and at one time, though we saw the grand Temple of Boro Bodor rising above the palm-trees, we feared we might never get there. We had already found two bridges carried away by the floods, and only crossed the rivers by the aid of ropes and coolies and rafts, but now our driver drew up in despair on the bank of a wide rushing torrent, whose steep red banks it would be impossible to get up or down, or to venture across on the frail little raft made of green bamboos, roughly lashed together, and more than half under water. It was pouring rain, and we did not know a word of Malay, but using very vigorous pantomime we made our coachman understand that we must get somehow to Boro Bodor; so after much gesticulation and laughter (the Malays break out into peals of laughter when anything goes wrong), we turned back, and after a long drive round, reached our destination by another road.

Near the great river we stopped to look at the little temple of Mendoet, evidently more Jain than Buddhist in character; inside the shrine sat three enormous stone figures in the attitude of Buddha, the water trickling from the roof

had made garlands of lovely ferns over their placid features. The central figure has been thought to represent Buddha, those on each side Vishnu and Siva.

At last, after driving through avenues of upas trees, and over grassy roads, we reached the hill crowned by the great temple, or rather the hill is turned into a temple, being terraced with cut stone galleries, and parapets rising in seven tiers to the top, which is crowned by a 'Dagoba,' of the form we know so well in India. The building is 400 feet across, and about 130 feet high, the whole covered with delicate figure sculpture, nearly three miles of which (if the bas-reliefs were placed consecutively) encircle the centre shrine. Altogether 'one of the most remarkable architectural remains in the world.' Or, according to another description, 'surpassing the Pyramids in grandeur and execution.'

The Dutch Government have cleared away the thick jungle which, till a few years ago, completely covered and still encircles this enchanted palace, which seems to combine the massive grandeur of Egyptian or Assyrian architecture and the joyous and life-like character of Hindoo art,—and have built a sort of little hotel close by, that is, a bamboo shed, which we now entered, and gave the good-natured landlord to understand that we were very hungry. So a chicken was caught, slain, and soon served up, together with pounded buffalo meat, damp bread, Dutch cheese, bananas, and sundry delicacies in the way of mashed cold onions, grilled tortoise, and dried salt fish in high condition. However, we did the best we could, and spent the afternoon in exploring the temple between the heavy showers,

and amused ourselves tracing out the legend of Buddha (no Hinduism here) round the sculptured walls. Certainly Boro Bodor, built by Indian strangers in the heart of this far-off island about 1,200 years ago, is a wonderful work of art; we have seen nothing to compare with it as regards size and elaborate detail amongst the remains of Buddhist architecture in India.

The character of the building is evidently the same as that of the Burmese 'pagodas' and Indian 'stupas'; the terraces representing the railing and the central dome the relic-shrine. We fancied there were some traces of the entire hill having been once terraced. The sculptures represent scenes in the traditional life of the last Buddha, various descriptions of trees and foliage, the temple and stupa frequently adored, the sacred goose in arabesque design with circular ornaments, men and kings with huge coiffures (possibly Papuan?), and moustache and beard, all very similar in design and execution to what we lately saw on the stupa at Sanchi. On the lower terrace, in almost every alternate subject Nâga heads are introduced. Buddha, with seven-headed Nâga-hood, is adored by people with three-headed snake-hoods.

The terraces, no doubt owing to frequent earthquakes, are in many places giving way, though all is well cared for by the Dutch Government. The large relic-shrine or dome on the top is in very ruinous condition. Inside we saw a figure of Buddha, apparently resembling those seated in the surrounding smaller perforated dagobas, sunk up to its shoulders in the *débris* of the vaulted chamber, which is

entirely without ornamentation. Two flights of steps, cut in the exterior of this crowning dome, led to the top, on which is a long plastered seat, the work, no doubt, of some stupid modern official. No Brahminical figure has been found actually in Boro Bodor, but Sir Stamford Raffles mentions a mutilated figure of Brahma discovered at the confluence of the rivers not far off.

We walked down the hill through pretty green avenues and picturesque villages, built in bamboo groves and stockaded round in Malay fashion. No trace of habitation is seen till you enter through a peat fence and rustic gateway the thick bamboo grove; where under long vistas of green, clustered gothic pillars of graceful bamboo, the little native huts are built, and amongst the dark-green coffee-plants and tapering bananas, the brown babies, 'copper-coloured cupids, play about. It is an exertion to move in this vapour-bath atmosphere; but we managed to get down to a small temple built at the foot of a magnificent upas tree, whose gigantic roots are gradually undermining the graceful building, and will soon overthrow it entirely. I sat down to sketch, and did not for some time observe that the population of the village close by had turned out, and were ranged on their heels in rows behind me, but at a safe distance, waiting to see the catastrophe which they felt sure must happen whenever the black art of making signs with a stick on paper is exercised. There they sat and patiently gazed, and I went to sleep and woke up again to find them still gazing. From their expression I could see they quite expected the volcano not far off would open fire very soon at the command of the

evil spirits; and we left the crowd searching the place where I had sat for signs of witchcraft.

On our return we found a native 'crown' Prince and Princess sitting on the divan in the verandah, smoking their cigars. We very much wished to be able to converse with them; however, they soon took their departure, followed by their suite carrying state umbrellas and betel-nut boxes, and we lost sight of them winding their way up the temple terraces among the four hundred Buddhas—forming a little procession exactly similar to the sculptured representations on the bas-reliefs of princely pilgrimages to Buddhist shrines twelve hundred years ago.

Hour after hour went by, and evening fell before we had examined even one circle of the interesting bas-reliefs; we hastened upwards to see what we could before the sun set, of this magnificent monument of religious zeal and artistic skill, and climbed the courts of heaven till we reached the highest sanctuary where, enshrined in stone cages, the Buddhist or Jaina saints sit in eternal 'Nirvâna,' surveying the encircling worlds of sculptured existence below them, rising apparently out of a far-spreading ocean of waving palm-tree tops. We would gladly have seen more of the great temple, but the climate was too relaxing and the mosquitoes too voracious to allow of our doing so. An attack of fever in the damp room round which two hundred heads of decapitated Buddhas are ranged, was not a cheerful prospect, but we left Boro Bodor feeling that it alone was well worth a voyage to Java to see.

Batavia, January 14.—This afternoon we drove through the pretty villas and gardens of Batavia and round the

'King's Plain,' in which stands a lion in stone, to commemorate Dutch valour, having 'saved Europe at the battle of Waterloo.' 'Les braves Belges' were then Dutch subjects, but the inscription forgets to mention that they were assisted on this occasion by the English and Prussians. The English colony here of course much deplore Java having been given up to the Dutch in 1816; but, after all, perhaps it is as well for the human race that various Western nations should try their various methods of civilising the East. The Government are throwing open more of the land every day to private competition, and giving up the labour-tax thereon. So the cry is, that compulsion being withdrawn, the lazy Malay will no longer work; other well-informed people say he will; many thought the same thing when the slaves of South America were freed, but it is now found that free labour is cheaper than forced.

On board s.s. 'Konig Willem' between Java and Singapore, January 17.—Having spent a pleasant morning in the museum at Batavia, where the Dutch have an interesting collection of native arts and implements, ancient and modern, we re-embarked in this Dutch ship, full of officials with their wives and children, bound for Acheen, where the long war is supposed to be over. The Dutch officer who sits next us at dinner, when he is not devouring cold pickled cabbage with sweet sauce, or lumps of pineapple sprinkled with salt, or apologising for the manners and customs of the half-caste lady, the wife of an official who, with her children, sits opposite us—the little ones, finding knives and forks unhandy, eat with their fingers—gives us much interesting

information respecting Acheen, a district and town at one end of the large island of Sumatra, a stronghold of pirates from ancient days, the clearing out of which has cost the Dutch a long and expensive war; they say eighteen millions sterling has already been spent on it, but the noble savage—and sea-robbers since the days of the Vikings, have always accounted their profession a gentlemanlike one—must 'either get themselves civilised or exterminated.' So it is to be hoped that 'Mynheer' will succeed in making Sumatra, the third largest island in the world, a second Java. The Bataks (native tribes with whom they are fighting) are, my Dutch friend tells me, a brave, good-natured, industrious people, cultivating rice, forging iron, and weaving and dyeing skilfully, their only failing being a too great indulgence in cannibalism and piracy.

We sailed for two days along the coast of Sumatra, a great plain extending for hundreds of miles, only a few feet above the level of the sea,—an unbroken jungle, impossible to penetrate, except by cutting one's way with a hatchet, and inhabited by ourang-outangs and pythons and birds of paradise, of which people tell wonderful tales.

When you speak of a man in Java you call him 'orang'; in Malay ourang-outang merely means 'wild man.'

We often pass close to lovely little isles of the West, 'emerald jewels set in a sapphire sea,' small gardens of tropical plants, shaded by lofty coco-palms, with a little strip of silver sand for Robinson Crusoe to land on, or the hero of Locksley Hall to meet his 'dusky bride' and begin housekeeping.

Yesterday the weather changed, and we have had heavy rain and uncomfortable rolling about. I sit on deck eating chicken broth and sweet rusks (the Dutch luncheon), while listening to the fearful music made by Mynheer on a melancholy accordion, and wishing myself back at Boro Bodor, with sufficient time and strength to examine carefully that marvellous monument of Buddhist art. Some day when the early legends of Buddhism are more fully known to Western scholars, the stone pictures of Boro Bodor may perhaps form a series of illustrations as interesting to students of that faith as the illuminations of mediæval artists are to modern connoisseurs of early Christian art.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEEING CANTON—NEW YEAR'S GIFTS—REVERENCE FOR PARENTS—CONFUCIUS—COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS—THE HOLY PIGS—A CHINESE MANSION—ETIQUETTE.

Canton, China, February 2.—We left Hong-Kong this morning on a two days' visit to friends at Canton. Our steamer, a two-storied American ship with huge 'walking-beam' engines, commanded by a Yankee captain, had about three hundred Chinese deck passengers. The companion from their deck to the upper one was securely fastened down by massive iron gratings and padlocks, and a sailor with drawn cutlass stood ready to cut off any hands raised to lift it, while half a dozen muskets, labelled 'loaded,' were ranged just behind him. 'Yes, madam, we lock up our "Chinees," and then I guess we know where they are,' quoth the Captain; and indeed since the Celestial passengers (disguised pirates) killed the crew of a steamer, and left an English passenger, the only survivor, for dead, three years ago, caution is necessary. Rain almost all day prevented our seeing the island scenery on the six hours' journey here; but the afternoon sun lit up the pagodas and quaint junks, and great French cathedral which, together with the tall square towers of the fireproof pawn-shops, are the chief features as one approaches Canton. Fires are so frequent, and, from

much gambling, the pawn-shops—used also as safe places of stowage—so well stocked with valuable articles, that they are built more solidly than anything else in China.

We had 'rice-birds' for dinner, tiny things peculiar to the rice-fields of Southern China, and red 'Mandarin ginger,' made of the young shoots of the ginger roots. Very funny to hear our hostess talking 'pigeon' to her servants. 'You catchee the gentleman's tiffen chop chop' (get this gentleman's luncheon quickly). 'What fashion you make that sugar?' (how did you use that sugar?) We have got accustomed to being invited to go 'topside up' (upstairs).

Canton, February 3.—We sallied forth with our guide 'Mac,' a Chinaman, very proud of his English, which, however, being very 'pigeon,' we found difficult to understand. We stepped into our chairs, each carried by four coolies, and though it rained all day, were well protected by canvas coverings over bamboo framework. But really the rain can hardly reach one in the narrow streets of this curious town, so filled up are they overhead by the long Chinese shop-signs, sometimes beautiful specimes of lacquer and carving. A law was once passed that no street was to be less than eight feet wide, but it certainly has not been regarded. Going up the street of 'the Six Thousand Grandsons,' I spied a coolie, in his large umbrella hat about four feet in diameter, bearing down in the opposite direction—quite impossible for my chair to pass—but luckily he saw the danger and backed out up the street; really our chair coolies swing along at such a pace, and the streets at this Chinese New Year's time are so crowded with season-

able gifts, chiefly coffins (a smartly-painted one is considered a neat and appropriate present), and pigs roasted whole, and game pies made of black cats, and other tokens of affection, that I felt sure we should collide somehow. The shops are full of good things, the pork-butcher's especially; and the fishmongers' tubs are full of live fish—as the Chinese prefer it either fresh killed and raw, or in high condition about a fortnight old. Black-cat soup is especially dear just now, marked at five cents a basin; black cats' eyes are also high, four cents a pair; indeed the flesh of any black animal always commands a high price, as it is considered to be of a highly nutritious character. Dog hams are much imported from Northern China. But what signs of wealth and prosperity and life we saw on every side, as we were carried for hours through miles of shops, filled with really beautiful and valuable things, silks and embroideries, and piles of rich satins and brocades, all temptingly displayed or stacked round the neatly kept shops, where pig-tailed shopmen, as spruce and intelligent as the 'young men' of London shops, folded the merchandise, or made up the customers' bills on the counting-machine used all over the East.

Then through interminable streets of furniture shops, filled with the prettily inlaid black wood-work and richly-carved screens; and through acres of tortoiseshell and lacquer work, and jewellers' shops. We were astonished with the wealth and size of Canton; except in Paris and London we never saw such well-filled shops, and yet we had not seen a European face all day. But one has to remember that the Celestials were buying and selling their rich wares,

and living in luxury with coal fires, and a printed paper currency, and hawthorn china, and gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, before the Norman Conquest, when our ancestors were going about in war-paint and blankets, or, rather, skins. Verily these Chinese are a wonderful people, I thought, as we turned into the 'Street of Benevolence and Love.' But at that moment coolies carrying two live pigs bore down upon us full tilt; on one side of my chair were tubs full of boiled cabbages, on the other a stack of live poultry, with their legs tied together, and a portly Chinaman engaged in selecting salted rats, a row of which were hanging up in a restaurant; I foresaw instant death from collision with the pigs, and preferred meeting my fate amongst cold boiled cabbages. So, making a dart at the pigtail of the wheeler coolie, I was just about to seize it and rein him aside, when, by a happy thought, the pig coolies charged the old gentleman absorbed in the salted rats, and overwhelming him with destruction, allowed my chair to pass safely on.

Industry and wealth, but not religion; and grotesque ingenuity, but scarcely art, one sees on every side. The temples are well swept and garnished, and decorated with votive offerings to appease the wrath of malignant deities or departed ancestors, but we never saw a Chinaman praying in them. Here Buddhism has become corrupted by ancestral worship; the power of departed spirits to do mischief seems to be the chief article of faith, and not to have a son to offer oblations to one's spirit after leaving this world, what is most dreaded. One temple we visited was full of lately-departed ancestors; each coffin comfortably housed in a

cheerful and gaily-decorated apartment, decked with pretty furniture and flowers, had a nice luncheon of cooked food standing beside it. In these furnished lodgings for the dead, the coffins remain till a propitious day and place has been decided on for burial. A white cock is kept on the premises to recall the spirits who may wander at night from their respective coffins.

Reverence for parents is the leading moral precept. Our friend was greatly amused the other day at seeing her chair-cooly's old mother come to chastise her son, a big broad-shouldered young fellow, for having disobeyed orders. The young giant stood quite still, looking very foolish, while the little old mother danced round her big son, and chastised him with her crutch. 'In no country in the world is the commandment "Honour thy father and mother" so fully obeyed as in China, and certainly the days of no other nation have been so long in their land.' 'China proper has remained a kingdom inhabited by the same races, as far as we know, for the last 3,000 years.' Remembering the words of 'that superior man, the sage Laou-tsze,' who lived and taught in China some twenty-four centuries ago, that 'a nation is not a manufacture but a growth,' Chinese rulers have striven 'to prevent the evil and exalt the good.' There is a 'Pure Literature' as well as a 'Religious Tract Society,' and the Government take quite paternal care of the national morals, regulating even the behaviour of the gods, and rewarding them according to their merits. When the local deity has done well as regards the harvest, he is awarded a certificate for good conduct, which is duly hung up in his temple. If,

on the other hand, his providential government of the affairs of men has been unsatisfactory, some of his titles are withdrawn, and harvest thanksgivings are omitted till the divine functions are exercised in a more discreet manner.

We wandered through the 'Temple of 500 Genii,' life-size figures of Buddha's favourite disciples, most of them grinning placidly at the joss-sticks, made of a coarse sort of pastile, burning in front. Sometimes the joss-stick is made in the shape of a full-sized crinoline, and hung up to burn before the altar; and, indeed, the incense is needed in this city of bad smells. The 500 genii have a pleasant garden belonging to them, with lovely chrysanthemums, soft white, and pink and creamy blossoms as large as dahlias, taken up out of the ground and thrust into pots, and miniature forest trees, plants, animals, dragons, and men and women, all in evergreen, growing in small pots beside tanks of gold and silver fish, with magnificent fan tails and great eyes, much admired and esteemed here, where the art of 'growing' these fat golden carp has been practised for 2,000 years. Not many priests—these people are superstitious but not religious—or not many beggars to be seen; the latter form, like all society in this country, a guild, and can demand a 'cash' (that is the one-thousandth part of a dollar) legally, and no more; one feels acting with princely generosity, handing out a handful or string of these queer coins for some small service, the value of one's gift being about 2*d*. Financial transactions are rather difficult; we asked our guide to get change for a dollar, whereon he repaired to a counting-house, got out scales, and having weighed the

fragments of a broken-up dollar, handed it to H. as change for the whole one.

Then we went on to the 'Temple of Longevity,' guarded, like all the rest, by colossal and hideous figures of the Gog and Magog type at each side of the door; and the 'Flower Pagoda,' which is very ancient, but, having been lately 'restored,' has an entirely modern appearance.

Then to a Taouist nunnery, where the little old nuns received me laughingly, and went on making joss-sticks and clattering about on their wooden clogs, as they started off to make 'chin chin' (prayers and propitiatory rites) for some sick person. We rested and had tiffin in the guest-room of a Buddhist monastery adjoining a large temple; it was raining fast, and the priest seemed pleased to see us in his best parlour, handsomely furnished with high-backed black-wood chairs, inlaid table, European dressing-glass, bamboo matting, and dishes of narcissus in full bloom, grown in ginger-pots: everything here is solid, and comfortable, and practical. Then we passed on to more temples, and outside to the ancient city walls, on which the 'Five-story Pagoda' is built, from which one looks down on the vast city of Canton on one side, and, on the other, the wide-spreading City of the Dead covering the low hills.

The great portico of the Temple of Confucius (the Chinese philosopher, who lived 550 B.C., and taught a religion of pure morality apart from dogma or ritual) was much decorated by tablets in praise of virtue, in the midst of which stood a great image of the sage. We did not see the statue of Marco Polo, said to exist amongst the gods of this temple.

Certainly, veneration for the wisdom of the ancients is still to be found in China, if rare in other countries. The most spacious temples are still erected, the most profound homage still paid to the philosopher who, more than five centuries before the Christian era, spake his maxims of wisdom, even now the foundation of all education in China. 'His mind was intensely practical; his attitude towards religion was that of one who held it folly to waste in vain attempts to light up the obscurity in which the future of man was veiled, those energies which ought to be devoted to the living.' Yet the Chinese mind has built up a system of religion on what seems to us a few philosophical maxims. 'For Confucius was an Agnostic pure and simple, declining to dogmatise where he had no grounds for affirmation.'

The Master said, 'I would prefer not speaking.' Tszi-kung answered, 'If your Master speak not, what shall we, your disciples, have to record?' The Master replied, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their course, and all things are constantly being reproduced; but does Heaven say anything?' A disciple said, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule for all one's life?' The Master replied, 'Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others.' Indeed, Confucius formulates this in the ever-memorable expression, 'which is probably profounder than any ethical truth uttered by Greek philosophy'—'benevolence is man.'

No doubt philosophy is a fine thing; still, it seems strange to us that such a practical people as the Chinese should make a knowledge of the precepts of Confucius and

Mencius the chief requirement for a young man entering their Government offices. Not far off were the halls where competitive examinations for the Civil Service are held yearly. The candidates are shut up in small cells, and supplied with ink and paper, on which they write treatises on 'Universal Benevolence' and the 'Five Dragon-tailed Virtues,' and other as useful subjects. Last year the Examiner-Mandarin went crazy after reading the essays. They are a strange people. The soldiers one sees exercising their muscles on the city walls, striving to lift prodigious weights or draw colossal bows, will, if successful, without further military education, be promoted to the Imperial Guard at Pekin. They are now armed partly with muskets, and the arsenal here is turning out many hundreds a day of a new and improved pattern, with the barrel five feet long, supposed to be an 'awe-inspiring' weapon.

At all events, there must be plenty of powder in the city, judging by the series of explosions we pass through; crackers, laid down in the street in honour of the New Year, which explode, and cover us and our coolies with smoke. As it cleared away we heard a hideous din approaching, and a Mandarin's procession appeared, led by ragged retainers beating drums; then came pikemen and mounted swordsmen, and servants carrying the official dress of the great man (who followed in a chair), lest while he is out taking the air he should be deprived of office, in which case etiquette requires he should at once give up his robes of state. He did look so very like the portrait of 'the Great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button on the

top.' The Imperial golden dragon blazed on his purple-satin dressing-gown, and beautiful jade bracelets decorated his wrists. One begins to appreciate jade here, where it is valued as much as precious stones.

Jade is found in the rivers of Central and Northern Asia, and is believed to possess magical and medicinal properties—in fact, from earliest times (it is found in the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland) it has been considered a sacred stone; and the beautiful emerald jade is rare and valuable.

Canton, February 4.—Rain all day; but we started with our guide after breakfast in a 'sampan,' with the proprietor's family living in one end, and, paddled by two bright-looking Chinese damsels, in loose trousers and neat jacket, and hair elaborately braided up with spoons and jade ornaments, threaded our way up the crowded river—the floating population of Canton is enormous—and under the bows of large junks lying beside the new gunboats built on the Clyde for the Chinese Government, to the opposite shore of the Pearl river, where we landed to see the Honan temples and monastery. We found three gigantic Buddhas guarded by grinning monsters, and long prison-like buildings inhabited by a few dilapidated-looking monks, who showed us their sacred pigs, fattened by the faithful. Of course it would be sacrilege to turn them into bacon, but, somehow, about New Year's time the souls of the fattest generally 'migrate' in an unaccountable manner. Chinese pigstyes are kept remarkably neat—even religious care is taken of the pigs. A sort of consecration service, in which Taouist priests engage to drive away all evil influence, is held in this town,

and an altar set up in each new stye in honour of the Genii of Pigs. A little strip of red paper, with the inscription 'Let the enemies of pigs be appeased,' is also to be seen in each compartment. There were some lovely camellias and chrysanthemums in the convent garden, and a little further on was the place of cremation for departed brethren. This was a large Buddhist monastery and church; but it is difficult to say what the religion of China really is. Buddhism supplanted Confucianism, after a long and varying struggle, about the sixth century of our era (it had been introduced from India about A.D. 50), and still flourishes side by side with Taouism and the ancient Turanian belief in spirits and magic and propitiatory sacrifices to local deities. As to Taouism, the doctrine taught in the sixth century B.C. by the sage Laou-tsze, it is difficult for the uninitiated to understand a creed which professes belief in the holy 'Shangtees of mysterious nothingness,' and whose founder evidently taught a kind of transcendental philosophy.

Then we passed on to see the private house of the 'Ng' family. A very desirable family mansion it was, and Mrs. Ng, who was presenting offerings before the tablets of defunct ancestors in the beautifully-decorated private chapel, received us politely. Her little feet were thrust into embroidered slippers just two inches long, and her cheeks nicely painted and pearl-powdered. Chinese ladies 'get up' very well; and their chignons are elaborate works of art. She and I stared at each other, and bowed politely, and said many pretty things—perhaps the right thing to do would have been to ask her age, but my Chinese is not suf-

ficient for this. Indeed, conversation between well-bred Celestials is of a somewhat flowery and elaborate character. 'The polite Chinese, when he is asked "What is your honourable name?" replies, "My ignoble name is So-and-so." On the further inquiry as to where his fine house is situated, he answers, 'My miserable hovel is on the banks of a river.' On being questioned respecting the number of his princely sons, he informs you that his "trifling puppies" are four in number; and when the health of his clever and beautiful wife becomes the object of solicitude, though he is really proud of her, he says, with an air of indifference, that his "stupid thorn-bush is as well as she deserves to be," or something to that effect.'

Then we passed on through nicely-furnished halls and verandahs to the garden, with fish-ponds, bridges, pagodas, grotesque trees and shrubs, like the willow-plate pattern on the plates. In summer, when the sacred lotus is in blossom, it must be very charming. These people believe 'that all good thoughts of mortals here below are turned into flowers in the Land of Enlightenment, red and white lotus, which become daily more large and glorious as self-improvement of the person developes; and the soul of one who still advances, and never turns back, may be already a dweller in the Land of Enlightenment, reposing on the lotus-flowers of good thoughts, though his body still sojourns in this transitory world.'

We bought pieces of good silk for dresses of a pretty 'young colour' (pigeon English for a soft shade of colour), and saw the quaint old hand-looms at work, with the 'pull-

boy' overhead, a small Celestial who, by a wonderful thrust and pulls innumerable of the threads at the top of the loom, produces a flower in the brocade.

Machinery and steam-power is still resisted by the conservative Chinese, and the only way European trade can keep ahead of these industrious people is by underselling them in cotton goods—Manchester against Confucius. They require very little from us; lucifer matches—which seem to be the torch of civilisation all over the world; even the Lamas in Thibet kindle the sacred saucer of ghee before their images by them—and paraffin lamps are chiefly in demand. Afterwards we were carried for miles in our chairs through the streets, crowded with New Year holiday makers—country people, who, never having seen a European, came crowding round really in thousands, securing places far ahead down the street to get a good stare at the 'red-haired barbarians,' or struggling forward to touch us and see what we were made of. Sometimes I felt a little frightened at the rush of the mob as they followed us through the temples (little more than twenty years ago English heads were at a premium here), but it was only good-natured curiosity. The city temple, especially the women's shrine—the goddess who cures babies—was crowded, little Chinese women tottering in on their small feet and 'kow-towing' (knocking their heads on the ground) in devotion; upstairs the bedroom of the goddess was well set out with cosmetics and smart clothes, and shoes, and coffins, and other *articles de luxe*. The courtyard was thronged with fortune-tellers and astrologers, sitting gravely at little tables, surrounded by books and

calculating-machines. I had my fortune told, which, after much calculation and consulting of the planets, came out—'Plenty good husband, plenty many sons,' according to our guide's translation. But we declined having any teeth pulled out by the 'teeth carpenters,' the dentists who sat in stalls festooned by strings of human teeth, which they extract in some wonderful manner instantaneously, and almost without pain; European doctors say, by using some peculiar acid. But the gods in the temples are getting a New Year's cleaning, an annual performance, and the dust and cobwebs soon drove us out into the gay and crowded streets—a busy, happy scene; mothers buying toys and paper flags and sweetmeats for their fat babies, whom, by the way, they never kiss,—the process is unknown in this country,—but only sniff at in an uncomfortable manner.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN—JAPANESE HOUSEMAIDS—OUT IN THE COUNTRY—AN EARTHQUAKE—IN A TEAHOUSE—JAPANESE STATESMEN—THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS.

Grand Hotel, Yokohama, Japan, February 15.—We anchored in the bay of Yeddo, after a rough unpleasant passage in the American steamer 'City of Tokio,' from Hong Kong this morning. Bright cold air and bright blue sea, the passengers going about in sealskin jackets, and the American stewardess gorgeous in maroon satin and velvet. She has been reading the last new English novel in the 'Social Hall' on deck, but condescends sometimes to come downstairs and give me some soup. Japanese boats, propelled by funny little men with quaint paddles fixed in the bow of their craft, wriggle along in a surprising manner. We got into the Grand Hotel 'house-boat,' a sort of covered gondola, and passing under English and American and French gunboats and big steamers, come in to load with Japanese silk and tea, reached the Custom House, where polite little Japanese officials, in European costume, with much bowing and many apologies, examined our baggage, and looked unkindly at my Canton silk. However, the big British 'Commissionaire' from the hotel took the bundle under his arm and walked off with us, and the luggage fol-

lowed in a cart drawn by human ponies, active, laughing little men. A Frenchman keeps this hotel, said to be 'the best in the world,' and showed us cheerful rooms looking out on the Bay, with large plate-glass windows and French furniture. Japanese housemaids, little men in black tights and straw sandals, their hair done up in door-knockers at the top of their head, bowed politely, skipped about, got all our luggage together, and instructed us in the art of ringing the electric bells, much in use in this 'go-ahead' land.

Grand Hotel, Yokohama, February 17.—Quite cold weather; we are out of the tropics now; one feels inclined to thatch oneself like these sensible Japanese, who patter about on their clogs lifted three inches out of the mud, resembling small haycocks on legs. The shops are very enticing—charming old embroideries, chiefly the court-costumes of the nobles, who in this wonderful country were going about in gorgeous mediæval garments like splendid knaves of diamonds, girt about with two swords, till the other day, when all of a sudden the official and court-dress was changed into a Methodist parson's frock-coat and white tie; and we foreign barbarians now buy the gorgeous garments and beautiful swords as 'curios.'

Artizans here have their occupation printed on the back of their queer dressing-gowns, like a badge. In the 'good old times,' twenty years ago, the coolies wore no clothes to speak of, and the running footmen, 'bettos,' only a neat-fitting livery of tattoo. One sees photos of them still. The design and colouring of the tattooing was a work of art; but one day the Government ordered everyone to wear

clothes, so now these funny little people (we have not yet met a man in Japan as tall as the average Englishwoman) encase themselves in the tightest of black suits, and cut their hair, which had for centuries been plastered down and tied back, 'in order the better to see their enemies'; the result is, it stands up straight, and, together with their black tights, gives the little waiters skipping about our hotel an impish appearance. When I ring the bell one of these sprites, leaving his straw sandals at the door, suddenly appears, bowing low, and, drawing in his breath with the peculiar whistling sound always made when addressing a superior, answers me in lisping English and vanishes.

Grand Hotel, Yokohama, February 18.—A pleasant walk this afternoon (with a 'jinriksha' following to pick us up if tired) over 'the Bluff,' where the foreigners live in villas and pretty gardens, past Government arsenals and steam works, where ancestral tablets are making way for new machinery, and tall chimneys rising beside pagoda shrines. We passed many 'groves' and 'high places,' enclosing small Sinto temples, plain châlets of unpainted wood, sometimes, but not often, beautifully carved with dragons and devices, containing nothing but a mirror of polished steel, emblem of Deity, and decorated with strips of white paper and rice-straw ropes.

Not much is yet known of this strange religion, the ancient faith of Japan before Buddhism was introduced, but it seems to have been mainly a sort of hero-worship, defunct Mikados being the ruling deities, and reverence for the living Mikado the chief dogma; 'thou shalt honour the gods

and love thy country,' its leading principle. So in these modern days of change and freethinking, the Government, casting about for a national religion to establish, has fixed



WAYSIDE SHRINE, JAPAN.

on this old faith, and is trying to revive it, finding it useful as inculcating obedience to the powers that be; but a spurious kind of Buddhism is the popular faith, if these Japanese, half Malay and half Tartar in race, can be said to have any religion at all. Perched up on a picturesque knoll, and shaded by grand old pine trees, with an undergrowth of camellias glowing with crimson blossom, was an old temple, a steep flight of steps, with a side path for women, leading up to it, and a neat little tea-house, into which merry Japanese damsels invited us, at the bottom. So we went up and examined the beautiful carving of the heavy cornices, and the lacquer of the shrine where Buddha sat on his lotus; and a faded old priest mumbled his beads (religion and the priests are much out of fashion now), while my jinriksha cooly climbed up a camellia tree and brought down large single crimson blossoms.

Then we turned back to our hotel, visiting on our way one of the many market gardens which supply Yokohama with flowers. No such thing as artificial heat, but these clever people somehow manage to have flowers all the year round; by making pits open to the sun and covering them up at night with mats, they get warmth. Now, with frost every night, it is the season for fruit blossoms, and the rooms are decorated with branches of double plum and peach, which, put into water when in bud, continue to blossom for ever so long. But the prettiest flower decoration is a little old fruit tree with black gnarled stem two or three feet high, uprooted and thrust into a dragon-painted pot of delightful blue china, and then forced into bloom. All sorts of shrubs and fruit trees are grown in all sorts of grotesque ways.

The effect is charming; but the process of gardening, digging up the shrubs and chrysanthemums without in the least injuring them, and growing camellias from cuttings in the open ground as we do laurels, we cannot understand. We saw a camellia tree twenty feet high, this frosty day being transplanted in full bloom; these people do anything with shrubs we dare not touch, in a climate much like our own.

Sir Rutherford Alcock's account of Japan some twenty years ago is now ancient history. Through the district where Daimios (feudal barons) and their train of two-sworded retainers ready to cut down foreign barbarians monopolised the only road in the country a few years since, we passed to-day in a first-class railway carriage, with a neat Japanese guard, the imperial chrysanthemum blossom on his gold-laced cap; the only European we saw anywhere was one man on the engine. There were bookstalls filled with Japanese books; and railway rugs, native clogs, kites, and paper toys were sold at the spacious terminus; pillar letter-boxes, gas-lamps, and policemen in London costume (not the helmet) were to be seen. All this Western civilisation imported in twenty years; and now the Japanese are dismissing their expensive European officials and working out the new order, which is destined to take the place of the old, for themselves.

Enoshima Tea-house, February 22.—Last night, at the hotel in Yokohama, we woke up quite suddenly about 1 A.M., and were wide awake, when the house began to lurch about, and all the timbers creak like a ship at sea. We jumped up,

and I remember having had some difficulty in keeping my feet, and feeling sea-sick. We knew it was an earthquake. I ran to the window; a faint twilight, the grey of the morning, was struggling in—this hotel is on the sea, and a tidal wave might be advancing—and then opened the door of the sitting-room into the passage, where the lamps were swinging about just as at sea. A confused murmur of shuffling feet, and voices, and opening doors, and Japanese laughter, and violent ringing of bells pervaded the place (Japanese always laugh, like the Malays, when they do not quite know what to do); then we went to sleep again, and I awoke thinking that the footsteps of the servant who came to announce that we could have no fire because the chimney had tumbled down, was another earthquake. Indeed, though our bedroom wall was cracked in two places from floor to ceiling, and the paper hanging in wrinkles, we had not suffered as much as other people, whose doors were jammed so tightly by the shock that they could not be opened. All the clocks stopped at the same hour (1 A.M.), and, looking from our window, we see the houses on the hill opposite with chimneys in a dilapidated condition, rather as if a bombardment had taken place. Much damage done, but no life lost;—the severest shock which has been felt since some twenty-five years ago, when 50,000 people perished a few miles from here.

One feels entirely helpless in an earthquake. No use running out into the streets, for the falling tiles would kill you. One lady we heard of climbed up into a tree in her garden and was found there half dead from cold and fright by her husband this morning. What is one to do when, as an

American friend says, 'the houses are waltzing around,' and one feels 'just scared out of one's boots.' One Japanese house did actually shift three inches without tumbling down: they are built of wood, and have very little foundation.

How curiously national characteristics come out! A Frenchman rushing out of his room in our hotel during the earthquake met an Englishman doing the same thing, and apologised at once for the incompleteness of his toilette. A German friend told us (he was writing at the time) that he took up his rule and measured the swing of his lamp to test the force and direction of the shock. Scientific observations during an earthquake!

This morning we drove along a rough road shaded by glorious pine trees, through rice-fields and lanes, and by neat farm-houses, and tall camellia-trees covered with crimson blossom standing in the hedgerows, to Enoshima, a little island close to the shore, fifteen miles from Yokohama. Through the straggling villages one catches pretty pictures of country life in Japan; little maidens at the well, and rosy babies, and peasants bringing in charcoal, or tubs of 'saki' (rice wine), on clumsy ponies shod with straw sandals, while the owner walks beside on wooden clogs three inches high, and a bamboo mushroom-shaped hat three feet wide—a comical pair.

We have put up at the tea-house of the village, a favourite resort of tourists in the summer. The Japanese fully appreciate their own beautiful scenery, and every specially pretty spot has plenty of tea-houses which answer the

purpose of hotels round it. All is very clean and neat in this packing-case house; no glass, only oiled paper in the sliding panels all round the rooms, which answer the purpose of doors and windows. A balcony or verandah also runs round the house, with wooden shutters closed at night, in which are little 'earthquake-doors' to slip out of in case you find the house tumbling down. No bedsteads; but the tidy maiden—or rather married lady, for I see her teeth are nicely blacked and her eyebrows shaven off, which betokens matrimony—comes in to lay down on the beautifully clean fine matting, with which the floor is covered, two or three thickly wadded quilts, or large coats, on which we sleep. One has to go about either without shoes or in very thin slippers; to do otherwise would be impossible, as one sleeps and sits on the floor; but it is rather cold, a heavy shower of hail has just fallen, and our toes feel frozen. The only resource is the 'hibachi,' a copper pot, or more usually bronze, of a beautiful classical shape, filled with hot charcoal, round which we sit warming our fingers. After luncheon (our hospitable American friends have brought their excellent cook and servants) we walked round the rock island, covered with shrines, temples, and camellia trees—one of the latter growing down in a shady nook measured five feet round the trunk—and ferns, feathery dwarf bamboo, and Scotch firs. We explored the cave-temple of the sea-goddess 'Benton,' the lovely lady who, like Venus, rose from the foam here and created this island, and is commemorated in her rock temple, extending a long way under the cliff; and bought 'marine curiosities' displayed in the little shops—

huge spider crabs, whose claws measure three feet in length, and delicate sponges, out of which grow spun-glass plumes (*Hyalonema Lusitanicum*).

Tokio, February 23.—This morning on unrolling ourselves from the wadded silk coverlets on the floor, and looking out over the calm blue sea, the view of Fuji, the mountain of Japan, 12,000 feet high, and at this time of year a cone of pure snow, was lovely. We walked again round the island in the morning sunshine, and saw across the bay the spot where the national hero 'Nitta' threw his golden sword into the sea, an offering to the gods, who, touched by his devotion, gave him victory next day. This scene is depicted on the Japanese bank-notes which one uses, value fourpence and upwards, for everything.

In the afternoon we came here to stay with kind friends who know Japan and the Japanese thoroughly. Our rooms are in the European part of the house; but the living rooms are all built in Japanese fashion adapted to European ideas of comfort, that is, with fireplaces, and glass in the wall-panels instead of paper. Outside is a pretty garden with large trees, and a 'mountain' and fishponds, daphne and magnolia-bushes covered with bloom, where, six months ago, only a flat tract of sandy ground existed.

Tokio, February 24.—We have been in the shops picking up odds and ends of old things; delightful bits of carved ivory and old bronze are to be had still, but the day for getting them cheap has gone by; the prices they ask now are, we are told, 'enough to make one's back ache.'

With the exception of the many new Government schools

and residences of feudal lords now turned into offices and the Legations, the houses of Yeddo are small and uninteresting 'dry-goods boxes,' and being almost entirely of wood and paper constantly catch fire and are burned down. Indeed, a Japanese when he buys a house never thinks of it as a home, only as an investment for a few years, until the next fire or earthquake, and keeps his valuables in a fireproof 'Go-down,' a small detached building covered with an enormous thickness of mud plaster. Fire look-outs, tall fixed ladders up which the watchman runs and rings the alarm bell, are very frequent, and fire-engines have existed in Japan for ages. This is not an old town, it was created by the Tycoons and made their capital while the Mikado remained hidden in divine retirement in his old town of Kioto. The Tycoon (or, more correctly speaking, 'Shogun') merely means 'General-in-chief.' The office became hereditary, and since the twelfth century these military despots had practically ruled Japan, till 1868, now called the year of 'The Restoration,' when the last of the Shoguns fled before a popular rising, and having declined the proposal of one of his officers to commit 'hara kiri,' and die in a gentlemanlike manner, still lives in comfortable security. The officer, disgusted at his master's want of self-respect and good manners, retired to his room and killed himself in the orthodox fashion. The descendant of the sun-goddess, the 'heaven-born Mikado,' the 123rd sovereign of his line, was reinvested with his ancient power, and removed to Yeddo, which then, under the name of Tokio, became the capital of Japan.

Tokio, February 26.—This morning we spent in the

Temple of Asakusa, the favourite shrine of Tokio, where, to use a Japanese expression, crowds of people are always 'flocking in sleeve to sleeve,' up the long avenue lined on each side with toy-shops and sweetmeat-sellers' booths and lovely rice paper camellias with real stem and leaves, so well done that you must touch them to feel that they are artificial, and through the great gateway where the guardian deities sit enshrined (fierce figures at which the worshippers shoot little chewed-up paper pellets out of their mouths), and past the sacred ponies which the devout feed with pennyworths of corn. Troops of happy children, and flights of sacred pigeons up in the sunshine, and groups of pilgrims hearing 'bana,' or gathered round the old astrologers who sit under the shadow of the temple, their divining-rods in hand, bowing in a dignified manner to the country lad passing by, and saying, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I really fancy I see something unlucky in the shape of your forehead; pray let me examine it!' The image of one of Buddha's disciples is almost completely rubbed away by devotees standing round, first rubbing whatever part of their own body wants curing, and then polishing the same part of the idol, while others who had tender feet or were going on a long journey were hanging up their straw sandals as offerings. It is all very curious, and we spent hours looking into the sacred peep-shows, life-size figures wonderfully well done (miracle plays of ancient times), before we tore ourselves away, and drove over the old bridge on which for many years hung the edicts forbidding 'that cursed religion' (Christianity) 'odious to gods and men' to be preached.

Yesterday our friends took us to see a Japanese statesman at home—one of the rulers of Japan; for the Government now rule both the Mikado and the people. In a drawing-room, furnished like a London room, except that a figure in chain armour, a fine specimen of Japanese metal work, stood in one corner, we found a quiet little lady dressed in her native costume. Japanese ladies dress in the most subdued and harmonious shades of soft silks, no colour or jewellery, and when they go out make themselves comfortable in a wadded silk hood. The small, but very important, individual who manages the foreign affairs of Japan came in to greet us, and talk pleasantly in very fair English about things in general and his own country in particular. The Government are looked upon as the authors of the 'foreign barbarian' innovation, and a small 'old Japan' party still resent the change, and show their patriotism by attempts to murder the leaders of it. The most able man in the Cabinet was assassinated two years ago, and the deep scar across the face of the polite and intelligent gentleman I was speaking to reminded one that he had narrowly escaped the same fate; in fact, had been once left for dead, by some two-sworded fanatics in the streets of this town.

This afternoon we sat in a Japanese artist's studio buying pictures painted on silk, drinking tea and eating bonbons, while ordering a dress front to be painted. I am to have dragons and all 'sorts of bugs,' and do not the least know how it will turn out; but the man was intelligent, and like all his race, has a wonderful eye for colour. His pretty wife and children, dressed in charming grey and scarlet

crêpes and embroideries, ran about getting tea or sat beside me while I made sketches of dragons, laughing merrily all the time. But the children here are always laughing and happy; it is delightful never seeing anything or anybody ill-treated. Last night, at dinner, one of the professors said, when he came to Japan and found these heathen people so kind, courteous and amiable, 'that he felt he wanted to be a heathen too,' and spoke in the highest terms of the quickness of perception and the tact and good feeling of his pupils. This morning they tucked up their long garments and began snowballing each other in Western schoolboy fashion, but were at once stopped by the Japanese authorities of the college as being an 'undignified pastime.' One hopes they will not overdo education in this country. The schoolmaster is now to be found in every village of importance, and there never is the slightest difficulty in securing a large attendance of scholars. The Government had some idea of introducing the Roman alphabet instead of the cumbersome Chinese character, but this was found impracticable. We have earthquakes pretty frequently now (a lady tells me she lay awake and counted sixteen shocks the other night), but so slight that, unless one is sitting quietly, they are not perceived. However, it is not pleasant to feel the house shiver, and hear low rumbling noises pass apparently underneath you;—the 'great world-dragon,' as the native myth says, uncoiling himself.

We had read 'Mitford's Tales of Old Japan,' so this afternoon visited the tombs of the 'Forty-seven Ronins,' whose sad history he tells. The snow has almost disappeared,

and the sun came out bright and warm as we wound our way through the temple avenue up to the picturesque spot, under some tall pine trees overlooking the Bay of Yeddo, with its fleet of fishing-boats like white birds on the horizon, where the chivalrous retainers lie in forty-seven little graves round the lord for whom they sacrificed their lives. Filial piety and loyalty really take the place of religion in the Japanese mind, or at all events did so till modern progress overthrew the old standards of right and wrong. The memory of the forty-seven cavaliers who avenged their chief's death by placing the head of his enemy on the tomb before which we stood—having first washed it in the little well shaded by blossoming cherry trees, which we passed on our way up—is still as green in the hearts of their countrymen as the branches of the sacred evergreen tree (*Clythera Japonica*) decorating each grave; we added our stick of incense to the many that were burning round, and leaving the band of pilgrims who had come to do honour to the shrines, wandered on up the hill. Close by is the temple once occupied by Sir R. Alcock and the British Legation, on which a midnight attack was made, and one of the party wounded by another band of 'Ronins' (which literally means those who, to commit some desperate deed, have left the service of their feudal chief), where ten years ago might be seen the heads of executed criminals hanging in a ghastly row. But a pleasanter sight on our long walk back through this once dangerous suburb of Yeddo were the delightful Japanese babies, just like the Japanese dolls one sees in Paris, driving in jinrikshas with their pretty little mothers,

gilt flowers adorning their elaborately-dressed hair; for this is the 'Girls' birthday,' an annual spring festival.

Tokio, March 5.--Yesterday we spent in the temples. Those of Shiba, in the hanging woods just below this house, are beautiful, though the centre one, the most gorgeous of the group, was, like every building sooner or later in this country, burnt down a few years ago. Everything the Japanese do is picturesque, and the most picturesque places in their beautiful country are always chosen for shrines and temples. We wandered on shoeless feet through court after court of quaint kiosk-like buildings, carved and lacquered and gilded both inside and outside, like splendid jewel-caskets; the delicate, and yet rich, bold design of the cornices and panels, in which the sacred dragon coiled round and round entwined amongst chrysanthemums and the crest or badge of the Tycoon's family (whose burying-place was here) is admirable. But those very irreverent Buddhist priests pulled out splendid old sacred utensils, incense-burners, inscribed tablets, flower-vases, and bells, for our inspection, and knelt down in pretended devotion to show us how they made their prayers, in a manner which would have shocked the old warrior-heroes whose ashes were reposing in simple stone urns in the midst of all this magnificence. After death and cremation each Tycoon (or Shogun), whose proudest title was 'the foreign-barbarian-repressing chief,' received a new name and a stone lantern, many hundreds of which were ranged in the temple courts—the former custom making Japanese history very confusing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JAPANESE DINNER-PARTY—A JAPANESE STEAMER—THE INLAND SEA—KOBE—H. STARTS FOR PEKIN—THE PARISH CHURCH—THE 'VALLEY OF THE BLAZING TORCH.'

Yokohama, March 9.—We have been packing up our purchases, a collection of old swords, embroideries, candlesticks, lanterns, teapots, and pipes. 'Inosky,' our rather stupid servant, did them up neatly in Japanese paper pocket-handkerchiefs, which you buy here by the quire.

This evening we dined with a Japanese gentleman, who very kindly, when we expressed a wish to see a native entertainment, got one up for us. So at 5 P.M. we found ourselves driving in jinrikshas up the hill to his pretty house built of wood and paper, surrounded by a garden of quaint old trees, trained to grow in grotesque fashions, and mountains, and peony-trees, and tiny ponds full of gold fish with fan-tails. Our host met us in his native dress, and, leaving our shoes at the front door, we walked over beautiful white mats to a nicely-furnished dressing-room, where European brushes and combs and mirrors were laid out for our use, and then through passages lined with paper windows to the reception-rooms, where fourteen guests were assembled, seated on little cushions. Pretty little singing girls, in their very smart flowered *crêpe* kimonas, and huge sashes, and elaborately-

done hair (plenty of rice-powder and rougé), came in with tiny cups of tea; but the tea-room, a charming little nook where the 'powder-tea,' so much prized here, is made with great ceremony, was next door. Then dinner was served by eight singing girls—we being seated round the room on cushions, tucking up our legs as best we could. Luckily, our young Japanese friend, who speaks English well, was my neighbour, and gave me a lesson in the art of holding chop-sticks—but it was a funny feast. However, we did manage to pick up after a time some morsels of the numberless small dishes of cuttle-fish, mashed chestnuts, almond toffy, pounded quail, and egg soup, with our two little wooden chop-sticks. Everything was served in old China saucers or in lovely lacquer bowls. Between the courses the maidens danced, or, rather, went through a series of pantomime postures illustrating the song and music (a peasant girl making herself smart for her lover's visit), while some of them played curious instruments, and made a noise exactly like cats screaming. Then, again, they would lay aside their instruments and fans, and bring us raw fish. Our host came round (he does not eat with his guests, etiquette requiring that he should be too much engaged in looking after them to do so) to drink wine with us. Kneeling in front of my cushion, he presented his wine-saucer, which my singing girl filled with saki—rather like very dry sherry—and I drank; then, with many bows and salutations, he did the same out of my saucer. So, like the Greeks of old, we reclined and ate and conversed, and made music, till 10 P.M.

On board s.s. 'Hiroshima Maru' (belonging to the

'Three Diamonds Company'), *March* 10.—Leaving our heavy baggage with the proprietor of the excellent hotel, we came on board this large paddle-wheel steamer in light marching order this afternoon. It is creditable to Japanese enterprise to possess a line of such good American-built, two-storied steamers—commanded, however, by Europeans. Out of the thirty first-class passengers on board, an Englishman and ourselves are the only Europeans, the others are chiefly Japanese officials travelling at the expense of their Government. One has been Minister to Germany, and has a German wife, and actually a weak attempt at a moustache. Unlike other Orientals, the Japanese dignitaries affect great plainness of dress, but having only yesterday discarded their flowing silk dressing-gowns and girdles, and cushioned seats on the floor, they do not look quite comfortable in tight-fitting European garments, and generally manage to have a want of precision about the fit of their coats and trousers, and an undecided look about their waistcoats, which suggests the expediency of a wide sash to keep them together. Also, being very small people, they think it adds to their dignity to wear huge boots and white gloves many sizes too large; thus the whole effect is extremely comical.

There was a 'ministerial crisis' yesterday. This extraordinary people, who, twenty-five years ago, were content to live under feudal rule, are now agitating for universal suffrage! However, things passed off quietly. It is now nearly two years since a minister has been assassinated.

March 11.—Bright, cold, calm weather. We have been sitting on the hurricane deck, near the great 'walking-beam

engines.' An English traveller on board considers the Japanese 'the most despicable race he has ever met.' So there are two opinions as to the merits of 'young Japan.' Perhaps this young Englishman has not seen much of humanity, and may be as little able to judge of the comparative worth of the Japanese as an American lady the other day at luncheon of the merits of American scenery, which, she declared, 'in her opinion could not be equalled by that of any other country.' I saw our host (who, himself an American, could not bear any 'swagger') glare at her fiercely, and, after a few minutes, ask if she 'had ever been out of the States before?' The lady confessed that she had not.

Our Japanese fellow-passengers are very sorry for themselves at sea, and find European costume (*de rigueur* with officials) uncomfortable compared with a cool and roomy 'kimona.' One gentleman has taken off his coat, and wears his braces—a smart new pair, which he is evidently proud of—outside his waistcoat. A friend is arguing the subject out with him; but, evidently, they have come to the conclusion that to wear them outside is the proper thing. They are like children with a new toy, amused with everything, and crowd round H. and myself as we play at 'Go-ban,' a Japanese game. The men are certainly the ugliest specimens of the lords of creation we have seen. Most of the officials are of the 'samurai' (esquire) class. My opposite neighbour at dinner, the ugliest of all, is a Prince of ancient lineage. He would give anything for a pair of chop-sticks, I know, as he sits gravely cutting up his blanc-mange with a knife and fork. Our food is excellent, though it is the

fashion to grumble; but, as an American lady remarks, 'guess some people will grumble in heaven that their aureole does not fit.'

Hiogo Hotel (*Kobe*), *Japan*, *March* 12.—We steamed into the inland sea and this pretty harbour early this morning. Hiogo is the name of the old town, and Kobe of the new settlement which has sprung up beside it, where the mountains slope in a picturesque amphitheatre down to the coast. There is a railway from here to Kioto, the *old* capital of Japan, and residence of the Mikado till what is called 'the Restoration;' which railway we took this afternoon, in company with hundreds of pilgrims, to 'Osaka,' called 'the Paris of Japan,' a pretty town on the coast twenty miles from here. It was curious—but everything in this country is a curious combination of East and West, ancient and modern civilisation—to watch our first-class fellow-passengers, Japanese gentlemen in native dress and wooden clogs, with English railway tickets in their girdles, looking as if they had been accustomed to travel in railway-carriages all their life, reading their Japanese daily papers, and discussing the state of their money market. The editor of the Japanese 'Daily News,' a clever, intelligent man speaking very fair English, sat next H. at a Japanese dinner the other night, and discussed politics and religion, on which latter subject he held decidedly 'wide' views. He had travelled a good deal, and been invited to become a Christian in England, a Musalman in Constantinople, and a Hindoo by the Brahmins of India; but he seems to have remained a Buddhist—if anything.

However, the want of faith in the educated classes is somewhat made up for by the peasants, thousands of whom now, in this spring season, are going on pious pilgrimages to the shrines of the Sun Goddess, whose awakening after her winter sleep is to bring them a fruitful harvest. They were of a particularly inquiring mind to day, and determined to have a good look at us 'foreign barbarians.' So they clattered after us along the station platform till the noise of their wooden clogs was really deafening, and I was fain to take refuge in the waiting-room; but even there they formed a semicircle of ten or twenty deep, watching round the door till I emerged. Most of them have flat boxes tied over their shoulders, containing, as our servant says, 'one god inside,' but really only a bit of sacred stick—a charm for the domestic altar, to drive away the 'gods of crookedness' for the next six months. We drove about Osaka, a gay and thriving town—and saw its fine castle, or, rather, fortified enclosure, in which the Daimio lived until a few years ago, now turned into barracks—in gorgeous jinrikshas, the panels emblazoned with the national warrior saints and mythological personages.

Kobe ('*Gate of God*'), *March* 13.—H. started for Shanghai at daybreak this morning, to have a glimpse of Pekin; while I, fearing the rough 'China Sea' after our late voyage, remain at Kobe.

Last night we went to see Japanese conjurers at home. Very clever their performance was; beginning with one of the gentlemen coming forward and, addressing 'our worships,' introducing his young friend, though 'indeed he

was only a bungler, to our honourable notice,' and making a long speech, on his heels, with head now and then bent to the ground, in classical Japanese, which an English friend translated for our benefit. The 'bungler' did marvellous antics, lying on his back with his toes in the air; tossing boys out of barrels, opening and shutting huge umbrellas, and spinning large Japanese screens on one toe. Several English children were present, and, just as the conjurer was giving a most vigorous kick sending an umbrella into space, the breathless silence of the audience was broken by a little voice exclaiming, 'Oh, mama! you couldn't do that.' It was impossible to keep one's countenance, though the poor 'mama' looked rather confused. But the top-spinning was delightful. The tops, like living things, followed the conjurer's fan and never thought of stopping till ordered to, but kept spinning anywhere—on the top of each other, on the edge of his paper fan, and at last one spun on the wick of a lighted candle till it burst and made a miniature Catherine wheel. Then, at a word, jets of water sprang from the tops, from the sword blade, from the conjurer's own head and shoulders, and from the lamp, till really it seemed as if the room would be inundated.

Top-spinning and kite-flying are old national sports here, but, like everything else 'old,' are going out of fashion. Sometimes a kite is to be seen ever so high up in the sky. The great art is to cut the string of your adversary's kite, by drawing yours, prepared with glue and powdered glass, across it, so that it comes tumbling down from the clouds.

This morning I am sketching in a pretty temple, the

parish church of Kobe. It is dedicated to the Shintó religion, and the sun-goddess; everything in this country is reversed, according to our ideas, so the sun is feminine and the moon masculine. I drove in a jinriksha under a series of the curious stone portals called 'torii,' originally perches for the sacred pigeons and fowls, who gave notice of the uprising of the sun-goddess, but recalling, in shape and design, the 'torana,' the gateways to the Buddhist topes of India; passing by the stable of the sacred Albino pony (kept for the use of any deity requiring what our American friends call 'horseback riding'), and the never failing tea-house, and the guest-chamber, where strangers may lodge. This is a heathen temple, and yet there is not an idol to be seen anywhere, no graven images of any kind except the coiling dragons under the cornices; and a Japanese would indeed be astonished if you said the dragon was a mythological animal. His description and portrait are to be seen in every natural-history primer, to be had at the railway bookstalls or the corner of every street. Crowds of pilgrims are clattering up; they strike the great bell, or, rather, gong, in front of the shrine and clap their hands together to call the god's attention, of whom nothing is to be seen but a square box, before which hang strips of cut white paper. Inside is a bronze mirror, the emblem of the great sun-goddess.

'Japan is the country which gave birth to the goddess of the sun, Amaterasu, and therefore superior to all other countries. The goddess having endowed her grandson, "Ninigi no Mikito," with the three sacred treasures (sword, mirror, and seal), proclaimed him sovereign of Japan for ever. His

descendants will continue to rule it as long as the heavens and earth endure. All the gods under heaven and all mankind submitted to him, with the exception of a few wretches who were quickly subdued. Whenever anything goes wrong in the world it is to be attributed to the action of the evil gods, whom it is well to propitiate with offerings of agreeable food, playing with the harp, singing and dancing, or whatever is likely to put them in a good humour. The good gods to be prayed to in order to receive blessings, in a few words, but they are not to be annoyed by greedy petitions. The Mikado in his palace offers up petitions daily on behalf of his people, which are far more effectual than those of his subjects. Human beings (and especially the Japanese) having been produced by the spirit of the two creative deities, are naturally endowed with the knowledge of what they ought to do. It is unnecessary for them to trouble their heads with a system of morals. As human lusts are part of man's nature, they must be part of the harmony of the universe; but the vicious nature of other nations necessitates strict rules in other countries.' (From the 'Kojiki.')

Then, bowing the head, the pilgrim repeats a very short prayer, partly addressed to that incarnation of deity, the reigning Mikado, and to the local divinities of the rice-fields, and the hearthstone, and the mountain stream, to 'drive away all gods of crookedness, and to hear the petitions of their own descendants (the people of Great Japan), with the attentive ears of the forth-galloping colt' (a horse pricking his ears is the emblem of quick hearing). I see

no priest of any kind, only a rather dilapidated functionary sweeping up the fallen leaves; everything is neatly kept, and women are placing fresh sprigs of evergreen round a little shrine, surrounded by rough casts of small foxes, the peculiar animal attached to the god of the rice harvest. But the pilgrims soon crowd round to look at the foreign barbarian's work, although 'Inosky,' our servant, invites them to attend to their devotions and not stand exactly in front of my view. There is not the slightest ill feeling shown to strangers entering the holy places, and yet not far off is the temple where, twelve years ago, the Japanese officer who ordered the attack on the foreigners here committed 'hara kiri,' by order of his Government. The people of Japan, it is said (that is, the agricultural population), never disliked intercourse with foreigners; it was their feudal lords who kept the country shut up. The dear little rosy-cheeked shaven-pated children in wadded garments of many colours, which make them look like animated patchwork-pincushions, play round me in the sunshine, a game something like hop-scotch, with the ground marked out by blossoms of crimson camellias brought down from the tree overhead by last night's rain; or they try to make pebbles lodge on the bar of the great stone gateway, which, if they succeed in doing, will bring them good luck.

Sometimes I buy photos, sitting on the floor of the neat little paper-walled parlour behind the shop, while the small proprietress brings forth her choicest works of art, costing about 1*d.* each. I wanted the portrait of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, so, after much delay, and taking precau-

tions to see that no one was looking, she produced pictures of the descendant of the sun-goddess, the 123rd sovereign of the dynasty which has ruled Japan for over 2,000 years. Of course, it must be nice to have divine personages and all the host of heaven for your immediate ancestors; however, if the result is nothing better as regards looks than his present Imperial and divine Highness, one need not regret so much being born an ordinary mortal. But the glory of his countenance is too great to be looked at by the vulgar, and my good little woman might have been fined for selling this lovely portrait, a copy of which, with flowers in front of it, adorned the family shrine in the corner of the room. One never quite gets over the impression of being amongst dolls and living in a toy-house, so neat and natty is everything in Japan. I met the 'Silver Mine' (the Nevada man worth, it is said, five millions sterling) coming upstairs. 'Well now, I guess it's just a fine thing to see a full-grown white woman again,' said he, shaking my hand as if he had been wielding his sledge-hammer. The big man is tired of seeing nothing but the little Japanese, and does not even admire their pretty costumes. 'No, I guess I aint worth a cent in that harness,' he said, when we asked him if amongst his 150*l.* worth of 'curios' bought that morning he had some embroideries.

Yesterday I came upon the Buddhist cemetery and cremation temple in a lonely glen up in the hills, and looked into the small building where the very simple arrangements of the funeral pyre are made; logs of pine-wood and an iron grating, from under which, when all is consumed, the ashes are gathered up and buried in earthenware vases in the

cemetery outside; small pillars or obelisks usually, with evergreen shrubs planted round, mark each grave, and cups of fresh water and flowers, and sometimes a small bowl of rice, stand on each, placed there by tender hands for the comfort of the departed. A young man and woman were carefully replenishing the drinking cup and putting fresh blossoms of camellias on a very tiny monument, containing the ashes of their little one. All was neat and well cared for; even 'the field to bury strangers in,' close by the cremation house (where paupers from a distance without friends are buried), had its votive offerings of flowers and water. Only about 30 per cent. of the poorer classes are cremated, the custom of burying in a sitting position in a tub being still popular. 'Rich man he make great blaze, poor man he make little fire,' said Inosky, as we descended the 'valley of the blazing torch.'

CHAPTER XIX.

OLD AND NEW JAPAN—PAPER LANTERNS AT FIRES—FESTIVAL OF JIMMU TENNO—THE PARTY OF PROGRESS—THE ARK—JAPANESE ROYAL ACADEMY—H. RETURNS FROM PEKIN—HIS VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL.

Kobe, March 27.—I sit writing in the sunny window of my sitting-room, which Inosky has adorned with a branch of camellia, another of 'Pyrus Japonica,' and a long spray of cherry-blossom, in a very 'high-art' blue China jar. Bouquet and jar together make a School of Art design, and the entire cost is eightpence. How to arrange flowers is one of the items of a Japanese young lady's education, and they certainly do it marvellously well. It is a bright warm morning, with every now and then a burst of bitter wind and a shower of sleet. The view just here, down a promenade with European villas and gas lamps on one side, and neatly-kept grass and trees and harbour on the other, might be in England—a peaceful scene, but for the thoughts suggested by the blackened hulk of an American ship laden with kerosine, burnt down to the water's edge the other day. On the following day the mate murdered one of the crew, and has just been condemned to twenty years' penal servitude in Japan, the American Consul here remarking that he had 'no

fixings for hanging at Kobe,' and he (the criminal) was not worth sending all the way to America for execution.

Underneath the window is a dinner-seller, who has lifted his bamboo pole, with a kitchen at one end and pantry at the other, off his shoulders, lighted his charcoal stove, and is now prepared to give dinner, consisting of five courses, of bits of fish and herbs and rice and tea mixed up together, for the sum of twopence. A party of 'personally conducted' pilgrims—Japan has a native 'Cook's Excursionist' now—are making their long Japanese eyes as round as possible with astonishment, gazing at the 'poison smoke ships' (European gunboats) lying side by side with the quaint two-storied junks in the harbour. It is all a strange mixture of things new and old. But of very new things, perhaps the 'Silver Colonel,' as he is called, who has just been paying me a visit, is the most curious. This big man says he is the biggest banker, the biggest farmer, and the biggest miner in the Western States, and talks exactly like Mark Twain's heroes, in a quite simple manner, but in the funniest language, of his life and adventures. 'I was just the best hand in my father's shop, but I'm blest if that darned thing' (taking up a bit of Japanese iron work on the table) 'don't beat what I could have done;' and then he went on to tell of his farm of forty thousand acres, where 'you can drive a plough right slick through for twenty miles, and the clover crops are cut four times a year,' irrigated by a canal he made, sixty miles in length. 'Guess I have been there once,' he said, when I asked him if he superintended the farming himself.

After kindly giving us a specimen of his treasure caves

in Nevada—a bit of rock so richly streaked with silver as to be worth, before crushing, 2,000*l.* per ton—and a hospitable invitation to shoot on his Californian preserves, where 'I downed two bears in a thicket as big as England before I cleared away for Europe,' the great miner departs.

Kobe, Easter Sunday, March 28.—English sailors sang well in church this morning; it was pleasant to see so many Saxon faces. The good American Missionary clergyman preached a short and interesting sermon ('It takes a good priest to preach a short sermon,' says a Japanese proverb), and dispensed with the Athanasian Creed. The little 'Union Church' is used in the morning by the Episcopalians, and afterwards by the Dissenters, as the missionary societies of both creeds have wisely agreed to preach the Gospel of Peace in a harmonious manner; but a tea-firing 'go-down' is about to be built close by, and the chatter of the Japanese maidens will, they say, oblige church-goers to move their church:—the womenkind do chatter, notwithstanding the fact that 'too much talking' is one of the five legal causes for which a man may divorce his wife in Japan.—We prayed in church for 'the Mikado, ruler of this land.' After all, the Buddhists have prayed for us and all creation for the last 2,600 years.

To-night at 10 P.M. I heard the fire-bell tolling, and looking out, saw a great blaze a few doors off. Tea-warehouse on fire; crowds of natives, each carrying a paper lantern and paper umbrella (handy things to take to a fire?), flitted about like fire-flies. The warehouse was burnt down, but no further harm done. So the natives retired with their

umbrellas and lanterns, having seen the sight and done a great deal of talking.

A pleasant ramble up in the hills the other day, first along the edge of a dry river-bed—the mountain torrents, banked up for centuries where they cross the cultivated land, have at length assumed the appearance of gigantic aqueducts, so the railways in this country have to go under the rivers—through a long avenue of tall pine trees, and then out amongst the corn-fields and by a pretty village, each house standing in a tiny garden, with generally a small cherry tree in glorious blossom, and a plant of the 'heavenly bamboo' close by. One of our friends is a distinguished Japanese scholar, and can translate everything we meet. Of course, at first Japanese was a new language at our Foreign Office, and funny stories are told of the strange officials sent out to Japan as consuls. One honourable gentleman (whose spelling puzzled even the Japanese) had at length to be recalled for digging up skulls in a cemetery, on behalf of friends who wished to study the fashion of Japanese heads. A very 'grave offence,' our Government styled it, in relieving the too enthusiastic head collector of his office. These people have a great reverence for their dead, aud a curious disregard for life. The other day a poor woman, not rich enough to assist in rebuilding the village temple, which we passed by, hanged herself on one of the sacred trees, thus enabling it to be cut down—being no longer sacred after contact with a corpse—and made into the much-needed planks for her patron saint's shrine.

H. had a pleasant voyage to Shanghai, and was much

amused to find that the four young ladies travelling with a duenna—'nice-looking English girls,' as he thought—turned out to be a mother and daughters on a matrimonial tour round the world. She has already married four daughters, and is, as H. truly remarks, 'a wonderful woman.' Certainly her bold and original scheme deserves success. But he had a tiresome journey up to Tientsin—twenty-six hours wind-bound in one place, and twelve hours tossing about in a small steamer outside the river-bar, opposite the Taku forts, though the Scotch pilot offered 'to bet hats all round' that he would take the ship over in less. Chinese philosophers regard the decay of public works and the silting up of rivers as the natural evolution of things which, being ordained by Heaven, ought not to be interfered with. The only passengers were young Chinese graduates, going up for honours in Confucian philosophy, necessary for passing the competitive examination for the Civil Service in the Flowery Kingdom. They are a quaint people, these Chinese, in appearance and character so totally distinct from their lively change-loving neighbours the Japanese. But they are steady, plodding business men; from my window I can see the Chinese compradors (head clerks of the merchant houses here), clad in rich dark silks and glossy pigtails, being drawn about in jinrikshas by a wiry laughing little Japanese, whom the Celestial affects to despise as a thoughtless creature.

Kobe, April 3.—To-day is a great festival; the public offices are closed, the Japanese flag is flying beside the Union Jack on the Consul's flagstaff, Armstrong guns from Japanese gunboats will salute, the shops are closed, and one

cannot buy 'curios,' because this is the anniversary of the day on which Jimmu Tenno, the first Mikado, ascended the throne of the Island (Japan), 'formed from the crystal drops which fell from glittering swordpoints,' two thousand two hundred and twenty years ago. When his illustrious ancestors—the Adam and Eve of Japanese mythology—first descended on 'the Universe' (Japan), they separated to make a tour round its coasts, and, on meeting again, the divine lady burst out with 'How nice to see a lovely man!' But the divine gentleman was offended (women ought to hold their tongues, and not talk first), and the gods severely reprimanded this forwardness of speech; hence the Japanese account for the 'subjection of women.' Was not Eve led away by her love of gossip? This is really the story of early days, 'the beginning of all things,' in the sacred book, the 'Kojiki,' compiled in the eighth century.

The Japanese say truly, that 'to know the new, you must search the old,' and delight to describe the doings of ancient days in their Art and Poetry. But Jimmu Tenno, after a hard struggle with seven-headed dragons and monstrous spiders, landed near Osaka on the opposite side of the beautiful bay under my window (I can see a small steamer puffing along on its way there now), and lived to the good old age of one hundred and thirty years, and the present Mikado claims from him unbroken descent.

Marco Polo, who never himself visited Japan, but gives a graphic account of the 'Great Khân's' attempt to annex the island Kingdom of 'Chipangu,' says the people are 'white, civilised and well favoured.' Japan, the 'Land of the

Rising Sun,' remained a sort of myth — a dreamland to Europe (in seeking for which Columbus stumbled on America), till the sixteenth century, when Portuguese traders and Jesuit missionaries first brought back authentic tidings of the strange country. The tale of the success and the cruel persecution and extinction of Christianity there is a sad one; and except for the jealously exclusive intercourse with a few exiled Dutchmen, Japan remained a forbidden land to the rest of the world till 1853, when the Government of the United States first broke down the barriers of Japanese exclusion, and Commodore Perry appeared in the Bay of Yeddo with four ships of war. Then, indeed, the 'foreign-barbarian-repressing' chiefs were called together for hurried council, and old Prince Mito ('representing conservative feeling in the Lords') was for repelling the impudent strangers at all hazards. 'At first,' he said, 'they will give us philosophical instruments, but they will end in swallowing up Japan.' But the younger Princes of the Party of Progress argued, 'We are not the equals of foreigners in the mechanical arts; let us have intercourse with foreign countries, learn their drill and tactics, and when we have made the nation as united as one family, we shall be able to go abroad and give lands in foreign countries to those who have distinguished themselves in battle.' Finally peaceful and progressive counsels prevailed, and those who have good opportunities of judging of late events in Japan commend highly the unselfish patriotism of the ruling classes in giving up their feudal rights. 'The peaceful revolution, accomplished with but comparatively slight ex-

penditure of blood or money, has been a more radical change for Japan than the Great Revolution for France.'

I have been this afternoon to see the procession of the sacred ark. A wooden tabernacle, much gilded and adorned, carried on poles by a crowd of laughing natives, and escorted by rather dilapidated-looking priests, clad in white, with high lacquer caps, and in one case followed by two young priestesses. There was much dancing and mirth, and the ark was well shaken, causing all its little bells to tinkle, and much beating of huge drums; but we certainly did not see anything that recalled Old Testament descriptions of the Jewish Ark. Some curiously-minded people try to make out the Japanese to be the lost tribes; an enthusiast in Yokohama has written many books on the subject. Really the 'lost tribes' are beginning to be a bore—one meets them everywhere. An uncritical fellow-traveller remarked in a plaintive voice the other day, he did not see much advantage in recovering any more 'lost tribes,' and hinted that there were quite a sufficient number of that ancient and interesting people spared to humanity.

Kobe, April 4.—This afternoon I went with friends to the exhibition of students' drawings at the Model Training School here. A crowd of visitors were leaving their wooden clogs at the door, for which they received a ticket —like our umbrellas at the Royal Academy. We were the only Europeans in the dense mass of little men and women, and babies and children thronging through the large airy class-rooms hung with the artistic efforts of young Japan. Some of the pencil drawings of still life were very fair, indeed

good; but the oil portraits in 'the European style,' and drawings from life, were poor; Asiatics cannot yet understand perspective, but no doubt by the time the young critic, aged ten, who stood near us has received his art education they will have learnt to 'foreshorten' in Western art-fashion. 'That is quite a ridiculous picture, I cannot think who can have exhibited it,' said the small student, contemptuously pointing to the representation of a limp lady very much out of drawing, as he hitched up his dressing-gown and gave another twist to his girdle, and looked the 'connoisseur' all over. 'And pray which do you consider the best drawing here?' I asked him. 'Will you first condescend to make your honourable choice?' replied the little man, in Japanese polite idiom, and afterwards put his finger on what really was the best drawing.

Writing the endless and complicated Chinese characters is a branch of art included in drawing in this country. We found in the girls' department a pretty little maiden seated on the floor, the centre of an admiring crowd of spectators, writing verses and making sketches. We bought a paper fan from the paper-seller in one corner of the room, and then asked the little pupil, aged eleven, to decorate it; she took up her brush, and with Indian ink dashed in a graceful bamboo branch, with a verse of Japanese poetry—

> The autumn wind
> Sighs through the swaying branch;

the whole thing in less than two minutes, and gave it me, looking up in my face with bright eyes and smiling painted lips. There is an unconscious grace and 'spontaneity'



JAPANESE SCHOOLMASTER AND SCHOLARS.

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about Japanese art which one learns to appreciate fully only in Japan.

Then we went out into the Government botanical gardens, where, on a small scale, experiments were being tried in European fruits and vegetables. Strawberries have been a great success, and can be bought in the market for twopence a pound in the season. There was also a triumph of art, a bit of bedding out; but one trusts the Japanese will not follow this foolish horticultural fashion. Large English cabbages were a few years ago grown here as pot plants for 'decorative purposes,' but are now sufficiently common to be eaten. In the face of all this civilisation is it not curious to see the following amongst the 'news items' from native papers in to-day's 'Kobe News'?—'The Otsu garrison have requested the loan of the instruments of torture belonging to the Osaka garrison, to be used in the investigation as to the late fire in their barracks.' There must be something wrong here, for torture has of late years been abolished by law in Japan.

Kobe, Japan, April 18.—H. returned to-day from Pekin. The following extracts are from his journal:—

'*English Legation, Pekin, March* 30.—Arrived here on the evening of the 26th, after a tedious drive of thirty hours from Tientsin in a mule cart, shaped like a coffin and painted blue, through an uninteresting country, covered with burial mounds. Thanks to my hospitable host, and to the kindness of the members of the Legation, I have seen many of the temples of Pekin, among them the Lamasary, where we found a great number of boys drinking tea out of the flat

cups Thibetans always carry, and chanting "Om Mani Padmi Han." . . .

'*April* 4.—Returned to-day from a round trip to Yuen, Ming Yuen, Chatow, and the Ming tombs—the park of the former, better known as the Summer Palace, extends to twelve square miles, but is now in a very neglected condition; a portion of one of the palaces is still inhabited—but the greater part is in ruin. Then on to Heilungton, where there is a temple where the rain-god, a black dragon, sits in a yellow robe. At Nankow I put up at the tea-house, and had to get some of the torn window-panes repapered, and the brick stove, on which my blankets were laid, lit, but the smell of the charcoal was so unpleasant that I soon had to put it out.

'Next morning I started on a donkey (a sack doing duty as a saddle) for the Great Wall and Chatow. I passed numbers of camels on their way to Pekin, laden with coal, soda, bricks, wine, &c., and several parties of Mongolians returning with their camels to their own country. After about fifteen li (two and a-half li to the mile) we rode under a fine archway in the Pass of Kin-young-knau. A spur of the Great Wall crosses this pass. On this arch, erected about five hundred years ago, is a Buddhist inscription or collection of magical sentences in no less than six Sanskrit or Tartar dialects. It is probably the lower part of what was once a pagoda, which, in compliance with the wishes of the superstitious Tartars, was almost destroyed by the Ming emperors—indeed, my Chinese boy said that even now the Mongol caravans dislike passing under it; perhaps they have

an hereditary aversion to the place, for near here, early in the thirteenth century, their great ancestor Genghis Khan suffered a repulse during his victorious march on Pekin.

'The Great Wall is about forty feet high (though when crossing steep places not more than half that) and about 18 feet wide, with loopholed battlements at each side, and square towers every fifty or sixty yards. It is built of brick and earth faced with masonry, and is in fair repair. I went a short distance beyond Chatow, and then back to Nankow, meeting a Russian traveller with a mule-litter, who said he was on his way to Marseilles, having come from Moscow, and had been all the winter on his journey.

'Off early next morning to visit the Ming tombs, thirty in number. A short distance from them are three large detached stone gateways, covered with figures. Passing through an avenue two-thirds of a mile in length, flanked by colossal stone representations of men and animals, the principal building is reached. It has an immense hall, 220 feet long by 93 wide, supported by 32 pillars; each pillar is 11 feet in circumference, and those in the centre are 60 feet in height. I slept at Tong Shan, where there are gardens and hot water springs, reaching Pekin next day, and on April 5 returned by boat to Tientsin.' . . .

CHAPTER XX.

NARA BY MOONLIGHT—KIOTO—MODERN ART IN JAPAN—THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN—THE MIKADO'S PALACE—THE RAPIDS—THE PROTESTANTS OF BUDDHISM—ON THE NAKASENDO.

At the Tea-house, Nara, Japan, April 29.—As night fell we reached the ancient town of Nara, the capital of this country from the sixth to the seventh century of our era, still the sacred city, whose temple contains the largest bronze Buddha in Japan. The moonlight was streaming through the avenues of cryptomerias and fir trees, and over the heavy-roofed gables of the temples, as we wound our way, followed by our jinrikshas, up the rocky path, disturbing the sacred deer lying under the splendid old trees (one cryptomeria measured thirty-six feet round) to the tea-house close to the principal temple. But alas! the pilgrims had filled it, every mat was taken, and we had to turn our weary steps—twenty-six miles' jolting in a jinriksha is somewhat fatiguing—down the glen again, and finally found refuge at midnight in a tea-house in the town.

This morning we followed a crowd of little women pilgrims, in mushroom straw hats and short petticoats, staff and rosary in hand, to the Shinto temple, where, in a simple thatched-roofed building, two white-robed priests and two young priestesses, also in white-flowered crape vestments,

with faces painted till they looked more like masks than anything human, moved about in a solemn sacred dance to the intoning of invocations to the sun-goddess.

Four empresses reigned here before A.D. 982, and here the 'Kojiki,' the earliest literary composition of this country, was written in A.D. 711. Then we went on to the temple of the 'Dai Butsu' (Great Buddha), the enormous bronze sitting statue, first cast in A.D. 743. Its great calm face—a man can crawl through the nostrils—is sixteen feet long, and the whole image, into which, during the casting, tradition says five hundred pounds weight of gold was mixed, is fifty-three feet high; but being under an ugly shed-like building, it does not impress one, and we thought the exhibition of new and old Japanese products held round it more interesting—old bronze and iron swords and ancient vessels belonging to the 'Heavenly Grandson,' as the earliest Mikado was styled, and an excellent collection of modern Japanese art. A stone lantern before the great Buddha is supposed to have been lighted by the sacred fire brought originally from Ceylon; perhaps the progressive Japanese will now use paraffin, which we see advertised as 'patent coaled oil, which can be burned in a pan and catch never fire, manufactured by Yamamoto.'

Kioto, April 23.—A lovely morning; we were out early to see the sights of this old town. First, to the porcelain-painting quarter to watch the native artist tracing pretty designs on coarse earthenware; a branch of bamboo, or a spray of cherry-blossom, or the stork and tortoise, emblems of long life, are the favourite designs; but one can see that

European art is beginning to be felt and badly copied in Japan. Then on to beautiful temples, richly carved cornices, and delicately lacquered shrines, rising out of gardens of cherry-blossom and spring foliage; and then to see the bronze workers, bright-eyed little Japanese men, with the clumsiest tools turning out charming vases—but certainly not equal to the old work; the great demand for everything Japanese in Europe is having a very bad effect on the quality of the work done here now-a-days. Not like the fine bronze made years ago, of which the statue of Buddha we went on to see is built, which looked down at us with placid smile; in better condition than one morning, three hundred years ago, when, after an earthquake, the Shogun rode by and saw the great image prone on its face on the ground, tumbled to pieces; shaking his clenched hand in anger and derision, he said to the poor Buddha, 'I placed you here with immense expense for no other reason than that you should defend the city, and lo! you cannot even help yourself.'

Another large temple contained thirty-three thousand images of the goddess of mercy, built by a devout man, who having suffered much from headaches, was informed by the goddess in a vision, that they were caused by a tree growing out of the skull which had belonged to him in a former state of existence; he cut down the tree and was cured. 'Probably Kwanyin was found as a principal goddess among the Chinese by the Buddhist missionaries on their arrival from India, and by them was made out to be their own deity.' For Kwanyin is our friend Avalokiteswara, of whom we heard and saw so much in the Lamasaries of Thibet—the 'Hearer

of Prayer,' 'the Great Pitier,' and most attractive deity of Northern Buddhism.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs had sent us a letter to the Governor here, so this afternoon we found his Excellency in a large 'Yashiki,' formerly the residence of the Shogun when at Kioto. Large empty rooms, with heavily carved and richly gilt cornices, but wall-panels, once filled with men in armour, and now occupied by a few quiet clerks and secretaries in half European costume. We sat down on kitchen chairs at a large covered table in a great hall, the only other articles of furniture being an American clock and a huge stork carved in wood, and conversed through an interpreter with the Governor, a little man, in appearance very much like a small attorney's clerk, who was very civil. He deputed his secretary to accompany us and show us the sights, which is convenient, as our 'boy' is too stupid. This afternoon we have been to look at embroideries, drink tea, see more temples, and watch the procession of the Holy Arks. H. knows now where all his old hunting-hats go,—to deck the heads of town dignitaries at these Japanese religious processions. The citizens of this ancient capital of the Land of the Rising Sun seem to imagine that an old English hat, very tall and wide brimmed, gives a certain dignity to their appearance, and is altogether a suitable head-dress for solemn occasions.

This afternoon we were taken to the Female Model School, to see Japanese maidens in comfortable, well-aired rooms, cultivating their minds and their fingers in an entirely satisfactory manner. It was difficult to remember

that we were in Asia among heathen women, as we listened to Japanese girls reading English with pretty lisping accent out of School Board 'Reading Lessons.' The only non-native official was the American mistress who superintended the English teaching. We passed on through large class-rooms (there are 250 girls in the school), where, sitting on the matted floor, Japanese damsels were at needlework, making their own clothes, or busy at embroidery. All looked bright and happy and pleased to see us. One young lady, seeing me amused by the finger-cushions worn as thimbles, got up from the further end of the room and shyly offered some specimens of them made by herself. Pictures, illustrating moral virtues, hung round the room; 'that they may learn with their eyes as well as with their fingers,' said the Japanese superintendent in very good English. We pointed to the portrait of a national hero, and asked what feminine virtue he was supposed to illustrate? 'Ah, that is to teach them the folly and wickedness of suicide; had his mother killed herself the country would not have been adorned by his valour.' It seemed strange that the happy-looking young girls round us should need to be dissuaded from suicide on the grounds of patriotism—yet so it too often is. If anything goes wrong these light-hearted Japanese fill the sleeves of their kimonas with stones and throw themselves into the nearest pond.

'Local female examinations' were going on: five young ladies seated at a desk were engaged in finding the cube root of a long line of figures chalked up on a black board behind the native examiner. In the next room, the

natural philosophy class were writing out their papers, the inspector having given them a question respecting the air-pump to answer. This was merely the half-yearly school examination; there was no audience. We came in quite unexpectedly on the dozen or so of girls, aged from fourteen to seventeen, in each room, and we did not remain long enough to interrupt their studies; but we were curious to know whether the young ladies really understood what they were being taught. So, turning over the leaves of the examiner's book, I came on the picture of a balloon (the book was in Chinese characters), and asked the inspector to request a pretty girl I pointed to, to explain what caused a balloon to rise? She thought for a few moments, then rose up at her desk, and answered through the interpreter, that 'the gas with which the balloon was filled being lighter than the outer air caused it to rise;' and went on, so modestly and prettily, to explain the action of hydrogen. But at this stage of the proceedings, being satisfied that this scientific education was a reality—the girl had answered entirely out of her own head, and I had chosen the subject at random—we thought it just as well for our scientific fame not to follow these Turanian damsels into deeper subjects.

With an order from the Governor we went over the Mikado's palace, distinguished by its great simplicity. The son of the gods did not require the luxury and vain pomp of ordinary mortals; but somehow the large lofty rooms and corridors, of unpainted, unvarnished, but exquisitely fitted wood-work,—beams, sometimes more than four feet wide, of

splendid wood, forming the panels,—with here and there a beautifully painted screen, or, rather, sliding panel, and carved cornice, but no gilding or stucco, were very striking and impressive after the gaudy magnificence of European palaces. The Mikado's bedroom had absolutely no furniture, nothing but the finest bamboo matting on the floor, and delightfully painted storks on the door-panels. Close by was the private chapel where copies (and for some time the originals) of the sacred regalia, the mirror of the sun-goddess, and the 'Divine Sword of the Clustering Clouds,' and regal seal are kept, but not an idol or image of any kind to be seen. Our cicerone, the Governor's secretary, an intelligent young man, dined with us to-night; how much better he looked in his native dress than in the European clothes of this morning! We have sent away our stupid servant and got another from Kobe; his name is 'Matsu' (the Pine-tree). He only speaks three words of English, 'yes,' and 'look see.' He is fully impressed that we want to see everything that is to be seen; if he does not understand, he laughs.

Kioto, April 25.—We went with the Secretary to the rapids this morning. A lovely drive in jinrikshas, going five miles an hour, past delightful villages and pretty hills to the river. Then, jinrikshas, coolies, and all, embarked in a large flat-bottomed boat, made of very thin planks; and for two hours the three wary boatmen steered us down the rushing river. Sometimes through rocks just far enough apart to let our boat pass between them, and then out on to a foaming staircase of water, with black rocks standing up through it in an alarming manner, the strong current

making the bottom of our slightly-built boat vibrate and shiver. The views were lovely, the hill sides ablaze with scarlet azaleas and bright-green foliage, chiefly maple, and wild cherry-trees, drooping into the dark rushing water. This is certainly a beautiful country and a perfect climate, we thought, as we ate our sandwiches and bumped over the rocks.

Kioto, April 28.—We wandered up the mountain behind our hotel, one lovely evening, amongst the pine trees, azaleas, and camellias, to the large monastery and church of the Jodo sect of Buddhists. Commemoration of the founder's death was being celebrated, and we stood amongst the crowd of worshippers watching the function going on in the splendid shrine; rich gilding and carving and lacquer everywhere, golden lotus-blossoms, and bronze and silver censers sending out wreaths of incense into the evening air. About two hundred monks, in white dresses and embroidered stoles, shaven head, and rosary and fan in hand, knelt before the altar, chanting round their Abbot, an old man in mediæval garments and mitre. They were joined sometimes by the devout amongst the congregation in a sort of invocation or glorification of 'the Great One;' 'Namu Amida Butsu!' or, 'Hear us, O Eternal Buddha!' came in now and then at the end of each clause of what seemed to be a sort of litany. Then the old Abbot got up and blessed the kneeling crowd, and the brotherhood slowly filed out into the slanting sunshine, their shining garments lighting up the avenue of dark cryptomerias; and the great bell boomed out from amongst the pine trees, and each brother returned to

his pretty little domicile under their shadow, where this sect, founded by 'his reverence Shinran' in A.D. 1262, live and cultivate each their own tiny garden, and marry, and seem to live calm, peaceful lives. They are considered the Protestants of Japanese Buddhism, for, abjuring asceticism and monkish seclusion, and the making of long prayers, and fasting and superstitious belief in charms and invocations which they hold to have nothing in common with genuine Buddhism, they lead happy family lives; and teach that faith in the righteousness of Buddha, together with purity of life and devout prayer, are the only means of salvation. They have translated the Sanskrit Scripture into Japanese, and are the best educated bonzes; and their temples and ritual are the most gorgeous and imposing we have seen. 'The last new charge urged against the Monto or Jodo sect by their rivals is that they are so much like Christians that they might as well be such out and out. Liberty of thought and action, an incoercible desire to be free from governmental, traditional, ultra-ecclesiastical, or Shinto influence—in a word, Protestantism in its pure sense—is characteristic of the great sect founded by Shinran.'

Another day we went to the Government institution for teaching singing girls, and watched a blind musician instructing his young lady pupils in what we should call the science of caterwauling. Afterwards we were taken into the daintily-decorated room where how to perform the ancient and important ceremony of tea-making was being taught. Tea plants bloomed in the garden, and the walls were adorned with Indian-ink sketches and verses in praise of tea.

We sat down on cushions, with lacquer stands before us, while two damsels, superintended by a grave duenna, after much ceremony and endless preparations with dainty brushes, teapots, fans, kettles, and cups, presented us with a thimbleful of 'powder-tea'—pounded tea-leaves of the finest quality whisked up with a little hot water into something resembling green pea-soup, and served in sun-baked, roughly-glazed pottery. Tea made in this way has a bitter astringent flavour, and is much prized in Japan, where, in good houses, a room for making it is always set apart, and the ceremonies attending thereon form part of a liberal education.

We have been again in the temples this afternoon, but it is impossible to describe how picturesque the stately pagodas and shrines blazing with crimson lacquer and gilding, and dragons circling round the cornices with jewelled tails, are—framed and set against a background of dusky green cryptomerias, from which hang wreaths of white and lilac wisteria, and clouds of cherry and peach-blossom. Looking down over the green plain and spreading city of Kioto from the verandah of one temple—railed in lately to prevent people jumping into the valley below, and thus, as they believed, having their latest wish fulfilled—we saw a penitent standing under a cascade which came tumbling over the cliff above; let us hope that his sins were effectually washed away.

Mailbara, April 29.—We are now on the 'Nakasendo,' the mountain road running through the centre and the most beautiful part of Japan; it will take us three weeks to reach Nikko—the celebrated burial-place and shrines of the Shoguns. The distance is only about 330 miles, but trans-

port is difficult. Our 'Pine-tree' (he is about four feet high, and is girt about with a sash over a blue dressing-gown) has just brought us a live fish, a kind of perch, which he proposes to cook for our supper. Fish here are often caught with flies without barbs. We bought some the other day very neatly tied. The angler has to trust to a skilful jerk to land his fish with flies constructed on this humane principle.

Sanghara, April 30.—Taking leave of our worthy host—fat, jolly, and courteous—the very picture of 'mine host,' amidst a chorus of 'Sarynaya' (farewell) from the bright-eyed tea-house girls, we started in five jinrikshas, and drove thirteen miles in heavy rain through a pretty country, meeting crowds of pilgrims provided with oiled paper (waterproof) coats, wooden clogs, and bamboo hats about three feet in diameter. When a line of pilgrims suddenly take off these hats they look much like a row of decapitated mushrooms. The carpenter is the shoemaker, and the thatcher provides the 'head roof,' as hats are called in Japan.

Gifu, May 1.—We found a large tea-house, and actually two chairs and a table here. Generally there is no furniture beyond a sword-rack—now used for the peaceable umbrella—a prettily-painted screen, and a vase of flowers. We are in the interior of the country, where, no doubt, Europeans are rarely seen; at all events, much to our discomfort, we were fairly mobbed this afternoon when we went to see the cormorant-fishing. The people seemed to swarm round us, rushing on in front to secure good places for a stare, or diving down side streets to cut us off; for half a mile ahead our road was lined with spectators, not in the least rude, not

an unkind word or look—only, wherever one turned, hundreds of eyes were gazing—gazing with all their might. I came back with a sort of hunted-animal feeling. But even in our tea-house rooms, if there was the slightest slit in the paper walls, there one was sure to see a pair of black bead-like eyes gleaming down, to be supplemented by two small fingers making two more holes for another pair of inquiring eyes, till literally the paper walls, behind which you have taken refuge after the day's journey, seem to stare at you, and the crowded solitude becomes insupportable.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KANGO—SPRING FLOWERS—A JAPANESE HOMBURG—RELIGION IN JAPAN—AN AFFABLE BONZE—NIKKO—THE 'WOMAN-CHICKEN'—JAPANESE 'GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.'

Magome, May 4.—I have travelled in a good many fashions, on elephants, camels, yaks, in Spanish diligences, and Indian bullock-carts, but never in such a truly uncomfortable conveyance as the 'kango;' a bread-platter eighteen inches in diameter, slung on to a pole and roofed over with light laths, just too low to sit upright in, so one is bound to have a 'crick' in the neck, a pain in the back, and a bad fit of 'knots in the knees' (as the American young lady said), from crumpling up one's legs to fit on the bread-platter. However, it is wonderful with what apparent ease two Japanese coolies, having divested themselves of all superfluous clothing, and had two whiffs from the pipe they carry stowed away over my head, take up the 'kango' and walk over the Pass. Passing through a village we bought some of the curious bean-shaped pieces of soapstone, the jewels of ancient Japan, wherewith the sun-goddess was wont to decorate herself. To-night the pilgrims are really doing a great deal of devotion, talking over their beads in the next room, and muttering Buddhist invocations. Parties of old gentlemen and ladies, when their families are put out in the world

and 'done for,' take up the pilgrim's staff, a paper waterproof coat, a pair of clogs, and a rosary, and start off to see life and 'acquire merits,' useful in future existences, at the various shrines of Tokio or Kioto.

May 5.—I am beginning to effect a better distribution of arms and legs in the 'kango;' still, it is dreadfully uncomfortable; at the end of the day one feels like an anatomical puzzle badly put together. We walked five miles through the lovely valley of the river Kaiso, first under arcades of 'Arbor Vitæ' and cryptomeria, the river rushing over a rocky bed on one side, here and there a picturesque water-wheel, or wayside shrine, and once we passed the country house of a late 'Daimio,' now turned into a tea-house; the only relic left of the chieftain was a memorial stone lantern under a yew tree, and a magnificent weeping cherry making the spot where he committed 'hara kiri' white with its blossoms, for, as the Japanese say, 'there is other snow than that which falls from the skies.' The double azaleas (four blossoms in one), and the 'Pyrus Japonica,' with flowers as large as crown-pieces, and the crimson-berried plants of the 'Heavenly Bamboo,' are lovely. Still, nothing has any perfume, not even the violets, and we feel sure our South of England spring-flowers are as beautiful.

We see no beggars; we have been only twice asked for alms in Japan, and yet we are in the heart of the country, passing through scores of villages every day; no sign of poverty, or wealth, anywhere—really a sort of Arcadia. I have never seen a blow given to man or beast, or heard an angry word spoken, and scarcely ever see the laughing



THE HEAVENLY BAMBOO.

babies, rolled up on other babies' backs, cry. And the people do so delight in their beautiful country; instead of hearing one's coolies talk for ever of 'rupees,' as in Kashmir, we generally make out that their conversation is concerning the scenery. Walking up a hill to-day, behind the jinriksha, a pilgrim laughingly asked me to get in, and he 'would put his shoulder to the wheel,' and haul me up, which obliging offer we declined; then, with our very scant knowledge of Japanese, we tried conversation, the pilgrim inviting us to admire his beloved 'Nipon.' Sometimes we think these people resemble the Greeks in their extreme delight and delicate sense of beauty; their adaptiveness and love of change and progress, their speculative and inquiring turn of mind (the works of Mill and Spencer are most popular with the higher students); their failure to appreciate truth in the abstract, and their irreligiousness, combined with a tender nature, and instinctive love of virtue; lastly, their sociable and mirth-loving temperament, and keen sense of humour.

Shimo-no-Sewa, May 9.—Owing to the difficulty of getting our baggage carried, we did only ten miles, so had an easy march to-day, and fine view of the great mountain of Japan, 'Fujiyama,' still a cone of snow, rising beyond Lake Sewa, on whose shores we are now resting. A row on the lake, and some fresh fish for dinner, sounded pleasant; so, with Matsu and two natives, we started in a sort of canoe. But alas! on reaching the fishing-boats, we found that the fishermen had toiled all night, and caught nothing except a few miserable sprats. Like all Japanese, they laughed exuberantly over their bad luck; and we rowed on to some

fish traps, the property of our boatmen, who hauled up nice little silvery grayling, which we looked forward to for supper. But the 'Pine-tree' is not much of a cook; I gave him the frying-pan—which we have brought, in the fond hope of finding something to fry in it—and some French tinned butter, but could not descend to the kitchen very well myself, for two gentlemen were at that moment having their afternoon tub at the foot of the staircase. Those grayling came up in a sort of mash, all heads and tails, and we were fain to content ourselves with tinned Japanese venison for supper.

Shimo-no-Sewa is the Aix-les-Bains of this country; just now (6 P.M.) the rank and fashion of Japan are pretty generally standing or splashing about in the large tanks of warm mineral water, open to the street at the door of every tea-house. A lady and her little child have emerged from the bath, and are sitting down to cool on the doorstep opposite the room I write in. Neither of them has a scrap of clothing on, only some long tortoiseshell pins in the hair; and now I see she has slipped on her straw sandals, while a gentleman, also unclothed, has come up to talk to her, and hang himself out to dry. It is really very startling at first. She is a respectable matronly woman, but certainly, on the whole—and we have opportunities of judging here—the costume of Eden is not becoming to fat middle-aged ladies. Other people are sauntering up and down, as on the promenade at Homburg; but seem entirely comfortable with nothing whatever on.

Wada, May 10.—Drizzling rain all the morning, while

crossing a rather uninteresting pass (5,000 feet), with larch and birch trees on the top; and then down again into a pretty valley. We are lodged in a spacious tea-house, once the family mansion of a Daimio. The good woman of the house brought us in some of his treasures, a handsome sword and cabinet of minerals, to look at, while she sat and examined my velvet jacket, and gave her maidens a lecture on its texture and make. Twenty-five years ago the sword was still 'the living soul of the Samurai,' which, not to be expert in the use of, or to lay aside, was to forfeit all claim to gentle breeding. The 'Sword of the Clustering Clouds' is part of the regalia presented by divine forefathers to the monarch of the 'Land of Many Blades,' the islands of Japan. Now we see a notice in the Japanese paper forbidding even the teaching of sword exercise, and we have only met one gentleman, and that quite in the interior, away from police regulations, who ventured to wear the sabre of his fathers. Let us hope that, in submitting to be deprived of their feudal rights and warlike accomplishments without an appeal to the sword, the aristocracy of Japan may be rewarded by seeing the progress of their country in the arts of Peace.

Otai, May 11.—This afternoon we skirted the base of the great volcanic mountain, 'Asayama.' A quivering smoke rose from the top, and the black lumps of lava, tumbling down amongst the scarlet anemones at our feet, showed that it is sometimes very 'active.' This has been our longest march (twenty-seven miles), as we luckily found jinrikshas to take us over the level roads. Every night our passport is demanded in solemn form, but never is there the slightest

animosity shown to the foreigners; only the natives do stare and spy! . . .

Onama, May 13.—It is difficult to keep one's temper, these people are so stupid sometimes; like clever monkeys, they can copy anything, but are 'impervious to reason.' The mulberry trees are now in full leaf, and the women sit winding silk at their cottage doors, or making afternoon tea-biscuits out of rice-starch and the root of the brake fern—the flavour of which is not unpleasant. Everything looks prosperous and cheery; even the few Buddhist monks one meets toddling along, with shaven heads and embroidered stole, and acolyte behind carrying bell, book, and incense-burner, look up with a pleasant smile. Nothing gloomy about this people or their gods. Buddha roughly carved in stone looks at one from the wayside shrines out of a cloud of red and white azalea-blossoms, deposited there by pious hands; and the toy-seller plies his trade under the shadow of the sacred roof. A people whose religion sits lightly on them, and seems generally in the popular mind to have taken the form of hero-worship, and loyalty to their divinely-descended Mikado, literally 'the Honourable Gate;'—like the 'Sublime Porte,'—the idea being that the occupant of the throne is so high above all mortals that it would be disrespectful to speak of him directly, and therefore he is designated by the gate of his palace.

But now that the sacred Mikado has merged into the 'Emperor of Japan,' a gentleman in cocked hat and uniform, driving about the streets of his capital in a barouche, what is to become of his spiritual prestige? Will the national

religion suffer from the descent of its head to everyday life? One cannot be long in Japan without perceiving that the intelligent classes and rising generation scarcely profess a belief in their old faiths either Shinto or Buddhist, and are not, as far as present appearances go, likely to adopt any other. 'I am not much particular about religion,' said a Japanese gentleman who had travelled much in Europe to us the other day; and another young friend, after five years of education and church-going in London, seems content to let his religious opinions remain in a 'fluid state.' But will public morality suffer from the decay of religious sanctions? for the Japanese (in a wide sense of the word) are a moral people, dishonesty and crimes of violence are rare, family affection and filial obedience strong, and, as far as we can see, the law of kindness prevails amongst these peaceful and industrious peasants. Their prophets of old and sacred books say that 'the better self,' the 'natural instincts of a simple heart,' are a sufficient guide, and that elaborate moral and legislative codes 'are only necessary for immoral and evil-minded nations.' Let us hope it may be so; but Western experience has been, 'that the heart of man is evil continually.' . . . This is the first untidy tea-house we have lodged in; evil odours are abundant in Japanese houses; the natives have good eyes for the picturesque, but no noses, in Japan. . . .

Nikko, May 15.—Eight days ago we walked eleven miles over our last and perhaps loveliest pass, through forests full of spring flowers and birds' songs. A family party, a pretty little woman with her baby tied over her shoulders, led a fat

pony followed by its foal; on the pony and another, whose straw shoes had to be constantly renewed, was piled our baggage. Our crockery having been broken by a roll in the river, we have learnt the art of drinking hot tea out of the tiny native bowls without handles, and long since have become quite handy at eating eggs without egg-cups. Europeans come to Nikko from Tokio, 100 miles off, in the summer; but it is too early in the season for tourists as yet, so we have a pretty pavilion, a four-roomed house overlooking a garden, all to ourselves, and enjoy the rest, and the newspapers and letters, forwarded to us from Yokohama. Provided with a bundle of European papers and sketch-books, we spend the day under the magnificent cryptomerias, of which there are forests and avenues in every direction. Or we explore with the courteous officials the gorgeous shrines; but in a sketch it is impossible to give any idea of how rich in carving and gilding and colour these holy places, decorated with glorious filigree-work, are, built in memory of two famous Shoguns about 250 years ago. Inside one cannot help being reminded of some gorgeous Roman Catholic church, only the decorations and religious implements here (all quaint and delicate lacquer and brass work and embroidery) are far more artistic and beautiful than the ecclesiastical furniture of our country. Perhaps the existence of that Buddhist monk, who got up as we, having left our shoes at the door, entered, and seemed pleased in his quiet way to show us the holy things, is not an unenviable one. No idol or image of any kind to be seen, only beautiful candlesticks, graceful bronze incense-burners, holy bells, the same shape as those

we got from the Lamas in Thibet, rolls of prayer parchments, fresh flowers, and a little rice laid on the altar. The only sound heard was the murmur of the mountain stream and sighing of the wind through the tall pine trees which now and then reached us through the open door. The Bonze appeared in an amiable mood and let us examine the exquisitely-carved golden lotus-blossom in the altar vases, while he, smiling benignantly, continued his meditation rosary in hand, seated before a little lacquer stand. Perhaps he was making the orthodox Buddhist 'meditation on kindness,' which is to wish devoutly, 'May all orders of being be happy; may they all be free from sorrow, disease, and evil desire; may all men, whether they be priests or laics, all the Dewas, all who are suffering pains of hell, be happy.' But, indeed, most of the Buddhist priests we met seem mild and peaceable men, not stern ascetics. 'He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward which come back to the same place and cover him,' says a Buddhist philosopher.

Sukuji Tea-house, Nikko, Japan, May 24.—Not having tasted fresh meat for more than three weeks, we were agreeably surprised at the sight of a roast chicken at dinner to-day, and requested our 'Pine-tree' to procure another for to-morrow; but after a long search through the town he has come in with an ancient cock under one arm, declaring that he 'no can get one more woman-chicken.' The Japanese, whose religious scruples hinder them from taking life or eating anything which has once been endowed with vitality, set little value on the homely hen, but keep handsome cocks

to crow in the morn and wake their slumbering households. We, feeling sure that the 'man-chicken' Matsu had brought was the venerable timekeeper of the village, declined to sacrifice what no doubt would have proved a very tough morsel.

A family of native gentlefolks has arrived at our hotel, and are lodged in the pretty kiosk opposite our rooms. The young ladies are now having their hair done in the verandah, and splendid long black hair it is, which the woman-barber (who has just been in to offer to shave H.) is unrolling; it has taken her half-an-hour to twist up one young lady's hair into elaborate bows and tresses; but a great many of the glossy chignons we see are false, especially some of the topknots, male and female, offered up together with a vow of total abstinence at favourite shrines. Our neighbours are nice lady-like looking girls, and are, I see, modern enough in their manners to sit down to dinner—which is being brought in on pretty trays in lacquer bowls—with their brothers; formerly it was not etiquette for the men and women of the family to eat together, and Japanese gentlemen of the old school are heard prophesying direful results from the present movement in favour of modifying the 'subjection of women.' They urge the 'thin-edge-of-the-wedge argument;'—if you begin by allowing your wife and daughters to speak before they are spoken to, and even dine with you, how is the natural and just authority of the man to be maintained? The decrees of Heaven and of domestic legislation will alike be disregarded by the rising generation of women, encouraged in Government schools by

'foreign devil' teachers to assert themselves, and be 'as hens that crow in the morning.' Indeed, some ancient folk in Japan are ready to agree with the husband of a learned lady of the last century in Europe, that 'A wise woman is a very foolish thing;' and hesitate to disturb that docile and placid ignorance which they regard as 'a very excellent thing in woman.' . . .

CHAPTER XXII.

EIGHTEEN DAYS (INCLUDING ONE 'DITTO') AT SEA—SAN FRANCISCO —THE PARK—THE 'TROTTERS'—AGAIN ON THE NORTH PACIFIC —THE COLUMBIA RIVER—A HIGH FLOOD.

En route to San Francisco, June 20.—We are now on our voyage of 4,700 miles, to another continent, and have been at sea for more than a fortnight. We spent nearly four months in Japan, and felt quite sorry to leave it (only those Custom House officials need not have turned out my bonnet-box, leaving its shores—to look, they said, for old swords (?) Perhaps the Japanese are somewhat overrated as a nation. Clever, adaptive, and bright-tempered, they are very 'taking,' but lack the depth and thoroughness of their rather maligned neighbours, the plodding Chinese. We are 700 souls on board: 18 first-class passengers, 600 Chinamen, together with 200 tons of tea, and 1,000 chickens to feed the family. A small boy, half Japanese half European, talking 'pigeon English,' is just now at my elbow, and about to purloin the ink-bottle, which he declares he is going 'to make proper.' Poor little fellow, he is leaving Japan, the paradise of children, and seems to be in the care of a German from Hamburg, who is decidedly of the Jewish persuasion, a curio dealer with 1,000 cases of Japanese curios—modern rubbish—on his way to Europe. It is rather amusing, watching

our Chinese fellow-passengers when feeding time draws near, of which we are made unpleasantly aware by the fearful smell of boiled cabbages and stewed 'daicon' (a large radish), which, with some awfully high salt-fish, and 400 pounds of rice, is cooked for them every day. Being Sunday, ducks' eggs, which they prefer two months old, have been served out and devoured, and the Celestials are now sitting down playing dominoes, or gambling somehow. Last voyage, the captain tells us, he saw from the bridge, one moonlight night, a Chinese passenger trying to squeeze through a porthole. He called to the watch, but the Chinaman, jumping up, flung himself overboard, and was drowned ere the boat, lowered at once, could reach him;—he had gambled away all the money he had, his savings in America during two years. We pay 50*l.* each from Yokohama to San Francisco, but the Chinaman goes for 10*l.* from Hong Kong to the same place, and stipulates, moreover, that he is to be landed there, dead or alive; having the same horror of being buried at sea as some good Christians have of cremation. So there is a stock of patent coffins, warranted to fit any sized corpse, ready on board; but no deaths have occurred as yet. We have had two Mondays. It felt odd not being a day older, because yesterday was the same as to-day; and the captain could make the date what he pleased; only one was glad, for the parson's sake, who is not quite himself at sea, that we did not have two Sundays. But somehow one's confidence in old Father Time is shaken when you do not know whether it be to-day or yesterday; and I am not quite clear yet that this is not to-morrow.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, June 22.—After eighteen days tossing about on the Pacific, it was pleasant this afternoon to see the sunburnt shores and black rocks of America, and the pretty white sea-gulls come out in the sunshine (we have been passing through a belt of fog) to welcome us. The Chinamen have all put on their smart clothes, and let down their pigtails, and are eating their last bowl of rice, while the passengers are betting on which foot the pilot, whose boat is in sight, will put first on deck. The missionary shuts up his Chinese dictionary and Greek Testament with a sigh of relief at the thought of getting on land, and joins the rush that has just been made to the side of the vessel. We hear a shout of laughter as the pilot jumps over the side, both feet at once, on to the deck; the betting is a 'drawn game.' A crowd of gentlemen, in very tall hats and long frock-coats, have come on board and are 'interviewing' the passengers, to engage them to travel by particular lines of railway. Competition is fierce in America; we had quite a bundle of literature thrust into our hands, setting forth the merits of the 'Great Burlington Route,' which holds out as an inducement to travelling by its 'Palace Cars,' that 'the toothpick-holders are made of German silver of elegant and chaste design.' But another gentleman has come up with a gorgeously got-up programme of his 'Great and Popular Overland Route,' the cars of which have 'upholstered seats in crimson velvet.' At length we fix on one of these enterprising individuals in a tall hat and a shooting-coat, the owner of a carriage in which he consents to take us, without our baggage, to the hotel, not half a mile from

the ship, for the sum of two dollars. I heard his voice speaking, as he supposed, to his 'mate,' outside our cabin-door: 'Now then, uncle, have you got those things fixed up? Beg pardon, marm, guess I judged it was that ere boss a sortin' the baggage.' 'Not *quite* so much swearing, gentlemen, *if* you please,' says one of the ship's officers in the saloon.

And so we walk ashore under the great wooden shed where stage-coaches and chariots on C springs, the cabs of San Francisco, await the passengers. No trouble at the Custom House; our baggage, even though we declare a silver Burmese bowl, on which 30 per cent. on its value might be charged, is allowed to pass free, when we say we are British travellers; and in a few minutes our friend of the tall hat was driving us in his coach with a pair of strong horses over the 'corduroy' roads. Certainly powerfully-built carriages and springs are required for American roads, we thought, as we bumped over street pavements more like the dry bed of a torrent than anything else. The boarded streets are better, but occasionally some of the planks are missing, and then one is of course precipitated headlong into the arms of one's opposite neighbour. Turning into a handsome *porte-cochère* we found ourselves in the glazed courtyard—lighted by two great globes of electric light, falling on pretty tropical plants—of the largest hotel in the world, resembling the Hôtel du Louvre on an enormous scale, with fifteen hundred rooms, capable of containing, I am afraid to say how many guests. All so like a Paris hotel, that we asked one of the black waiters, as he escorted us to our

rooms in a lift (there are five 'elevators' at work in the house night and day), 'where the *table d'hôte* room was?' 'The what, Madam? I guess you mean the dining-saloon.' To which room, really splendid in size and proportion, we soon descended.

A solemn gentleman—might be a nigger Bishop—with white waistcoat down to his knees and white collar up to his eyes, steered us down the long room, and handed us a bill of fare of seventy dishes to choose from. Strawberries and cream, apricots, green peas, honey, green corn, Boston brown bread, wheat cakes—a confusion of good things for people just come from a long sea voyage, and 'canned' vegetables and tinned milk for eighteen days! So we all give contradictory and confusing orders, which the black gentleman solemnly receives, and actually brings every dish that each of us named; he must have 'a portentous memory.' Then we sallied forth to see Yankeeland. 'So like Paris!' was our first exclamation, though certainly the wooden houses and ill-paved streets of 'Frisco' do not resemble the Rue de la Paix; but the bright pure air and sunshine, and gay shop windows, and ladies going about in the very latest French fashions remind us of it.

And how very pretty these American ladies are! Not many of them to be seen in this busy town of much money-making. The streets are filled with men in broadcloth and tall hats, with pointed beards, and keen intelligent expressions of the true American type; others, evidently, by their rings and pronounced noses, 'of the Semitic race,' and Germans with long fair hair and eternal cigars:

but all apparently prosperous business men, 'financering' the almost fabulous amounts of gold and silver from the far-off blue mountains, which flow into their Golden City, thirty years ago an Indian village on a sandy strip of rocky sea-beach. A pair of black-silk gloves cost five shillings, so I do not intend to 'buy many pairs right off,' as the shopman proposed.

The 'Ladies' Department' in the big Post Office here, where we have just been, seemed well managed; the young-lady clerks sitting at their desks working away industriously in a business-like manner; but they, zealous no doubt for women's rights, refused to give up my letters to H.

We wandered into the market, and saw a glittering mass of salmon just arrived from the Sacramento river, not very large, but very fine fish, in splendid condition—price $2\frac{1}{2}d$ per pound. Prime beef, the bright-eyed little French butcher said, was 12 to 20 cents (6*d.* and 10*d.*) per pound; so living is not dear here; but no able bodied-man will work in any capacity for less than 5*s.* a day. 6*l.* a month and food is the usual thing. The captain of our ship said his mother-in-law was 'interviewed' by a young lady seeking a cook's place the other day, who asked, and got, the above wages, and stipulated for 'one night in the week at the theatre, also one evening for her music lesson, and leave to have a friend to dinner twice a week.' We admired the splendid bunches of golden bananas, only eight days ago hanging on the plantain groves of Honolulu, and the strawberries, to be had almost every month in the year here; but we have not tasted any really good fruit as yet; the apricots are hard, and the 'berries,

sar?' with which the black waiter tempts us, are tasteless. This afternoon friends took us out driving in their landau to the 'Park,'—a sandy dust-blown hill-side, where, under enormous difficulties, the good people of Frisco are trying to grow grass and trees, and where they love to drive their fast-trotting horses. 'Don't amount to much if they can't do 2–25;' that is, they do not think much of a 'trotter' if he cannot do a mile in two minutes twenty-five seconds; but some do it in two minutes fifteen seconds. Certainly the wheels of the 'spider-carts,' on which a little box to hold one sitter is perched, seem to flash by, while the horse is only trotting. We were taken to the fashionable quarter of San Francisco, where the 'railroad kings' and the 'silver colonels' build their wooden palaces. The house of one well-to-do widow, who has about one million sterling, was pointed out to us—a fine building in the much-decorated classic-villa style, all in wood, four storeys high, standing in a charming garden; house and furniture cost 300,000*l.* We drove on to 'Cliff House,' and got out to watch a crowd of seals disporting themselves on the rocks. What a number of sealskin coats were rolling about in the sunshine!

S.s. '*George Elder*,' *June* 25.—We are again on the North Pacific *en route* to Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon, on the Columbia River. Our boot-cleaning bill for two days at the Palace Hotel was two dollars. Unsuspecting strangers are not aware that the boot-cleaning business is 'run' by an enterprising contractor outside the hotel, and is a profession in itself. The coloured gentleman who sits in a rocking-chair and superintends the affairs of

each *étage* does not undertake it, and does not answer the bell 'if he don't feel like it;' but things are so well arranged that one never wanted attendance, and we were very comfortable at the monster hotel. We were amused at the black waiter saying to me this morning, 'What was that word you called the dinner-saloon, marm?' '*Table d'hôte*,' I said. 'Ah, yes, "*tub-all-hot room*;" thank you, marm; guess I'll know how to call it next time.' And he went off pulling up his shirt-collar, and swaggering enormously at having got hold of a long word.

We are fortunate in finding our friends, a charming American family, on board; the other 120 passengers are somewhat rough folk. Just now a rush is being made to the untrodden slopes and valleys of the upper Columbia, where ground can be had for nothing, which, when cleared, bears, it is said, thirty bushels of corn to the acre, and where, when tired of ploughing, the farmer can wash gold-dust out of the mountain streams. People have found out that the corn-fields of California are more productive than its gold-mines; but even there bountiful Nature is getting somewhat tired of yielding four crops of clover in the year, without the aid of artificial manure—simply by pouring water on the rich ground—and emigrants are pushing up North-West.

S.s. '*George Elder*,' *June* 27.—This is the fourth consecutive Sunday we have been at sea. Yesterday and to-day we were rolled about sometimes, but are having a pretty fair passage. An uncomfortable ship, food very bad, except the excellent curdy salmon. But we are amused, watching

American life and customs—so different to the easy-going Oriental existence we have lately seen so much of.

A little brother and sister, who seem to look after themselves, have taken a fancy to converse with us. 'David' is a pretty bright-eyed little fellow in a big ulster and man's cap. 'I'm seven years old, and I'm in the sixth grade. Guess you are English, and don't know anything about grades, you call them classes.' The child is as sharp as a boy of twelve years old. 'No; I ain't going to be sick; father says he will give me six dollars if I ain't, so'—pulling out a long pickled cucumber—'I just eats this right away when I feel queer.'

This old ship is dreadfully slow. We keep in sight of land and the forests of the famous 'red-wood,' which makes the best 'lumber' in the world, but the North Pacific fog has come on and wind ahead, so we roll and tumble along, sounding the fog-whistle constantly. Just as well not to go too fast, as the crew, taken on board a short time ago, are, they say, chiefly 'tram-drivers' from California, who, of course, do not know much about the sea. The Methodist excursionists have tried to sing hymns this (Sunday) afternoon. I hear 'Hold the Fort,' but the tones are dismal, the poor singers are feeling very unwell. We keep well, and read the plentiful stock of books we laid in at Frisco. No doubt it is unfair to English authors, but being able to buy cheap reprints of all our newest books is a great boon to reading humanity out here. The magazines are to be bought—'Fortnightly,' 'Nineteenth Century,' 'Blackwood'—for 1*s.*, all the new novels for 5*d.* and 10*d.* each. Every-

body reads in America, and, as someone remarked, 'England is the only country where English literature is scarce and dear.' Our ship has just entered the great Columbia River, passing the wreck of a large steamer, run aground a few months ago and lost, they say, by the pilot of a rival company (owners of our steamer). Such things are done all in the way of business in this free country, where legislation does not prevent fierce competition, and people may run lines of railway beside each other. We have anchored for the night at Astoria, a 'city' just inside the bar, and wait for daylight to go up the river.

S. Charles's Hotel, Portland, Oregon, June 28.—This Columbia River, twice as long as the Rhine, is now in high flood, twenty-six feet above low-water mark, and is steadily 'booming.' We woke this morning on board our ship to find the tall cedars, magnificent 'Douglas pines,' and 'Thuja gigantea' almost within arm's length of our cabin-window. We were soon on the bridge, watching the morning mists rolling away over tall crags and giant trees, and endless background of 'primeval forest;' our steamer slowly pushing her way up the river, here one and a half miles wide, and dotted with islands created by the tremendous flood, covered with tall poplars called 'cotton-wood.' On the left the cliffs in 'raised beaches' and endless pine forests stretch away to Mount Helen, a snow-covered peak of which we can just catch a glimpse through the mist. We were passing a large cannery, where 2,000 Chinamen are employed in 'canning' the one million and a half of salmon, averaging sixteen pounds in weight, taken yearly in this river. But John

Chinaman does not risk his life in catching them; we saw the fishing-boats, manned chiefly by Greeks, Italians, and Scandinavians, going out with the ebb tide; dangerous work, for too often they get carried out over the bar into the surging breakers. Still, 2*s.* a fish, and their boat and tackle provided, pays these plucky fellows well. It is sad to think that 160 of them have been lost already this year.

Very beautiful the river-views were all day, but grievous to see the pretty wooden houses ('ranches' they are called) and their gardens flooded out. 'Dry goods and groceries' over one little store, with the water up to the first story. It was a lovely warm day, and river-steamer life is pleasant as long as the great black logs, trees 150 feet high torn up by the roots, which come swirling down the flood, do not get entangled in our paddle-wheels.

About 100 miles up the Columbia we turned into the 'Willamette' River, and reached this flourishing town of Portland, capital of the State of Oregon ('quite an old city, sir, founded thirty years ago,' remarked an Oregonian on board), this afternoon. The best hotel was under water. 'My house not submerged,' sang out the agent of this hotel as we landed; so we accepted his invitation and climbed into the stage-coach, and drove through the flood to this rather primitive inn, where one waits on oneself, and 'guess you can fill your pitcher at the water-cock' when your water-jug is empty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND—ON BOARD THE EMIGRANT CARS—VICTORIA —VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—ENGLISH HOMES—CHURCH AFFAIRS—A SUNDAY WALK.

On the Columbia River, June 29.—We had intended going up to 'the Dalles,' the rapids of the Columbia, but, on account of the still rising flood, we cannot be sure of getting back again, so have had to give it up, and to-night came on board this river steamer to start to-morrow at 5 A.M. for Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, *viâ* Puget Sound. Portland city is a busy, active, thriving place; good shops, latest Paris fashions at prodigious prices, everything prosperous and everybody busy. Difficult work seeing the town just now, with nine inches of water in most of the streets, the 'side walks' of which (planks of firwood) have to be held down by stones and poles to keep them from floating away. 'Just you step right up, marm,' said a good-natured young carter driving a waggon with a load of barrels, 'and I'll back you right away in.' I willingly accepted his offer, for I was balancing at that moment on a narrow board, following H. across the street to the steamer office. Luckily I held on to the barrels, for down went one wheel through the 'corduroy' road; but 'guess them cattle will pull it through all right; take care getting down,

marm, you're welcome to the lift,' said the jolly driver as I landed safely on the doorstep of a 'candy' shop, where an Irishman and 'Chinee' were engaged for the sum of four dollars a day in moving the bonbons out of reach of the flood. The heavy snowfall last winter now melting in the upper valley has caused this tremendous rise in the river.

We stepped into the national conveyance, a 'tramcar,' this beautiful morning, and went as far as it could take us, outside the city; then wandered up into a pretty mountain gorge, or, as they call it here, 'cañon,' and sat under the shade of a grand 'cedar tree,' reading an account of this rising Western State, where, in a climate as temperate as England, fruit trees grow eight feet in the year, corn is raised by merely turning up the soil, and cattle graze out all the winter on the prairies and mountain sides. Last night as we walked through the town, two sturdy, somewhat Spanish-looking men rode up, dust-covered and sunburnt, and with their long whips motioned us aside. I at once accepted the invitation to do so, and turned into the nearest shop, while a herd of wild-looking cattle driven by three more horsemen, 'stock-riders,' dashed by, over a low wooden barrier and through the flooded streets; they had come in from the mountains, some hundreds of miles off, and we feel quite certain we ate one of the herd at dinner to-day, that roast beef which the Corsican waiter presented us, with 'Have your joint right away, sir?' (eating is done in double quick time in this country), was so very tough! The men rode in Mexican saddles, with wide stirrups and flaps, and peak in front, round which hangs the 'lasso;' if one of the

animals had become restive two of the stock-riders would have thrown his lasso round the horns, and secured him at each side to the peaks of their saddles.

Then we again took our street car; a pretty girl, beautifully dressed, wearing such dainty gloves, stepped in with her milk-tin in her hand; 'help' here is so scarce and expensive, that the dwellers in the nicely-kept villas wisely bring away their own little can of fresh milk when they go down to 'the city.' We see many ladylike-looking people doing their own marketing—how much better than keeping a 'lady help'! But labour is at a premium in this busy country. 'Guess I've got a job a sortin' papers, down to East Street, seven dollars a week,' we heard a small boy say, a young scamp of eleven years old, whose elder brother was remonstrating with him for running about without shoes. This enterprising young Yankee had, during the hours that he was off business, joined some other speculators of the same age in paddling or, rather, pushing a boat through the flooded streets, charging threepence for going a dozen yards; and I heard him confide to a friend that he had just invested in 'some right down smart turn-up collars:' the child was earning 30*s.* a week. The shoe-cleaning question exercises H. greatly; no one 'runs' the business at this hotel, so one is forced to mount a fauteuil on the side walk and 'be blacked' under a gilt board inscribed with 'Shine your boots for 12½ cents' (6½*d.*).

S.s. '*Alida*,' *Puget Sound*, *June* 30.—Our ship started at 5 A.M. this morning down the beautiful Columbia river to a point on its northern bank called Cowlitz, where a

branch of the 'Northern Pacific' railroad runs to Puget Sound. There is only one class on board these steamers and railways, so we and about forty emigrants and artizans and well-to-do farmers, all intelligent well-dressed and civil people, carried our luggage (luckily ours is very light) from the river bank up through the sweet-smelling banks of wild roses and gigantic clover, to where the train of flour-wagons, with one long passenger-car attached, stood. We are in a land of liberty. Our opposite neighbours in the 'cars' chew tobacco and eat great wedges of bread and cheese, and talk very sensible talk about politics and the presidential election and 'what we are going to do.' 'We have the Mexican question and the protection tariff, and the Civil Service Department to settle,' says a young German, in strong fatherland accent. In less than two years an emigrant, if he wishes, becomes an American citizen, with full voting powers; and it is wonderful how quickly foreign nationalities get swallowed up here.

The 'State constitution' of Oregon provides that 'no person shall be rendered incompetent as a witness or juror in consequence of his opinions on matters of religion, nor be questioned in any court touching his religious belief.' Likewise 'no money shall be drawn from the treasury for the benefit of any religious or theological institution, or be appropriated for the payment of any religious service in the legislative assembly.' Yet strange to say the town of Portland (really in the backwoods of America), with a population of 20,000 working people, has twenty churches, including a cathedral, independently of the numerous mis-

sions at work amongst the Indians, and the neat little church buildings we pass in every settlement up the river. Bibles we find in every waiting-room and steamer saloon. Religion does not seem to languish though unsupported by the State. We were now out of the State of Oregon, and had entered that of Washington, the limit of U.S. territory in the north-west.

Speeding along all day through the grand forest, through which the 'trail' for the railway was burnt; leaving the blackened skeletons of the great trees standing up like ghosts against the background of living giants. The names of the stations—'Kallama,' 'Cowlitz'—are getting very un-English. Leaning against a 'shanty,' at the latter place, we saw our first Indian, a short square-shouldered young fellow, with a very square broad face and long black hair, dressed as a 'lumberer,' in calico shirt, baggy trousers, and slouch hat. But one expected something picturesque, and this ugly commonplace individual, chewing tobacco, with his hands in his pockets, is decidedly the reverse. We got out and 'prospected for crackers' (biscuits) at a little wooden shed, the store of the place, under a magnificent Douglas pine, where two ladies, leaving their horses tied up at the door in the forest, were asking for 'French corsets.' The half-breed Indian shopman was displaying specimens of the kind of uncompromising body-armour worn by Scotch working-girls on Sundays. Some 'prairie schooners,' enormous wagons, drawn by teams of oxen or mules, in which the emigrants make their long voyages into the unknown ocean of prairie or forest, stood at the station. A sturdy young fellow-passenger handed down an anxious mother with her

six little girls, and endless bundles and boxes. 'Any more stuff, marm?' as the last bundle of small boots and shoes, and cakes, and comforters, was dragged out of our railway-car, to be shipped on board the prairie schooner. 'Good-bye; guess we'll meet again in New Jerusalem; see me going in there at the front door,' and the young fellow turns away as our train moves off, much delighted at his own wit. But these rough people read; our conductor comes through the car with cheap books, and oranges and candy, in a basket, which he sets down to take a turn at the brake when getting near a station, or to replenish the excellent filter of fresh water near me. It was getting towards evening as we passed the Penitentiary for men convicts; truly a lonely place, in a clearing in the great forest; and afterwards glided down the slope to the little town of Tacoma, on Puget Sound (or 'Admiralty Inlet'), to the north of which lies Vancouver's Island. Not having eaten anything since 9 A.M.—for we failed in finding those crackers—except some wild strawberries (we see in the newspaper that 'tame strawberries are now on sale'), we were glad to join the rush for dinner to the little hotel on the pier, before embarking in this steamer, and eat pea-soup and boiled 'clams,' a large kind of cockle, excellent salmon, very tough mutton, and corn bread.

Driad House Hotel, Victoria, Vancouver's Island, July 1. We are in British territory again. We steamed through Puget Sound in a fog which, part of the time, hid the mountains. One felt a certain degree of uncertainty as to one's safety in that wretched little old steamer, every

plank of which was rotten and only fit for tinder, especially as large sparks were flying out of the funnel, falling on the deck in fire-flakes, and burning holes the size of one's hand in the tarpaulin—though it is, of course, reassuring to see a notice in the cabin 'that a life-preserver will be found in every berth,' with instructions how to put it on. A steamer exploded on this journey a short time since. An intelligent citizen of Victoria, a Spaniard by birth, speaking English perfectly, and professing enthusiastic loyalty to the British crown, gave us much information as to the colony and his own curious adventures in Mexico, where he was interpreter to Marshal Bazaine.

The view was very beautiful—an archipelago of islands with a grand snow range of mountains in the background—as we approached Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, which province, lately joined to the Dominion of Canada, consists of the large island of Vancouver, not very much smaller in extent than England without Scotland, and the mainland north of Puget Sound up to Alaska. This being 'Dominion day,' the citizens of Victoria are all gone out picnicking, which makes the town look particularly dreary. Only a few Indians, with blankets over their European clothes, are wandering about.

Driad Hotel, Victoria, July 3.—This hotel, kept by an ex-chef of an ex-Duke of Baden, is the best we have been in for a long time. It is curious, watching what one's own country-people make of life in another land. Just now the affairs of this colony are not flourishing; the high protective duties put on by the Canadian Government have driven

away trade from this formerly open port. The streets are in some places grass-grown; very few ships in the fine harbour; and in the course of our walk we counted fourteen houses to be let or sold. In fact, the whole town has an aspect of having 'retired from business;' but I fear the truth is that business, for the present, has retired from it. The environs of the town are charming; we drove for three hours through miles of pretty country like a wild park—small oak-trees and tall Douglas pines, familiar wild flowers, and grassy glades; and then out on to large clearings and farms surrounded by 'snake fences'—pretty little homesteads, standing in cherry-orchards, covered with roses and woodbine, from which healthy English cottage children in sunbonnets looked out, while the rosy British matron hung clothes on the drying line. Sometimes we almost imagined ourselves in Hampshire or parts of Surrey; but, no—a waggon goes by driven by a long-haired Indian, and a Chinaman looks up from his work—weeding vegetables—having comfortably stowed away his pigtail under his English straw hat. The soil is very light—not rich enough to yield heavy crops; rock rises up everywhere in picturesque knolls, covered with brake-fern. But there is no appearance of wealth or activity here; the numerous pretty wooden houses round the town are chiefly inhabited by people who have dug up a little bag of gold (the 'Gold Fever' in British Columbia was at its height about twenty years ago), and have now settled down to do a little farming in a quiet and gentlemanlike way. Classical names, too, these colonists who live in pleasant homesteads give their surroundings. The

view from 'Athens Market' in 'Pandora Street,' over the 'Olympian Range,' is beautiful. Splendid fish are taken on this coast. We saw a halibut—fish somewhat like an enormous turbot, and excellent to eat—weighing 60 lbs., in an Indian canoe the other day; and they are caught up to 200 lbs.

Victoria, British Columbia.—To-day we have been to service at the 'Cathedral,' a large, neatly-built wooden church. Lady Burdett-Coutts endowed this bishopric about twenty years ago; but, unluckily, the money was invested in local securities at a time when land and produce were very high, and great things were expected of this colony. Securities have fallen in value; the income from the 25,000*l.* Endowment Fund is not more than half what it used to be, and Church matters are not prospering. One of the clergy, the Rev. E. Cridge, took offence about some absurd trifle a few years ago, and, taking with him two-thirds of the Cathedral congregation, started a 'Reformed Episcopal Church,' whereof he got himself consecrated Bishop by the American Bishop, who a short time before seceded, on Evangelical grounds, from the American Episcopal Church, and is now head of the 'Reformed Church' in the States. All this is very sad in a Mission Church; and the good Bishop spoke feelingly as he preached this morning on 'The duty of Christian unity.'

We had a pleasant walk this afternoon over the hill to the harbour of Esquimalt, three and a half miles from here. It was rather hot; but a well-to-do Irishman, standing in front of his neat house and garden enjoying his Sunday

pipe, showed us 'a mighty pleasant way, if 'tis walking ye are.' So we turned into the wood—a pretty path under the pine-trees, among low-growing arbutus and real daisies, the first we have seen for a very long time, and tall foxgloves, and little clearings where doll's-house ranches stood surrounded by tiny farms. We met rosy-faced Sunday-school children, in nice old-fashioned sun-bonnets, and Indian squaws in the latest fashions.

The big ship 'Triumph' looked grand and—though an ironclad—graceful, lying in the peaceful waters of Esquimalt Harbour, a land-locked inlet surrounded by pine woods, with, on one side, an Indian village and a 'Hudson's Bay' Fort, a large storehouse for skins. Only a few years ago the Company's traders were the only white men in this part of the world, and had a monopoly of the fur trade. Now a large American Company does the chief business in that line. Bear skins and beaver skins, and, just now, the fashionable 'sea otter' (a few years ago it was the Chinchilla rat) are brought in by the Indian trappers and exchanged for muskets, calicoes, and tall hats. We should like much to see a beaver dam, where these wonderful little animals cut down tall trees with their teeth, and make weirs across a stream, plastering the space between the logs with mud, using their broad tails as trowels in a workmanlike manner; but the nearest beaver city is too far inland for us to get at. Near the coast the poor little animals are now rather scarce. A musket used to be sold to the Indians for a pile of beaver skins as high as the top of its muzzle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE FRAZER RIVER—LIFE WITH THE NAVVIES—A LITERARY BACKWOODSMAN—THE NOBLE SAVAGE AT HOME—BEANS AND BACON—THE 'FOREST PRIMÆVAL'—CHINESE EMIGRANTS.

Yale, British Columbia, July 6.—We have safely landed here, after rather an exciting struggle all day with the Frazer River, now rolling down from the far-off snowy mountains, a muddy torrent fifty feet above low-water mark. Our steamer worked hard against the current, panting and straining like some living thing to win its way up; now clinging to the shelter of the bank, now making a dive to the opposite shore to gain a little on the angry giant, apparently determined to dash it aside like a toy boat. Once when the current swept fiercely round between tall cliffs it seemed as if we must be swallowed up. Three times our ship's head swung round, unable to stem the torrent, and 'proceeded backwards' in an alarming manner. But our captain called up extra men to the wheel, and sang out, 'Stand by with your fenders!' and the sailors ran to the ship's side to hang out anything soft they could lay hold of, lest we should be dashed against the rock wall a few yards off. Then 'full speed ahead,' and gathering itself together for one last effort, with I know not what amount of steam pressure on, our ship plunged again into the current, quivering in every plank;

and while we passengers, who had been asked to stand together at one end, held our breath, it slowly rounded the cliff corner and glided into smooth water. 'Bedad, I'd like to thry me hand at taking her up; shure 'tis of a smuggling family I come in the ould country,' I heard a voice say, and, looking round, recognised a 'gentleman from Tipperary,' who had been offering 'to steer against any man for ten pounds' all day. The patriot's appearance did not inspire us with confidence in his powers of navigation, and we were glad that our captain declined his obliging offer. The mountains, 8,000 feet high, close in Yale on every side; the only break in the rock wall is the cañon through which the Frazer River forces its way down to the sea.

It has rained steadily since our arrival, but we managed to get out and see this little town of wooden shanties with stove-pipes for chimneys; as there is one house with a brick chimney, it ranks as a 'city.' An enterprising carpenter has contracted to build a wooden hotel to lodge seventy guests, which we passed in course of erection, in a fortnight. We were lucky in finding a room in this old-established house, opened five years ago, as every corner in every building is crammed with workmen engaged in making the new railway. However, our beds are clean, and the food eatable. We secure a quiet table in a corner of the room when the rush of railway navvies, foremen, citizens, and colonists is over, and eat porridge and great slices of salmon, and enormous wedges of mutton, and 'slap jack' (hot scones), and drink tea served out of tin cans—all in mining-camp fashion. It is interesting, seeing how the work of the world gets done

and how the people who do it live. The landlord's son looked astonished when H. asked for bacon this morning. 'Guess you'll mean fried ham,' he replied; 'bacon' is only applied here to the inevitable dinner dish of 'beans and bacon.' Three meals a day, board and lodging, no extras, for a dollar each is not expensive; everyone is kind and civil; only they will put so much sliced onion into everything, besides pickled onions and leek salad always on the table. The bar, where big men, coming in from their work, liquor-up with each other (H. has to decline pressing and kindly invitations to do so) pays the whole expenses of the hotel; but as yet—and we pass by it each time we go out—I have not seen a tipsy man, or heard a rough word from these hard-working people.

The least skilled workmen are the Chinese, paid about 5*l.* 5*s.* a month; the white men, chiefly employed in tunnelling and difficult work, get 6*s.* or 7*s.* a day. 'And very poor wages that same is,' said the Irish housemaid, who has just come into our room. She earns 6*l.* a month, and 'all found,' but seems to think little of it. 'A dollar here does not go further than a shilling,' she declares in her native Tipperary. However, as she has literally nothing but her boots, bonnets, and gowns to pay for, she ought to grow rich on such wages. With the somewhat reckless generosity of her race, she has been contributing to various 'National Irish' societies at San Francisco, but does not seem quite clear as to what 'the boys' (the members of the League) do with the money. I fear that the gentleman in the tall hat who wanted to 'try his hand' at steering our ship the other day, and turns out to be an 'agitator,' or as it is politely called

here, a 'politician,' has been sowing the seeds of discontent. He is now leaning up against the door of the hotel, trying to persuade the working men coming out of the bar to strike for higher wages and compel their employers to banish Chinese labour; it would be entirely satisfactory to our feelings if someone would cool the eloquence of this idle and mischievous individual, in the river flowing by the door. However, we contented ourselves by reporting what we had overheard of his proposals to the contractor for this part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and then went out for a stroll, meeting half way up the hill a number of the clever Chinese navvies moving a house. A wooden tenement, thirty-six feet long and fifteen wide, with doors and furniture inside, was being dragged upon rollers with the aid of a strong windlass fixed a few yards ahead and moved forward as required.

Boston Bar, Frazer River, July 10.—Tired of waiting at Yale for the weather to clear, and enable us to make a 'staging' expedition up the country—we drove here, twenty-five miles along the river to-day; beautiful views, and a good road all the way. We had a light waggon—a sort of spider-like phaeton, and a capital pair of horses, driven by an intelligent and well-mannered American. Posting is rather expensive. We pay 5*l.* for the twenty-five miles to-day and the return journey to-morrow. 'Some scared, marm?' said our driver, as we whirled along that 'cornice' road, sometimes 700 feet above the boiling torrent. Indeed I was scared, and hopped on to a ledge of rock (our road was cut out of the side of a cliff) as the big horses dashed into a

water-butt on wheels, driven by an Indian, who, with an utter indifference as to the consequences, had steered right across our path. The railway has cut up the road, and we had to cross avalanches of what is here called 'dirt,' thrown down from the cuttings. Every stone is removed by blasting in this country of high wages. At noon and sunset one hears discharges like thunder echoing through the mountains all round; and the other day, when sketching, I was only warned in time of a stone shower, by seeing a row of pigtails vanishing round the rock, out of reach of the blast.

The mighty forests of Hemlock and Douglas spruce are magnificent; and out on the rocks, the large-blossomed syringa, now in full bloom, and clusters of monkshood, and dwarf-arbutus and mahonia, are lovely. Up in the trees, near the river, one sees the Indian salmon-larders, rough wooden boxes, to hold dried fish for winter use. The fishing season has just begun; we watched a native standing on a plank over the river, hauling out big fish with a scoop-net, yesterday. One man got fifteen salmon in this simple fashion opposite the hotel, and, from what we see, we can believe the stories told of the little creeks (streams running into the Frazer) being sometimes 'thick with fish, jostling each other;' but, alas! they will not look at a fly, and decline being caught in any civilised manner. We pass by huts where the squaws, having partly laid aside their European finery and Scotch plaid shawls, are drying the fish, smoking it on poles over wood-fires, for winter consumption. Two little savages run out to look at us; but the youngest,

with the true 'wild-man' instinct, crouches down to hide himself behind a stone, lying so flat on the ground, the colour of which his dirty garments much resemble, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. Then, to my horror, we meet 'prairie schooners'—great waggons, ten feet high, drawn by twelve mules or oxen, and I feel that either they or we must go over the precipice; but our driver steers by very cleverly, and laughingly lifts his hat to show the scar across his forehead, got when 'pitched over' amongst these rocks, while driving the stage a few years ago.

Coming down through the forest we met a 'Siwash,' as the Indians here are called, and his family; evidently he was a man of some consideration—dressed in an elaborately-embroidered skin coat, with a red handkerchief bound round his head and long hair, and mounted on a gaily-caparisoned pony, and high-peaked saddle. The ladies of the party trotted after him, also mounted on stout ponies, much adorned with beads and calicoes of flaming colour, and an English bed-blanket strapped round their waists. Unlike the Red Indians further inland, these tribes condescend to do some work; herd cattle, or drive teams, for the white settlers. The sailors on the river steamers are almost all Siwash or half-breeds; they can, if they choose, earn a dollar a day from the farmers; but they generally prefer 'squatting' on their own reservation in a log hut, and catching sufficient salmon for their own consumption. To-day a fine fish of about eight or ten pounds weight is to be bought for 'two bits,' that is, one shilling.

An old Indian and his squaw were rooting in a hole by

the roadside as we passed by; the woman carrying a basket filled with gravel to a timber shoot, to wash out the particles of gold. 'Some days they wash out five cents, some days five dollars,' said our driver; and sometimes they find a small nugget, which is at once taken to Yale ('Gold dust bought here' is written up over a door close to our hotel), and exchanged for European garments. 'Indeed, they often wear better broadcloth than I can afford,' said a missionary the other day, looking down plaintively on his rather ancient garments. 'I cannot get an Indian woman even to wash for me for less than 6*s*. a day.' We find that the regular price for washing a pair of cuffs is sixpence. Though Government take quite paternal care of the Indians by instituting sanitary inspections, compulsory vaccination, and prohibiting the sale of spirits to them by tremendous penalties—fine and imprisonment—still the race is rapidly dying out; and, indeed, unless the red man 'makes haste and gets himself civilised,' he must give place to a worthier than himself.

This afternoon we reached Boston Bar, a rapid in the Frazer River where a lucky American miner ('Boston Man,' in Indian jargon) took out a large find of gold; a small settlement, consisting of the Yankee who keeps this little inn, a few 'Siwash,' and a great many cocks and hens, amongst the pine trees over the river. Our tiny room is full of flowers and books; 'Macaulay,' 'Cervantes,' and 'Buckle' are ranged against the wall. Our old bachelor host must lead a strange and solitary life up here in the winter—with sometimes ten feet of snow on the ground; he seems to find sufficient society in nature and books, and has

learned to hold communion with the 'Immensities' and the everlasting 'Silences' round him.

But we were hungry; and our literary host came to announce that dinner, cooked by a Chinese boy, was ready. We found a clean tablecloth on a rough log table. Beans and bacon, and, as usual, gigantic chops and steaks; blackberry pie, and lots of onions. So we sat down on a bench with our driver—there is no unnecessary etiquette observed in the backwoods—and had dinner, our companion meanwhile telling us his interesting adventures while engaged in driving a dog-sleigh containing 'Her Majesty's mails,' across Central North America some years ago. . . .

On the Frazer River, July 11.—It has rained now, with little intermission, for five days. We left Boston Bar, and our host studying Carlyle, this afternoon, after vainly endeavouring to buy a five-dollar 'Republic of Ireland' bank-note, well printed, and signed 'Michael Scanlan,' which I found in one of his books last night, left by some Fenian traveller. On our way back to Yale, we turned aside into the forest to climb up and look down into the underground winter residence of an Indian family—a large tumulus, or mound of earth, with a hole at the top through which you descended, by a notched pole, into a large and lofty cellar, boarded all round, where the ladies and gentlemen who now sat watching us, together with their farming stock and poultry, live during the long winter. We find the Indians very friendly. This morning, a well-to-do Siwash was sitting at the table in the eating-room of our inn—he was evidently out on a 'huhusun' ('holiday,' in Chinnook trade jargon)—and, brandishing

a knife and fork in tomahawk fashion, was making a square meal of 'moose-moose' (beef), with plenty of 'gleese' (grease) in the shape of fat bacon. 'How-yah?' he said ('How are you?' in Chinnook), and invited me to share his 'muck-a-muck' (food); but I declined, by saying *that I was not 'tight,'* which in classical Nitlakapamuck language means that I am not hungry. We are informed that this latter tongue 'has strong Semitic affinities:' no doubt our old friends the 'Lost Tribes' will turn up again on the Frazer River.

The bell of the little Mission Church was ringing as we came on board this evening. The Lord's Prayer translated into Chinnook begins, 'O Great Chief, who dwelleth in the above;' and we are told that the Indian converts appreciate the simple beauty of Christian ritual. We should have liked to attend the service, but the rain and mud were too much to encounter after our drive. I wonder the Chinese coolies, who, poor things! look much depressed during this deluge, do not, as in China, let the 'weather gods' have practical experience of its inconvenience. When he remains obstinately indifferent to prayers for fine weather and offerings of incense sticks, the Joss has been brought to a proper sense of his duty by being left out in the cold and exposed to the rain outside his own temple, till, in self-defence, he was forced to take action against the dragons of storm and rain.

Strange heathen devices still adorn even the native Christian graves. We passed several little lonely cemeteries in the forest, with all the dead man's personal property hung up

round his last resting-place—fishhooks, hats, English bath-towels (with which the Indians like to decorate their heads), galvanised stable buckets, and other valued attributes of civilisation. Sometimes, in a far-away part of the forest, one is startled by coming on grinning wooden figures, life-sized, clad in European garments, keeping watch over an Indian grave—taking the place, perhaps, of the slaves and horses slain and made into stuffed effigies, described by Herodotus as put round the burying-place of a Scythian prince; but one can scarcely imagine that tall hats and bath-towels are useful in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land whither the chief and his faithful followers have departed. Occasionally, posts carved rudely with the heads of animals—the 'crests' of the various tribes called after these badges, 'The Wolf,' 'The Bear'—are to be seen. A lady tells me that her Indian servant announced to her the other day (they are proud of ancient lineage and pedigree, these very ugly people), 'I one Bear, my wife one Wolf; I marry one Wolf.' . . .

New Westminster, Frazer River.—The rain has ceased, and the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade—too hot to be pleasant. However, we spend the day in the woods, which for miles and miles stretch away on either side of the great river, inhabited chiefly by mosquitoes, a few Indians, and a great many blackberries—the fruit larger and of a longer shape than the European. This seems rather a thriving town; some people think it may one day become the capital of British Columbia. The timber trade is its chief industry: two steam saw-mills cut up the big trees, and, now that the

railroad is being made, have plenty of work to do. The proprietor showed us over one of them, in which the giants of the forest, dragged down from the hills by teams of bullocks, are turned into chairs, tables, and doors by a little steam-engine fed with sawdust. Splendid planks of cedar-wood (everything that is not a 'pine' is a 'cedar' here), thirty and forty feet long, without a knot in them, lay round us. Some day, a few thousand years hence, they will no doubt build great ships here. For about a mile all round the town the forest has been burnt; but the blackened skeletons —sometimes 150 feet high—of the tall trees still stand. Coming home the other night the effect was quite weird; the ghostly trees stretching out their great gaunt arms, festooned with wreaths of silvery moss, and the massive charred trunks, made an arrangement in black and gold against the full moon, while underneath, tall, graceful spikes of white foxgloves—I counted seventy-eight blossoms on one stem—rose out of a jungle of brake-fern, and solemn bats flitted noiselessly about.

We went across the river yesterday to see a 'salmon cannery' at work. A small steamer was landing the morning's take of 400 fish, which 300 Chinamen cut up and put into tins, and let down into cauldrons of boiling water: so the salmon caught this morning by the wily Indian found itself canned and ready for exportation this afternoon. We are too late to eat the 'oolichans;' a kind of small, very delicious herring peculiar to this coast, so fat that, when dried, the Indians burn them as torches. This evening we wandered out amongst the clearings in the forest, where

settlers have built delightful little wooden houses, and live in a sort of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' fashion. The 'murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' which really are bearded like Druids of old, with trails of silvery lichen sometimes a yard in length—neat churches and a large convent, and grand roses and bowers of woodbine, and Scotch cows, are to be seen round New Westminster; but it has not quite as thriving or busy an air as the new American towns. Cheap American editions of all the new books are to be had. The other day, in Victoria, we were surprised by a rough-looking man coming in to the bookseller's shop while we were there to buy the 'Westminster Review' and a scientific treatise. 'Yes,' said the shopman, in answer to our inquiries, 'you would be astonished at the books these colonists ask for sometimes, and the number of periodicals I send up to the mining camps.' Then he turned aside to three Chinamen, who came in holding their hands to their eyes to express that they wanted spectacles. The Chinese emigrants do much gold-mining now on their own account. We saw one starting into the mountains the other day, to prospect for gold, with his pony, a sack of flour, a few mining tools, and a bucket. They are often not heard of again: Indians rob them, or they lose their way in the forest. A few bones and a pick beside a gravel heap are all that is found of the poor Celestial. . . .

On the North Pacific Ocean, July 2.—We are again on the ocean wave—there is not a ripple on the water—making our return voyage to San Francisco. Our two-storied steamer is fairly comfortable, but the food abominable, and the pace

very slow. We take four days to do the 750 miles. H. has just asked a sailor why, with a fair wind, he did not put up a sail? 'Guess that ere sail aint nothing but a handkerchief, boss!' is his reply. We pass the time reading our books and American newspapers, which latter contain little European news; but as nearly 40 per cent. of the newspapers and periodicals of the world are published in America, one has at all events a variety of what is called 'journalistic literature.' It is strange to see in this land of enlightenment sometimes half a column of advertisements in the local newspapers headed, 'astrology,' 'clairvoyance,' 'fortune-telling,' and to read the following: 'Miss Leland, the greatest fortune-teller, gives correct information on stocks.—Love and wishing-charms and lucky tokens given.—Unhappiness in families remedied.—Fee, one dollar.' Or, 'Most wonderful clairvoyant—late of the East—tells everything without question.—Fee, 50 cents.' A belief in ghosts and hankering after occult sciences seems to linger longest amongst those very practical and clear-headed people—Scotchmen and Americans.

The great national festival, 'Independence Day,' was celebrated with triumphal processions and orations at San Francisco during our absence. Indeed, our American cousins may well be proud of their country. Sailing through the Golden Gate we pass not far from the ruined mud walls of the Jesuit Mission, founded by the Spaniards in 1775, the first attempt made at civilising the Indians of that sandy coast. The fathers had enormous herds of cattle and two thousand horses, but almost everything was plundered

by the Mexican Government, and when the United States took possession of the country, some five-and-thirty years ago, little beyond a few old Spanish service books remained for the new comers. To-day there stands on the same ground a city with 300,000 inhabitants, and great ships waiting to receive their cargoes of corn for all the ends of the world, crowd the harbour. One has to 'think back' the thirty years, and try to realise the change.

CHAPTER XXV.

PHARAOH'S CHIEF BUTLER—SUNDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO—DANGEROUS DRIVING—THE BIG TREES—YOSEMITE VALLEY—CALIFORNIAN HARVESTING—GOLD MINERS AND FARMERS—LAKE TAHOE.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco.—Again, after a favourable voyage from British Columbia, we find ourselves in this magnificent hostelry, under the eye of Potiphar—the Creole who superintends our dinner arrangements—whose likeness to an ancient Egyptian is quite remarkable. Just the same square-cut beard, full lips, and impassive features; we feel like Pharaoh under the gaze of his 'chief butler,' when this sphinx-like attendant takes our orders for clam pie and Boston cream-toast. The weather is quite cool; we had a fire in the 'ladies' parlour' yesterday. The climate of San Francisco is pleasant all the year round, as the sea-breezes moderate the summer heat. We took the 'wire cars,' and went up and down the steep hills round the town in a mysterious manner. They are worked by an endless underground wire-rope, and can be stopped by a twist of the vice which clasps them on to the rope. We stopped to let a two-storied wooden house go by (or, rather, it waited till we had passed), travelling quite comfortably, but very slowly, on rollers; the brick chimney and the furniture inside did not seem to suffer.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, July 25.—Our first Sunday in the States; the shops are mostly shut, and the town empty. People go into the country, or to hear Irish eloquence at the Sandhills. At the large 'Church of the Advent' we met the tide of Sunday-school children pouring out. As national education is chiefly secular in this country, the Sunday School is considered of great importance, and every class attend it punctually. We had American Episcopal service—slightly different from the English form—and the Bishop of California—very much a bishop, in rustling black satin and billowy lawn; the other clergyman also added dignity to his appearance by having a sweeping train to his surplice. The church was handsome and comfortable, the congregation large, and the music good, but perhaps too florid in style—evidently there were professional singers in the gallery. Episcopacy flourishes in America, notwithstanding the very sweeping conclusion come to by the early colonists, that 'all vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops, were of the devil.' There are sixty bishops of the American Church, with fine churches and well-ordered services, differing from our own only in a modified form of ordination, communion, and baptismal offices, and in having expunged the Athanasian Creed.

In the cars en route to the Yosemite Valley.—We have much enjoyed a visit to hospitable friends at their charming country house, seventeen miles from San Francisco. It is pleasant to meet amidst the hurry and bustle of Western money-making, true cultivation and refinement and genuine home life. Without running into æsthetic extremes, one

discovers amongst thinking people in America a real enthusiasm for 'whatsoever things are lovely;'—men and manners are developing rapidly in the right direction. Leigh Hunt's conception of Americans, as 'Englishmen with the poetry and romance taken out of them,' and that 'there is one great counter built along their coast from north to south, behind which they are all standing like so many linen-drapers,' is completely out of date.

It is no easy matter to make out one's route in this country, which contains nearly half the railway mileage of the world; but at last we decided on our line of travel, and sent off our heavy baggage, and then with only fifty pounds each of luggage crossed to the other side of the bay in the great steam ferry, and took our places in the cars, having secured 'sleepers' for the night. A gentleman had shot a friend here this afternoon—'Too much shooting around,' I heard one passenger say to another. And so we travelled on through the richest corn country in the world; rolling yellow hills on which the corn had been mostly cut, stretching away without road or fence or tree to the horizon, looked almost like a trackless desert; not a blade of anything green to be seen, only miles and miles of sunburnt stubble with drifts of golden corn stacks, or rather straw stacks, here and there—the true gold-fields of California. In most places the ears of grain only had been cut off, leaving the straw to be ploughed in again. This country will grow anything with irrigation, and nothing without it, and water is rather scarce. The spring wild-flowers are now dried-up dusty skeletons. Our car was full

of Western farmers; thin, keen-looking men, in slouch hats and 'dusters,' as linen dust-coats are called here.

Clark's Hotel, Mariposa, July 28.—We left our not very comfortable sleeping-car at 6 A.M., and after a slight breakfast at the little hotel, climbed upon the 'stage'—more like a great waggon with cross-seats than a coach. Our driver managed his six horses well, without the assistance of a guard or any other official, and we rolled along over the rough track, across a burnt-up plain under a fierce sun (the dust and heat were terrible), changing horses every twelve miles. Soon we reached the foothills, the lower spurs of the Sierra Nevada range, meeting stunted oaks at first, and then, as we got up higher, large 'white oaks' and splendid fir-trees. Now and then we met a miner on his pony, with no companion but his revolver, bound for the new diggings in this direction; but, except at the post stations, no habitations. Little holes drilled in the rocks, scooped out by the Indians to grind their acorns in, were the only signs of life for miles. As we got further into the mountains the scenery grew bolder, and the last stages of our seventy miles' drive were very beautiful—over picturesque passes (we have climbed up 6,000 feet to-day), or through lovely gorges, full of manzanita and white azalea bushes. The narrow road is cleverly carried round the cliffs, but it is sometimes nervous work, turning the sharp corners round the precipices with six horses. However, Americans drive splendidly. While changing teams at one station, I heard the driver suddenly say, while assisting to harness the horses, 'There'll be hell here now,' and, looking up, saw that one of the fresh wheelers just put in

had managed to get his bridle off—and, indeed, the men had only time to drag the other lady passenger and myself off the coach before the horses, plunging madly and flinging the driver and ostler aside, started off without anyone on the vehicle. Luckily, the wheelers only were completely harnessed to the coach; the leading horses soon parted company with them, but were cleverly captured by two Indians, half-breeds, who flung themselves on bare-backed steeds and rode down the runaways. Meanwhile, it was not a cheerful prospect, seeing the coach containing our money-bag careering wildly in the direction of the nearest precipice; but fortunately the hind-wheels were caught by a big pine tree, and the horses stopped by the Indians; and, having picked up our scattered parcels and got 'fixed-up' somehow, we proceeded on our journey, the lady passenger declaring that the leading horses looked 'right ugly,' and she 'most thought there would be some more banging around.' Our driver certainly earns his high wages (20*l.* a month); it is hard work driving six horses over a rough road seventy miles a day. We were glad to reach this large log-built hotel.

The old Spanish Mexican who acts as under-housemaid has brought his broom to sweep off the dust of the journey—we were like animated dust-heaps—while the upper-housemaid, an Irishwoman from Birmingham, seeing that we are from the 'ould country,' produces her best towels 'for them as knows what good linen is'; and, after a nice supper of milk and cakes, we felt prepared to sleep soundly, lulled by the tinkling of the cattle-bells and the sighing of the great sugar-pines.

Clark's Hotel, Mariposa, July 29.—A lovely morning: scarcely any rain falls here during the summer. With three American fellow-travellers we drove ten miles through the forest to the grove of 'big trees,' stopping sometimes to refresh ourselves and our horses with delicious water, or gather beautiful lilies, or admire a lofty sugar-pine 36 feet in circumference ('but that is nothing extra,' said our driver), or watch the pretty little deer bound across the path, and look out for bear tracks. All at once we caught sight of an enormous red stem towering up through the pine trees round us, and knew that we were approaching 'the biggest vegetable in the world.' Figures do not convey much impression, but this magnificent tree we found measured 102 feet round the trunk, and is nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame; its age, most probably something between one and two thousand years, is not certain, but if this giant has as yet only attained one millennium, '*c'est encore admirable.*'

'What a masterpiece of Nature!' exclaimed a young Englishman of a romantic turn of mind.

'Guess it's an almighty stick, sir,' said a practical Yankee fellow-traveller behind him.

Big things like St. Peter's or the Great Pyramid often fail to impress one with the idea of their vast size at first sight, but these splendid trees, standing about in groups amongst giant pines and cedars, certainly do not do so. Only in some half-dozen spots at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains are these prodigious specimens of the 'Sequoia gigantea' found. We saw no seedlings and very few middle-

aged monsters, which seems strange, for whenever an opening is made here in the forest the indigenous pines spring up quickly, and what we have named the 'Wellingtonia' is easily propagated in Europe. We lunched under one of these living towers, and drank icy-cold water springing from beneath its roots, and then drove on through one of the big trees—a tunnel 32 feet long, cut through the trunk without injuring its growth; but the tree, like many of its companions, had been partly burnt out by Indians before discovered by white men in 1852. Now the groves have become national property, and are protected by the State.

Standing under these mighty trees, our coach and four horses looked almost ridiculous—the horses like mice and the men pigmies, quite out of proportion to the background. One feels there ought to be prehistoric life—saurians and mammoths and such like—instead of the miserable organisms of the present day in the foreground here.

Yosemite Valley, July 31.—We rested yesterday. H. took out his rod and caught fifty little trout in the creek, while I watched the 'packers,' men in charge of laden mules, carrying flour and 'stuff' into the valley. They are paid 1*l.* a-day for taking, single-handed, twenty or thirty laden mules over the hills, lifting the loads on without assistance every morning. Little fear of Indians now, but the 'packer' always carries a large revolver in his belt. We started, at 7 A.M. this morning, in a six-horse stage, and took nearly seven hours to do the twenty-five miles from the Mariposa (Butterfly) into the Yosemite (Large Grizzly Bear) Valley—a long steep pull. We only changed horses once up amongst

the pines, where 'Hungry Bill' lives all by himself and looks after eighteen horses; and enjoys hard work and high wages. Horses are cheap in this country—ten to twenty pounds for well-shaped excellent animals.

'Guess you have no preaching here on Sundays?' said one of our passengers to Bill.

'Well, I judge it's some lonely; and I just gets on to one of them stumps and preaches myself hoarse to them trees.' He did not resemble Orpheus in appearance, and had no lute; still I have no doubt Bill's Sabbath discourse was worth listening to, inspired by the teaching of Nature and 'communings self-taught.'

Yosemite Valley, August 1.—Having, as our Yankee friends say, 'got rested up' after our rough journey yesterday, we drove in a buggy, at 6.30 this morning, to the 'Mirror Lake.' The sun had not yet risen over the granite walls of the valley—magnificent cliffs, rising up straight and sheer—in most places a goat could not climb them—to the height of 6,000 feet. The morning mist was still hanging about the peaks, castles, and domes into which the cliffs are carved by Nature—named by the Indians, in their poetical language, 'Goddess of the Valley,' 'The Watching Eye,' and 'Great Chief of the Valley'; but known to the Americans as Glazier Point and other foolish designations. The reflection of the great rocks and tall motionless fir trees in the mountain lake was almost more vivid than the objects themselves. If the plucky Scotch carpenter who won the climbing championship of the valley by fixing a rope 700 feet long over the face of the south dome—overhanging us

4,500 feet above the lake—had been at work this morning, we might almost have seen him reflected in the 'mirror' at our feet. Then the sun rose rapidly over the valley wall, and three tiresome tourists began to sing 'Three Blind Mice' very much out of tune, and we returned, to breakfast on tough mutton chops and still tougher chicken—which latter is usually carved on the principle 'Use a club and avoid the joints.'

Afterwards we drove, as the hotel-keeper proposed, 'around the floor of the valley' to the Bridal Veil Fall, which hangs like a cloud wreath, in one unbroken sheet of foam 940 feet high, over the red cliffs, till it is lost in the dark green pines below. We waited till the slanting rays of the sun caught the falling water, and turned the whole thing into a series of rainbows—almost like a gigantic firework; for the water, from the tremendous force of its fall, takes the shape of whirling rockets gleaming like meteors in their descent. Then on under the 'Cathedral Rocks'; splendid freaks of nature; the towers of Notre Dame with Milan Cathedral in the background. This is quite the finest rock scenery we have seen; for though so many thousand feet high, the cliffs preserve their character of stupendous rocks, not mountains. But the heat is very great, and the powdered granite dust—even under the shade of the dense Douglas and sugar pines—intolerable. We think the numerous small trout we catch not worth being 'chewed up' by mosquitoes for. An old Indian and his squaw went by this morning, up the river, and have just returned with 40 pounds weight of them, caught with bait and a crooked pin. . .

Merced, August 8.—We left Clark's Station in the cool, early morning, in a rough sort of vehicle drawn by four horses, and wound our way up through the solemn-looking trees, still hung about with morning mist, and smoke from the forest fire which has been burning now for some weeks. Nothing but very strong springs could have gone over the road, and even they gave way as we descended into a lonely glen; so our driver and the old Mexican (our housemaid, who was out for a holiday) 'hitched up' the dilapidated carriage while H. held the horses, and our only fellow-passenger, a small German dentist, almost as broad as he was long, smoked a big pipe, and held on behind to prevent the whole thing from tumbling over the precipice. Then we got in again and jolted on through the awful heat and dust—for we soon left the hills and forests behind us—and the little dentist rolled about like a pea on a drum and discoursed eloquently on the Fatherland. When he found that H. had actually been the Emperor's guest at Berlin, he was in great delight, and would have pulled out all his teeth free of charge on the spot with the utmost willingness. He must have swallowed a great deal of dust, as, except when he skipped out, whenever we changed horses, to get 'ein glas Bier,' or bring me candy, he never stopped talking all day.

We drove on through old and new mining villages; dreary places, consisting of a few wooden shanties and a beer saloon, where half-a-dozen depressed-looking Chinamen are left to grub up the old claims and wash a few grains of gold out of the stony, dried-up river beds. The thermometer stood at 102° in the shade, and the dust was often too thick

to see through during our eighty-five miles drive. At length we reached the plains, now yellow with corn. The last six miles of our journey was through one farm—an almost continuous wheatfield—where two enormous 'reapers,' propelled, or, rather, pushed forward by twenty-four mules, were at work. The machine looked like a house with a railing round it, in the distance. It reaps and threshes and puts into sacks about forty acres of wheat a day. Four men manage it: one drives the mules; another steers with a wheel as at sea, another looks after the 'header' which heads down the corn, leaving most of the straw standing, while the fourth loops up the mouths of the sacks, and throws them off to be picked up by the waggon behind. This farmer has about 4,000 acres in wheat—chiefly of what we should call a poor character, the ears very light and the crop carelessly put in; but some of the larger farmers have 8,000 or 10,000 acres of arable, besides 20,000 or 40,000 more of grazing land. One man thrashed out 200,000 bushels of grain this year. Favourable seasons pay well; but drought and insufficient rainfall for irrigation are very disastrous, and many farmers are now heavily in debt. We were glad to reach the railway—looking like mummies covered with dust.

Merced, California, August 9.—I am perched up, out of the reach of the Chinaman and his waterpot, in the coolest spot in this large hotel, where, by dint of constant watering and thorough draughts, a space near the bar in the hall is kept moderately cool, and the thermometer does not rise above 96°. The excellent iced water and milk, to be had

everywhere in America, are great luxuries. The Californian windmill, so much used for irrigation in this thirsty land, seems an admirable contrivance; the water is pumped up by it into a reservoir which supplies the house and garden, with certainly great economy of labour.

A notice is hanging up in our hotel, signed by the Vigilance Committee, to warn 'all persons not having occupation or profession to leave the town after twenty-four hours.' We much hope that 'globe-trotting' is considered an 'occupation' in this busy country—perhaps it is as well that we are to move on to-morrow. It appears that a gang of dangerous loafers were 'around' a fortnight ago, come to steal, by gambling and otherwise, the high harvest wages now being earned by extra hands: it ended in one of their number killing another of the gang, and their making themselves generally unpleasant. So, having with difficulty rescued the murderer from being 'lynched,' the hotel-keepers met together the other day, formed a Vigilance Committee, and there being no power of imprisoning vagrants in this free country, took the law into their own hands, and marched all suspicious characters out of the neighbourhood, warning them that next time they were seen around, 'Judge Lynch would try them,' whose verdict generally results in 'their being hung to the first projection high and strong enough to sustain their worthless carcasses.' Some years ago, as my informant said, if you refused to 'liquor up' with a gentleman here, he shot you; but there is little of that now, and the city of Hangtown, a few miles off, has changed its name for the more respectable one of Stocktown.

Truckee, August 10.—We started in the train at 5.30 A.M., and after some hours' journey through never-ending corn-fields (the farmers are behindband with the harvest, and the burning sun is injuring the grain), we reached Lathrop, the junction where we met the mail train bound east for the Atlantic. We are glad to be speeding on towards the snow-streaked summits of the Sierra Nevada. 'I do not want to be a Californian farmer, and live in a wooden shanty with a stove-pipe chimney, without a tree, or garden, or anything resembling a home,' I thought, as we rolled along in the cars through the dusty corn-growing plain; and the lady beside me related her experiences in gold-mining—everyone gets bitten by the mania for speculation here. 'I guess I often make some thousand dollars, but somehow it don't stick,' she said. The large 'operators' send the mining shares up and down, and the small fry, such as our neighbour, get swamped out. Then she went on to explain, that owing to Chinese labour being comparatively plentiful, the rising generation of Americans will not work. 'Can't get my boys to go to school, or my girls to handle a thing—just too fine for anything'; and, indeed, the pretty delicately-made American girls we see do not look fit for hard work. After dinner at Sacramento (which town, though not yet forty years old, has been destroyed by flood and fire, and rebuilt so many times that it now stands ten feet above its former level) we soon commenced winding our way up the steep sides of the Sierra Nevada range, sometimes hanging over cañons, 2,000 feet below us, or through pine woods and across mountain torrents. At one time, rounding the bold

bluff of rocks called Cape Horn—to cut the ledge on which our track ran, the navvies had to be let down by ropes—looking out of the window we seemed to overhang the precipice and be able to drop a stone into the American river—a silver thread 2,500 feet below us. It was while walking by his mill-race not far from this river thirty-two years ago that a settler saw something glitter in the water, and stooping down dragged out a nugget of pure gold—the first find of Californian treasure. As the evening grew darker we sped on, passing 'Dutch Flat' and other mining camps, where the mountain sides are furrowed out and washed away by the hydraulic mining on a large scale going on all round. At 11 P.M. to-night we were 7,000 feet above the sea—uphill work in about 100 miles!

Central Hotel, Lake Tahoe, August 12.—We drove fourteen miles to this pretty lake yesterday; the cool mountain air is delightful after the plains of California, and the heat of the Yosemite Valley; but even here the dust is trying, one walks ankle-deep in it through the forest tracks. The lumber trade is the chief business; the great trees are shot down the slides on the mountain-side, sawn up in water-mills, and carried by the same water-power in 'flumes,' V-shaped aqueducts which stretch across the country for miles, down to the railway station at Truckee. Our driver looked carefully up the hill-side before we crossed the place where the notice, 'Look out for logs,' was nailed up, and the great pine trees came bounding across our road. Wild flowers new to us, blue penstemon and scarlet columbine grew on the river bank; but the vegetation is much burnt up by the hot sum-



LAKE TAHOE.


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mer sun, though the deep snow of last winter has only lately melted away from these mountain-gorges. Terrible are the tales told of the brave pioneers, who, thirty-five years ago, made their way over these passes and opened up 'the West' to the farmer and gold-miner. 'Donner Lake' close by is called after the Donner family, who perished here in a snowstorm; when relief came, the only survivor was found eating a roasted human arm; he is still alive, and sad suspicions linger that, in a frenzy of hunger, he killed poor Mr. Donner; but as the unfortunate man when rescued was almost a maniac, nothing is said or known about it.

The grizzly bear is fortunately very rare here now. 'Guess I saw a grizzly slipping over them rocks yesterday morning,' said our driver, pointing up the mountain with his whip. There are plenty of black and brown bears to be found in the winter; shy beasts, who 'would as soon run as look' at you; 'but,' continues the coachman, 'a grizzly don't feel like turning when he's after a man—you bet!'

We do not find hotels expensive—about 12*s.* or 15*s.* a day for everything, with the exception of shoe cleaning. 'Washing on reasonable terms,' hung up in our rooms, turns out to be 1*s.* for a shirt, and so on. This Lake Tahoe—an ancient crater—is celebrated for its fine trout, only to be got out of the deep clear waters with a line and hook, baited with small fish. We have been out all the morning and came in rather disgusted at only getting two trout—the fishing season is almost over; however, they were excellent to eat, and as pink as salmon: we are told they are caught weighing twenty pounds. Nothing will induce the Indians

to come on this lake, 'where one time was one big fire,' they say.

We walked up to a lumber camp this afternoon, and met fourteen oxen hauling down a great log to the lakeside. It was interesting to watch the 'loggers,' strong-armed, fierce-looking young fellows—who earn 15*l.* a month—at their work; two of them with long-handled American axes cut a wedge out of a colossal pine, six feet in diameter, and then, with an English cross-cutting saw, worked away at the other side. We were talking to the intelligent foreman, when, long before they expected it, down came the great tree (hollow in the middle) with such a crash that the whole forest seemed to roar. It was beautiful to see with what skill and apparent ease the men hewed down the giants of the valley—but logging is hard work—and a rough and somewhat riotous life do these backwoodsmen lead; 'whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.' . . .

CHAPTER XXVI.

EN ROUTE TO SALT LAKE CITY—SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN ZION—A FIGHTING APOSTLE—INTERVIEWING A MORMON LADY EDITOR—'MARRYING SINGLE'—ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

Salt Lake City, August 15.—We got on board the Atlantic mail (which does the 3,300 miles from ocean to ocean in about 160 hours) on Friday night, and found ourselves at noon on Sunday in the Mormon capital. Our two days of travel in a Pullman car were comfortable enough. During the day by taking a 'section' we had a space equal to about two seats each, which at night was made up into two large beds, one over the other, in the lofty carriage. Very different was this same journey a few years ago, when the emigrants bound westward toiled over the desolate plains, and took seven months to accomplish what is now done in five days. Crossing the Sierra Nevada range we passed through nearly thirty miles of snow-sheds—rough barns built over the line at high elevations—and saw at one station the gigantic snow-plough, which, with ten locomotives behind it, is used to cleave a way through the snow-drifts; for during what is called a 'wet winter' the snow falls to the depth of sixteen or twenty feet up here.

The American desert through which we travelled after leaving the mountains is not interesting. Sand and alkali

plains as far as the eye can reach; as desolate as a great ocean bed from which 'the waters were gone.' Sometimes a patch of grey melancholy-looking sagebrush appears, but the sun's rays fall perpendicularly on this barren scene, burning and withering as though they would crush out any attempt which nature might make, to introduce vegetable life. Now and then we journeyed through a fertile valley where a little river made its way down from far-off mountains; people tell us there is more 'fancy than fact' about these rivers, for, except at certain seasons, they dwindle away into sad-looking pools, where the thirsty emigrant has to dig for sufficient water to supply his beasts. Sometimes a curious mirage makes one quite certain that a lovely lake and trees and gardens lie far away on the horizon; but very little of anything green did we see till, early yesterday morning, we caught sight of the silver streak of 'Great Salt Lake,' and descended on the wide valley in which it lies, where the Mormons have turned the unprofitable plain into corn-fields and orchards. A sign-board, with 'ten miles of track in one day,' marks the place where the Central Pacific Company, with four thousand workmen, accomplished the feat and laid the last sleeper (which has had to be twice renewed, clipped away by enthusiastic relic-hunting tourists) on their eight hundred miles of railroad. Salt Lake City is about thirty miles off the main track, so we changed into the Saints' railway—built, however, by Gentiles—and wound our way through cultivated land, and by ugly little wooden farm-houses, stopping once to pick up a Mormon family on their way to Zion for a Sunday outing. We thought the husband

looked bored at having to carry three bundles, three umbrellas and three shawls, evidently belonging to the domestic circle —his three wives, who accompanied him.

A four-horse omnibus deposited us at the door of this large and comfortable hotel, built by an ex-Mormon, who, finding it inconvenient, as his income increased, to pay a tenth of it to the Church, became a Gentile. After luncheon —during which a scientific lady informed us that the butter was 'oleomargarine,' and the honey 'glucose'—we walked down the broad street, with young trees and a running stream of clear water at each side, where the Saints were enjoying Sabbath repose in rocking-chairs, chewing tobacco, with their heels elevated on the back of another chair. All was neat and orderly—and very, very ugly; the shops closed, and some of the thirty thousand Mormon Sunday-school children going about hymn-book in hand.

We entered the Tabernacle, a large oblong building, in the Mormon style of architecture—the ancient rule of thumb —over which these clever ignorant people have constructed one of the largest self-sustaining roofs in the world, and were conducted to the strangers' seat, by a decorous German Elder. The building will hold eight thousand people; yesterday it was about half full. The large and really fine organ, also of native manufacture, was well played, and the choir of fashionably dressed young men and women sang nicely, out of the Mormon hymn-book, well-known Christian hymns. Church dignitaries and some of the twelve apostles sat on a high place round the velvet-covered desk, on which lay a large Bible and a small 'Book of Mormon'—the divine

revelation which, in 1827, 'a holy Angel permitted the youth Joseph Smith of Manchester, New York, to take from the hill of Cumorrah, and translate through the aid of a sacred instrument, called the Urim and Thummim.' The metallic plates and sacred things were shown to three witnesses, by an angel from heaven, and five thousand copies of the inspired translation were printed in 1830.

Below the daïs stood rows of electro-plate bread-baskets and goblets of water; and, in the centre of the building, a fountain for Baptism. Men and women chiefly sat apart; looking round on the congregation, we thought ourselves back again in some remote part of Wales or Ireland; stupid good-natured, unintelligent faces—a curious contrast to the usual American crowd of keen-featured sharp-eyed citizens. And so indeed it is: Mormonism has gathered together the low-class type of humanity and uneducated of all countries, and formed them into an industrious community. One could not help feeling that many members of the congregation would have been in gaol, and living at the expense of the British taxpayer, had they not been sitting this pleasant Sunday afternoon drowsily listening—for they take their devotion easily—after a week's hard work, to one of their twelve apostles, preaching a practical but somewhat prosy sermon. I never saw so many ugly women, or so many sad-looking black bonnets; of course, if a woman has only a share in a husband, pin-money must also be shared—and not many new bonnets obtained. We discoursed with the friendly Elder. 'How many Mormons are there?' I impiously asked. 'Brother, how many saints are we?' he inquired of his

neighbour. 'About one hundred and forty-four thousand,' was the reply. We were about to ask what proportion the womenkind bore to the population; but the preacher, Brother Orson Pratt, one of the original twelve apostles who led the Church into the wilderness—a venerable-looking old man (they say that through religious fervour and fasting his four wives were starved to death)—rose to preach.

The 50th anniversary of the Latter-day Saints has lately been held, and the Tabernacle was still hung with flowers and decorations, for, in 1830, 'Joseph Smith was ordained by John the Baptist, to preach the last Revelation to the world'; and it was also divinely revealed that his wife, Emma Smith, 'was to receive as many wives as he chose to take to himself, but that she was to abide and cleave to the prophet, and none else.' Persecution is proverbially good for a Church, and the Mormons had plenty of it, and throve accordingly. At last, in 1844, the Prophet Joseph Smith was murdered, 'lynched' by a mob in Illinois; and the Saints, under the leadership of their apostles, and President Brigham Young, a Yankee carpenter, determined to fly to the wilderness, and seek a Land of Promise in the Rocky Mountains. After terrible sufferings, they with their wives and children, in worn-out waggons, a really heroic company of fanatics, having crossed 1,000 miles of desert, began to take possession of a land, certainly not flowing with milk and honey—not an ear of corn could be grown without irrigation; and armies of grasshoppers, wild Indians, and Mexican brigands, constantly descended on their scanty crops.

Still the people grew and multiplied, and sent out

missionaries to all parts of the world (there were twenty-five nationalities represented in the Tabernacle at the festival the other day) under Brigham Young's vigorous rule; and now out here, where thirty-three years ago the Mormon pioneers built their first mud fort, there is a flourishing town with 20,000 inhabitants, two lines of railway, school boards, daily papers, and co-operative societies.

Since the rich silver-mines of Utah and the transcontinental railway have brought in speculators and a wave of Gentile enterprise, the prosperity of Zion has increased rapidly; but Mormonism is losing its distinctive features—hard work, and plenty of wives to do it;—the younger women, who do not think 'that the half is as good as the whole,' are declining co-operative matrimony, and actually want a husband all to themselves. No need for repressive measures and actions for bigamy; progress in civilisation and increased demand for the article, now that armies of silver-miners, digging up wealth, have come into the country, will soon make it impossible for a Saint to indulge in the luxury of more than one wife.

But all this time we were listening to Brother Orson Pratt's apostolic sermon, from the 20th Chapter of Revelation, supplemented by nonsense out of the 'Book of Mormon.' The latter is a silly mixture of the Koran and a modern romance, in which, however, it is allowed that 'not only the Bible and Book of Mormon, but all other good books, are inspired by God,' and 'that men will be punished for their own sins, not for Adam's transgressions'—strangely liberal doctrines for the fiercely puritanical spirit of Mor-

monism to adopt. Like other would-be expounders of prophecy, the preacher turned the glorious visions of St. John into seemingly convincing proofs of his own theories—which none but the unconverted or sectarians could deny. Having triumphantly disposed of modern science, he proved that Adam had once resided in Jackson county, east of the Missouri River, but did not seem quite clear as to the location of the ultimate New Jerusalem, only it would certainly be on the American Continent, and include amongst its citizens the American Indians, who undoubtedly were the living descendants of the Lost Tribes (I devoutly hope the latter may remain on American soil—they have followed us all round the world).

Many admirable moral truths he preached, in the spirit of the last much-to-be-commended article of the Mormon Faith:—'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright; and in doing good to all men.' Indeed, it is allowed that the Saints' treatment of the Indian tribes round them has been just and merciful. But of course there was much, to our minds, blasphemous rubbish in the sermon, like the hymn on 'Celestial marriage' in the hymn-book beside me, setting forth that the Mormons were 'to multiply wives, because, unlike other unprofitable servants, they made good use of their ten talents (ten wives), and that to him that hath shall be given.'

Our venerable-looking preacher, besides being an apostle, has done some fighting in his time. In 1857 he, at the head of the Mormon legion, completely routed the United States troops at Fort Bridger, carried off their stores, and

left them in an almost destitute condition, to find their way back to civilisation across the desert.

We did not wait for the conclusion of the sermon, but took the excursion train to the Lake, where sundry Mormons of all ages were splashing about in quite elaborate bathing-costumes. It is almost impossible to sink in the very clear salt water of this evaporating pan, which deposits salt and sulphur round its shores. The Great Salt Lake, more than 100 miles in length (like the Dead Sea on a large scale), has no outlet for the waters of the three rivers which flow into it; during the last twenty years it is said to have risen twelve feet, and to be rising steadily; yet, judging from the raised beaches, which can be distinctly traced high up on the sides of the surrounding hills, the lake must at one time have been an inland sea. No trees or vegetation, but picturesque islands, and distant mountain ranges, and wonderfully-coloured rocks in the foreground make a striking picture; but we certainly do not agree with Humboldt that 'here the beauty of Como and Killarney are combined.' A Gentile lady passenger gave us a very unfavourable account of Mormons and their ways: 'Guess they treat their women and children just like beasts; there's one of them—the old sinner!' she said, pointing to a farmer driving up a waggon, laden with his womankind, to the station. Two rather depressed-looking wives, ugly middle-aged women in poke bonnets, holding unlovely babies, sat in the back, while the new young wife, with her baby in smart hat and feathers, occupied the front seat with their lord and master; not a pleasant or poetical domestic picture;—and they were all so ugly!

The sad conviction is growing upon us since leaving Japan, the land of loveliness, that the British lower classes, from which Mormonism largely draws its converts, though in the main a hardworking and religiously-minded people, are entirely devoid of all perception of the beautiful in Life, Art, or Religion. . . .

This morning, accompanied by a friendly literary lady from Boston, we drove through some miles of amazing fertility, rich crops of Indian corn and wheat (the practical Mormons do not grow many flowers) created by industry and irrigation, till we drew up at the convict prison. Capital punishment is rarely enforced in America; hence in flagrant cases of murder the mob take the law into their own hands, and 'lynch' the murderer on the spot. It seemed a misdirection of energy that about ten murderers should be taking unprofitable exercise round the prison yard, under the eye of an officer with loaded revolver, while the land beyond their gaol was lying barren for want of cultivation, waiting for human skill to turn it into the garden we had just passed through. Then we drove on to the Church farm—hundreds of acres of crops, representing the temporalities of the Mormon 'Establishment'; part of the proceeds will go to build the grand new temple, whose cut-stone pillars and walls are slowly rising beside the old 'Tabernacle.' Some of the Saints are very rich. 'That ere old woman who lives in that ranche,' said our driver, pointing to a tiny wooden hut, 'owns the land my stables is on; I offered her most any money for it, and she declined; then I concluded to marry her right off' (he is a Gentile),

'and she declined. Can't come round them nohow,' he added with a sigh, and drove us off to Fort Douglas, where a garrison of United States troops overlook Zion, and keep the Saints in order. These are the first soldiers we have seen in America. It is remarkable how little show of force is required to keep the peace in this country. The few policemen in San Francisco looked more like Methodist preachers in long frock-coats and wide-brimmed hats than officers of justice.

Hard by was the grave of a Gentile who, rumour says, was finally put out of the way by Brigham Young. Beyond, a lovely view over the fertile country dotted with villages, and far away the mountains and shining lake. A little later we passed Brigham Young's private residence, surrounded by the hencoop-like houses in which we were told his various wives were lodged, and, further on, the grand 'villa residence' built for his last wife. Not far off was his grave, under the hill where he sat and had visions and revelations, and where he now lies buried in a commodious coffin, which, according to his will, was 'not to be scrimped in length, but leave comfortable room to turn in, where I can rest and have a good sleep until the morning of the first resurrection.' No doubt Brigham Young was a man of much talent and strength of character, and governed his subjects on the whole wisely; but like other and wiser rulers, he embarked too largely in matrimony. The United States Government prosecuted him latterly for bigamy and murder, but he died a few years ago before the case was decided. . . .

Seeing 'Woman's Exponent Office' over a door, we drew

up, and went in (sending H. first of all to explore). A pretty, nicely-dressed young lady, niece of the lady editor, received us in the 'Editor's parlour.' She seemed pleased to give us information concerning her faith, and presented us with copies of the 'Woman's Exponent,' a neat little monthly magazine—written, published, and printed entirely by 'the women of Zion.' 'Yes, we all vote in Utah,' she said, and seemed to think there was no need to agitate for women's suffrage; but when Utah becomes a state (at present it is only a territory and cannot vote in Congress) the Federal Government may object that women are not 'persons'—nowhere in the States have women the political suffrage.

Evidently polygamy is rather a sore subject; but our young lady informed us that her father had seven wives and twenty-six children. 'I call them aunts, you know, and I like most of my brothers and sisters.' Some of the wives live together, but the majority have separate establishments. We remarked that last year we were in a country where it was the fashion to have many husbands, and had the pleasure of knowing a lady who had made sixteen lawful marriages; that it appeared to us that both customs (having many wives or many husbands) had their inconveniences—to which our young friend assented, and said that her sisters had married with the understanding that no additional ladies were to be 'sealed' to their husbands; adding, 'The young folks like marrying single, and feel bad when there is another wife now-a-days.' She was really a lady-like girl—a niece of the late Brigham Young—and seemed sensible and well-informed, more so than most of her sister-

hood, we imagine, if they are to be judged of by the 'Address of the Women of Utah' at the festival the other day,—in which, after much very 'tall talk,' they ask, 'What would the Pilgrim Fathers have done without the Pilgrim Mothers?' and pronounce that the year of Jubilee, which is now being celebrated, 'historically resurrects the past, and prophetically opens up the future.'

Our Mormon friend seemed to regard matrimony as an almost sacred duty imposed on women: but I felt, in spite of many explanations, that Mormon marriages were difficult to understand. 'Till death us do part,' is easy of comprehension; but here you may marry for 'Time and Eternity,' or you may enter into a matrimonial engagement for 'Time,' or 'Eternity,' or you may unite yourself in Celestial marriage to some defunct Saint; or a widow may, with the consent of the Church, arrange a marriage for her deceased husband with some eligible deceased friend: and at last I got puzzled and came away with the impression that in Utah a man may marry his own widow.

After luncheon we visited the funny little museum, and the very funny little old Mormon professor who had collected most of the curiosities in it: minerals from the rich mines of Utah, prehistoric implements, Indian scalps, stuffed birds, and Mormon relics; the trumpet and compass which led the Saints through the wilderness; and amongst these various odds and ends a richly embroidered apron, once belonging to Queen Elizabeth, inherited by some New England family, which has finally found its way to this strange place. The poor old self-taught professor, who

appeared to be a really sincere believer in the martyr-prophet Joseph Smith, was glad to talk to an English Gentile, and tell of the long and eventful years that had passed since he lived as caretaker or something of the sort in Warwick Castle. Afterwards we were taken to a large building with 'Holiness to the Lord,' 'Zion's Co-operative Institution,' over the door—quite the Army and Navy stores on a rather smaller scale. 'Brother, what may this be worth?' asked an intelligent Mormon shopman to another Saint, when I inquired the price of Crosse and Blackwell's marmalade. Piles of goods of every description lay around this large and exclusively Mormon establishment, and I believe a velvet gown would have been forthcoming had we asked for it. . . .

CHAPTER XXVII.

HUMANITY, OLD AND NEW, IN COLORADO—A 'RED-HOT' MINING TOWN—THE CAÑONS—WILD FLOWERS AND STONE FLOWERS—CHICAGO—'SILENCE IS GOLDEN.'

Denver, Colorado, August 18.—A journey of two days and one night in the train has brought us to the capital of Colorado. Leaving Salt Lake Valley, 'chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry,' we rolled in a Pullman car through picturesque cañons and over arid plains, sometimes following the old emigrant track, where groups of white-covered waggons were still to be seen beside the scanty streams. We reached 'Summit Station,' on the Rocky Mountains, the highest point on the transcontinental journey, 8,200 feet above the sea; and then journeyed on through miles and miles of snow-sheds and snow-fences, and past Fort Bridger, where our preacher of Sunday last 'spoiled the Gentiles,' and defeated the United States troops. This station takes its name from the celebrated hunter and trapper, 'Jim Bridger,' one of the first white men to penetrate into the 'Far West'; who settled down here after a life of wild adventure, roaming with the red men, by whom he was regarded as a 'great chief' for nearly half a century, from the forests of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, in search of game. Jim, however, had literary tastes, but

books were rare out on the plains. 'One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke which he had made up his mind not to part with. In the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted this yoke and none other. "He can't have 'em," said Jim, "there's no use talkin'." "Well, he wants them; and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a-settin' there readin' a book called Shakespeare." "Eh!" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet—"Did you say—Shakespeare? Give me my boots—quick!" and he ran to the corral. "Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book and take them oxen." "Oh no," said the man, "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you." "Stranger," said Jim resolutely, "jest you take them oxen and give me that book." And so the man did; and Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars a month, and listened to Shakespeare every evening.' We were getting near the Black Hills and Yellow Stone River region, where 'Sitting Bull,' the Indian chief, is still giving some trouble. The hills were granted by treaty as 'Indian reservations'; but all promises were scattered to the winds when, a few years ago, gold was discovered in these parts, and an army of white faces, mad for gain, defied both the Federal troops and the Indians, and are still pressing on, in spite of, now and then, terrible massacres by the red men.

We sometimes meet groups of Indians at the stations, come down to see the 'Fire Devil' (our engine), or the 'Whispering Spirit' (the telegraph). Perhaps once upon a time the Indian chief was picturesque—his language,

with its poetical forms of expression, certainly was—and, no doubt, 'the first spiritual want of primitive man being decoration,' the noble savage availed himself of all the resources of art, in the shape of war-paint and feathers, to enhance his personal charms; but his wife can scarcely be accused of undue regard for her appearance—like the hard-working and unpretending hen, she is content to leave the 'fine feathers' to the nobler creature. However, now that the Indian chief arrays himself in Manchester cottons and the domestic blanket of Europe, the result is the reverse of picturesque, and, as Lady M. Wortley Montagu said of some of her Eastern friends in the last century, 'You may well suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has seen fit to endow them.' The papoose in its birch-bark cradle and gaily decorated blanket is sometimes a pleasant-looking baby—almost as fair as a European child.

One looks with a certain filial reverence on these decaying races, since we are told on scientific authority, 'that existing humanity, as it appears in the native American, is little else than a survival of primeval man in Europe.' . . . 'In short, the early voyagers who first met American tribes, really held conference with their own ancestors, with men among whom still lived manners and customs extinct in Europe before the dawn of history.' . . . American archæologists will no doubt investigate further the very interesting remains, cave dwellings, fortified villages, flint implements, and pottery found in Arizona and New Mexico, and thus supply a link with ancient humanity in a country where one

is sometimes tempted to complain that the things of to-day monopolise all interest, and that America is a picture where a shadowy background of the past is wanting to give relief to the brilliant foreground of present prosperity.

Not far from a station we stopped at, the Indians some time since, after a 'big palaver,' tried to wreck a pas-



INDIAN PAPOOSE.

senger train by massing themselves and their ponies on the line. The result greatly surprised them, and they now call the engine 'Smoke Waggon Big Chief,' and declare that it is a 'bad medicine waggon.' The stations we passed yesterday are still called 'forts,' but we saw no signs of

defensive works. Fort Laramie, a busy little city of wooden shanties and a few more substantial edifices, is 'the first place in America where a woman jury was empanelled.' We saw very few of 'the female persuasion around': perhaps they were engaged in their judicial duties, while the nurses, as is reported, sing to the babies—

> Nice little baby don't get in a fury,
> 'Cause mother is gone to sit on the jury.

We passed Lake Como early in the morning, and did not see the curious fish with legs, that are said to perambulate its shores. At the breakfast station the food was unusually bad: our guide-book informs us, 'The meals served are not the best on the road, but the fossils are "kurious."' However, as we had supplied ourselves with potted tongue and other delicacies at 'Zion's Co-operative Store,' we were not forced to breakfast on prehistoric remains.

We are told that 'cattle here in Colorado raise themselves, and form the chief part of the population.' Turning off the main line to Denver city, we passed enormous herds of them feeding on the prairies and rolling hills, herded by hardy stock-riders in long boots, mounted on wiry Mexican steeds, with gaily-embroidered saddles. The beasts they are driving will be turned, some months hence, after walking some five hundred miles across country and fattening on Indian corn in Chicago, into American beef for the London market. They are taking the place of the buffaloes, prodigious herds of which roamed over these prairies a few years ago, and were shot from the train by passengers. But they

and the Indians must disappear. Indians cannot exist without buffalo, and Englishmen cannot exist without beef, so the law of the survival of the fittest must take its course.

We are in a grand hotel in this very rising and go-ahead town of Denver, which adds to its population at the rate, it is said, of one thousand a year. Twenty years ago buffaloes and Indians were here. Now, as I sit in my window, I can count sixty telegraph and telephone wires crossing the street. The latter has quite taken the place of the telegraph for short distances in this country; every house of business, as well as private house of any size near large towns, has one. A lady tells us she can recognise her friends' voices when, from her study, she speaks to them at a distance of seventeen miles. She never thinks of writing orders to the butcher or grocer; but merely says, through her telephone, 'Put me in communication with so-and-so,' and the clerk at the Central Office 'hitches on' her wire to that of the tradesman she wishes to address, and thus she gives her orders to the young man at the counter without leaving her arm-chair. . . .

Clarendon Hotel, Leadville, Colorado.—We have had an interesting journey up here, through cañons so narrow that the wheels of the locomotive actually grated against the rocky sides, and, without moving from our seat, we could touch the cliffs towering above us. A thunderstorm yesterday had caused a 'wash-out' on part of the road—the track washed away by a torrent rushing down the side of the precipice—in consequence of which we were delayed some little time; but were more lucky than General Grant, whom we passed in his special train, shunted into a siding since the day before.

Storms of hail, as we wound up through the Rocky Mountain gorges, made the line so slippery that, turning round one of the sharp curves (a rock wall, 1,500 feet high, on one side, a precipice and mountain torrent on the other), our steam-horse jibbed, and three times backed slowly down the incline. Under such circumstances it is generally preferable to walk, but our air-brakes—used on all trains, even the freight waggons—enabled us to pull up on the steep curve, and, after sprinkling the line with sand, we got on, and reached Leadville, the very latest and richest mining town of the West, 10,200 feet above the sea;—there is one railway at even a higher elevation than this in South America, which reaches a height of 15,000 feet above the sea.

Of course there are various ways of 'puffing' hotels, but we thought that hearing a big man announce, in a very decided manner, as we stepped out of the train at midnight, 'If any man says the Clarendon ain't a first-class house, I'll put a bullet through him,' was a sufficiently strange manner of recommending the one we are now in. However, we scrambled into an overcrowded four-horse coach, the express man who looks after the luggage (porters are called 'baggage smashers' in America) having informed me that 'the boss'—meaning H.—'had gone right away with the baggage'; and, after a rough jolting, found ourselves deposited with our travelling bags outside a butcher's store, said to be the best boarding-house in Leadville, highly recommended to us by a friend. But we knocked and knocked, and no answer came, and finally we were fain to pick up our baggage and make our way through the moonlit streets—only meeting an

occasional miner loafing round in long boots and revolver—to this hotel, where the gentleman who had so 'strongly' urged its merits at the station, received us. Luckily we found an empty room, and slept, at length, with our money bag under our heads.

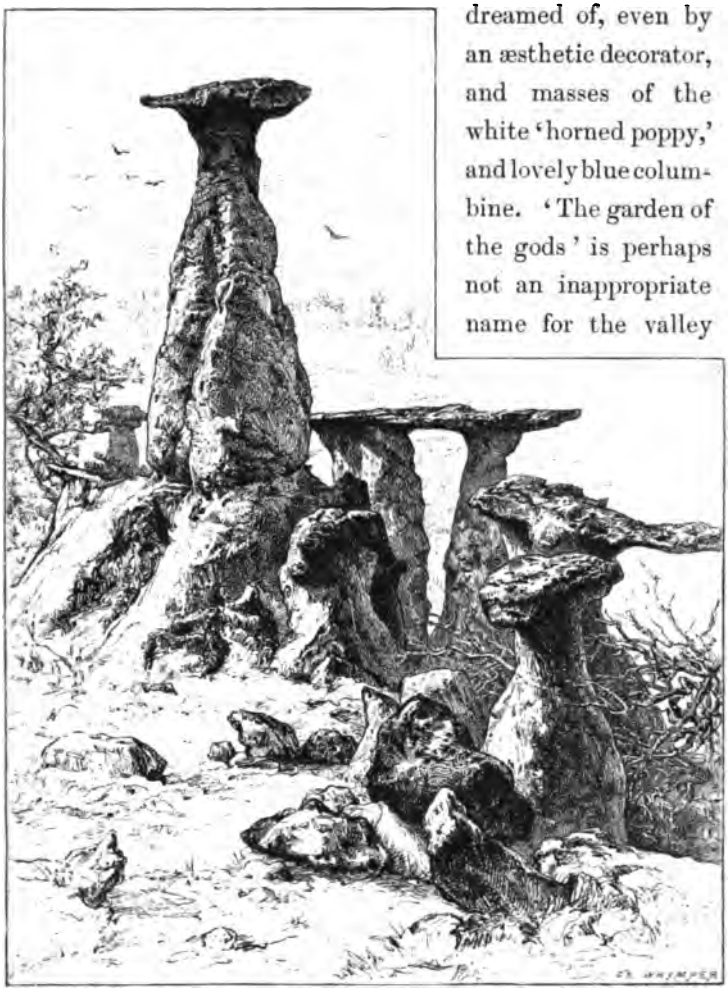
Leadville, Colorado, August 31.—This is a curious place; not a green thing within sight, only blackened stumps of trees, miners' huts, smelting furnaces, and miners—strong-looking young fellows—champagne bottles, the latest Paris fashions, and samples of ore everywhere. The town is only two years old, and has a population of 20,000 inhabitants, among which are perhaps some of the roughest specimens of humanity to be found anywhere. Yet we hear from the civil manager of a large crushing-mill who took us round his premises and 'posted us' as to Leadville affairs in general, 'that the average of crime is not larger here than in many civilised eastern, that is, New England, towns.' 'Now and then our Vigilance Committee takes out a few fellows and hangs them up yonder, but my wife and children live here as safely and comfortably as in an old city,' he said. It was curious to see the waggon-loads of rock-ore brought in, often from 500 feet below the surface, crushed up like lumps of sugar, and shovelled into the great cauldron furnaces, to pour out below in a continuous stream of liquid fire, and finally turned into shining bars of mixed lead and silver. Nearly two-and-a-half millions sterling worth of these metals were exported from Leadville last year. Minute particles of gold are washed out of every river bed round here: but no Celestials were to be seen. A notice is put up to the effect,

that 'All Chinamen will be shot'—so they stay away. It was very hot and dusty, and we returned to our hotel, opposite which 'a square meal' 25 cents; a 'boss' ditto, 35 cents;' 'nose paint and lunch, 50 cents,' is advertised.

Manitou, Colorado Springs.—We made an early start at 4.50 A.M. from Leadville yesterday. The 'City of Stumps' looked cold and bleak in the morning light; snow-topped mountains in the background, and bare rocks, all scarred and quarried for silver, and miners asleep by their camp fires with a *débris* of tinned-meat cans round them, in the foreground. Poor fellows! they are very careless, and sleeping out in the chill night air is fatal to many. 'Yes, I guess the wages is high here, three or four dollars a day; but the cemetery up yonder is pretty full, over two thousand in it,' said the ticket-collector, as he passed through our car. 'Leadville is the fattest graveyard you ever see,' was the remark made upon it by a native. The 'Grand Cañon' was very fine; walls of splendid red rock on each side; in one place only leaving room for the stream and our railroad, built over it, to pass between them.

We had heard much of Colorado Springs, and were, perhaps, rather disappointed in the place; but Manitou, where we now are, a gorge in the Rocky Mountains, a few miles further on, is very pretty. Soda and iron springs abound; indeed, we are informed by an enthusiastic American tourist, 'that every medicinal water hitherto discovered in the created world, is found here.' We wander up the valleys, or rather chasms in the mountain side, and try to sketch the marvellous shapes and glowing tints of the rocks. The

wild flowers of Colorado are strange and beautiful, great yuccas and giant cactus plants—some of the latter are said to be twenty feet high—forests of sun-flowers of a size undreamed of, even by an æsthetic decorator, and masses of the white 'horned poppy,' and lovely blue columbine. 'The garden of the gods' is perhaps not an inappropriate name for the valley



IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

we visited, filled with strange natural obelisks, and isolated cliffs: some over three hundred feet in height—supposed by the Indians to be petrified powers of evil, and therefore regarded by them with superstitious reverence. Gigantic mushrooms fifty feet high, of red sandstone, and other fanciful devices of nature seem to grow out of the greensward and clumps of low juniper trees.

Palmer House, Chicago, August 29.—Two days and nights in the train brought us here from Colorado—passing through 'Prairie Dog City,' where for miles the plain is covered with the mounds thrown up by these little animals —something like squirrels—who share their domiciles with small owls and rattlesnakes. We have seen the owls sitting demurely at their hosts' front door—but never the snakes. A change came over the face of the country after crossing the Missouri river. Leaving Omaha and its recently-erected college, superintended, we are told, by Jesuit Fathers, we travelled all the way into Chicago through a rich country —'the golden belt'—a garden of Indian corn, and every kind of fruit and vegetable, with pretty farms, and even hedgerows—a strange sight to our eyes. Railroads everywhere through this state of Illinois, which is about the size of England. Coming into its capital (Chicago) our train ran off the line—but we were soon 'fixed up' again, and rolled on by the shore of Lake Michigan into the 'City of Pigs.' We are informed that there are at this moment 35,000,000 pigs waiting to be killed in America; but we did not visit the chief industry of this town, only drove up one of the principal streets, till, having got as far

as No. 3467½ we thought there was no chance of our reaching the end—at all events till to-morrow, so returned to the marble halls and lofty vestibules of our hotel. How prosperous and busy everyone looks, and what monster shops and fine buildings, and what awful streets!—a badly-ploughed field would be pleasant walking compared with them this rainy day. It is satisfactory to feel that higher things are not neglected in this centre of commercial prosperity. Books abound as well as bacon. Chicago, we are told, possesses 'the biggest bookseller's store in the world;' a good omen, we may hope, for the splendid future—intellectual as well as material—which lies before America.

In Chicago we find the fame of Dr. Tanner's fast eclipsed by that of a lady who has just completed a forty days' silence, and thus proved by her abstention from talking that it is possible even for a woman to hold her tongue. Let me, profiting by the noble example of this lady, 'forbear to babble further' concerning 'the round world and they that dwell therein.' . . .

After spending some months more in America, amongst the great lakes and rivers of the north, and the autumn woods and battlefields of the south, we turned our steps homewards—having wandered for nearly two years and a half 'all round everywhere.'

A Californian miner, telling us curious tales of his life in the gold-fields, and experience of human nature generally, ended by remarking with energy: 'I tell you, men is the queerest things in natur; beasts is nothing to them—earthquakes is nothing to them—you bet!' Having 'surveyed

mankind' in various parts of the world, and ended with undiminished delight our reading in the great world-book, we feel our friend was right, and that of the many wonderful tales told in the Volume of Nature, none surpasses in interest the story—begun long ages ago, but still unfinished—of man himself, illustrated by his efforts, sometimes magnificent, sometimes feeble, always interesting, to express in religion and art, his highest, 'and therefore his truest,' nature.

Recalling the unavoidable fatigues, frequent fever-fits, and occasional perils of our journey, I am tempted to offer to 'ladies about to travel' the advice of an eminent satirist of the period with regard to matrimony—'Don't.' To all, however, who rightly feel that the weariness of the way is amply compensated for by the delight of realising long-cherished visions, of mentally annexing vast territories which before were only a geographical expression, of experiencing the true kindness (in our case often destined to ripen into firm friendship) which we invariably found awaited the stranger, we would say—go round the world, not omitting to take, as a valuable travelling equipment, some knowledge of what in days past has been thought and done and said in the countries you purpose visiting—of which knowledge we found ourselves lamentably deficient.

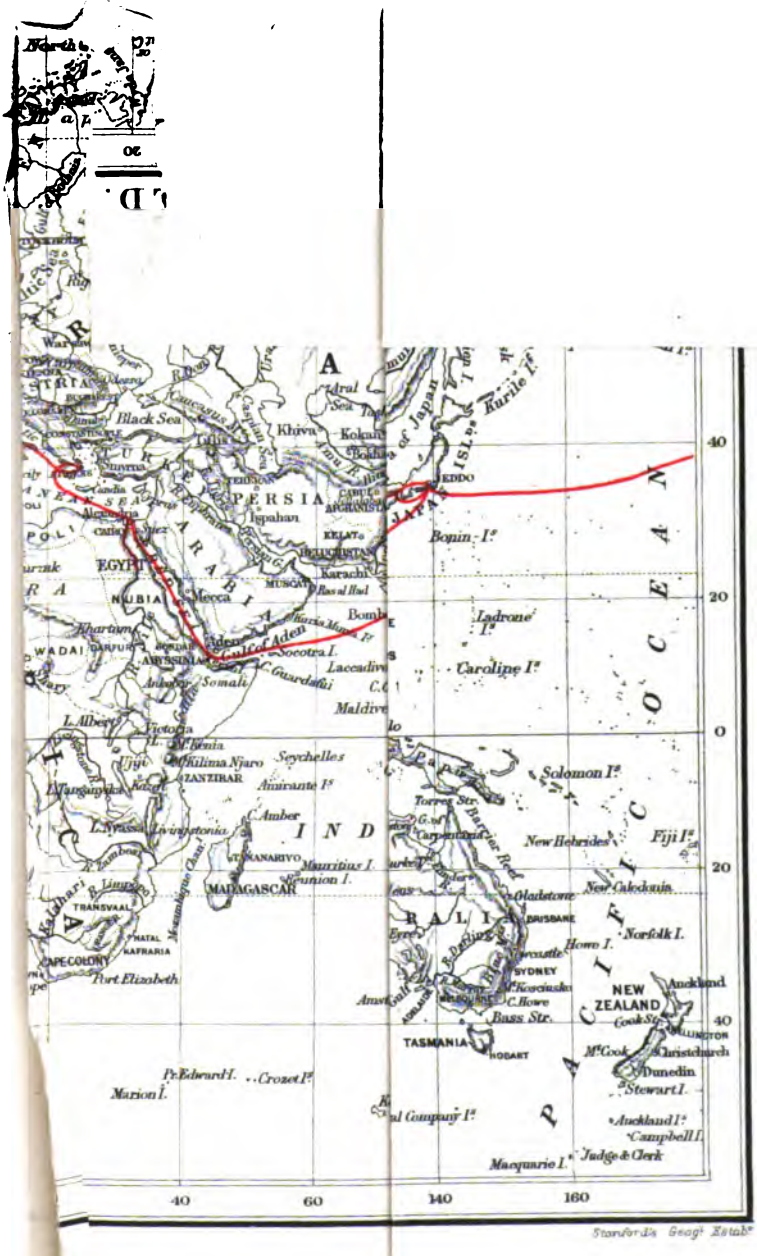
'To understand the new, search the old.' To rightly appreciate the present, or take an intelligent interest in the future of a people, we must know their past; and study even the superstitions and shortcomings of their childhood, as well as their first attempts in art and architecture to fashion for themselves forms of beauty and utility. With some such

knowledge, the world-journey may be not merely a glance into a modern peepshow, but a glimpse of that work of the Great Architect whose plan Time is gradually unfolding—whose temple is Humanity, and whose purpose is Perfection. . . .

'Then sawest thou that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams.'

THE END.

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